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ADAM CLARKE PORTRAYED.

ADAM CLARKE

PORTRAYED.

BY

JAMES EVERETT.

"Half a word fixed upon, at, or near the spot, is worth a cart-load of recollection."

GRAY, in a Letter to PELGRAVE.

SECOND EDITION, CAREFULLY REVISED AND ENLARGED.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

W. REED, 15, CREED LANE, LUDGATE STREET;

HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

1866.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

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ADAM CLARKE.

PART IV.

SECTION IV.—1809.

ON all public, as well as private occasions, Dr. Clarke shunned parade; especially in matters connected with the ministerial character. Having to preach in a place of worship belonging to a religious community different from his own, in the metropolis, and whose officiating minister always appeared before his auditory in gown and bands, in favour of which there was a strong feeling on the part of the people, he was informed in the vestry, that he would be expected to appear in the same, and that huge offence would be given, if he did not comply with the wishes of the friends. This, to the Doctor, appeared as much out of character as Saul's armour to David, and would have felt no less cumbersome in the pulpit, than Saul's in the field: and just as the keeper of the vestments turned round to bring them, the Doctor quietly slipped into the chapel, took some of his longest strides up the pulpit stairs, invoked the divine blessing on his labours, and proceeded with the service. Had the Wesleyans been accustomed to such things, they would have been in keeping with the *man*, as much as it would be out of character for a clergyman of the Established Church to appear in the pulpit without them. He amply atoned, however, for any want of adornment in his person, by the weight of his matter, which excited the admiration of his hearers.

Though he might not, on all occasions, meet the views of those with whom he mingled, or was brought into collision, yet he carefully avoided giving wilful offence. An appeal having been made to him on a particular subject by a friend who observed, "You will have a long letter, Doctor, in return, and, I am afraid, it will be a bitter one;" he replied, "It will make no difference to me; I write no bitter letters in reply to any that I may receive; my plan is, to cut the throat with a feather, or so to oil the hone on which the razor is sharpened, as not to provoke reply: the person to whom you refer, shall have nothing but good words from me." It was

in this way he acted on the latter part of the old proverb, though totally rejecting the former,—“Treat your friend as though he were one day to become your enemy, and your enemy as though he were one day to become your friend.”

Being invited to a social party with some of his brethren, and conversation turning on the evils induced by the fall of man, Mr. McNicoll pensively remarked, “These are the miseries we have to deplore!” The Doctor, who was ever disposed to look at the sunny side of the landscape, feeling that there was a danger of losing sight of the rich provision of mercy which followed, glanced his eye on his young friend, and in cheerful raillery, said, “You may well talk of the miseries consequent on the fall, seated, and sighing there, over roast-beef and plum-pudding; let me tell you, Davy, that you have much to be thankful for.” This—however the original defection might be deplored—led the way to the superior advantages reaped by the human family in consequence of the fall,—plucking, as it were, from the very branches of that tree, whose deadly shade was thrown over all, and whose noxious productions had infused poison into every part of the human system, fruit,—wholesome—healing—delicious—abundant—immortal; a subject luminously, convincingly, and impressingly touched off by Mr. Wesley, in his sermon on —“Not as the offence, so also is the free gift,” Rom. v. 15.

Some one, in the course of conversation, having introduced Burnet’s account of the death of the Earl of Rochester, it was taken up by another of the company, who stated that he felt a difficulty in subscribing to the conversion of Rochester; intimating, that Burnet appeared anxious to make out a case, as a set off, against infidelity—that he laboured to make the most of it—and that Rochester apparently embraced from fear, what he formerly rejected from principle. Dr. Clarke, who was not over-weeningly fond of Burnet as a writer, and awake also to the charge of inaccuracy which had been brought against him, laid claim, nevertheless, to all that could be ceded in favour of Rochester’s sincerity.

On Ezekiel xxiii. 2 being quoted in illustration of the mercy of God—“Say unto them, As I live saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked,” the Doctor observed, “Faith in the declaration of God, firmly anchored in the heart, is a chain fastened to his throne; and by the constant exercise of which, we must endeavour to climb to heaven.” Then glancing at the state in which mercy finds us, as described 1 John, v. 19, “The whole world lieth in wickedness,” or as it is rendered, “lieth in the wicked one,” he exclaimed, “The world reposing *in*, and its life’s blood circulating *through* him, this is indeed an *infernal* bed!”

Speaking of critics, and other writers on the sacred text, he was high in his praise of Dr. Newcome’s “Harmony of the Gospels,” which he stated to be the best; and to which he was indebted for considerable

help. A friend complimenting Vitringa on the prophecies,* the Doctor said, "Though excellent, I rarely make any use of him; he is too diffuse; he overwhelms you with unnecessary argument: for my part, I am afraid of prophecy, lest I should add to the words of God, by my explanations." Referring to Vitringa on the Apocalypse, some time after this, he said, "My nephew, John Edward Clarke, has written as satisfactorily as most men on a part of 'The Revelation of Jesus Christ.' He came into my study one day, exclaiming, in the language of the great mathematician, '*Ευρηκα, Ευρηκα*, I have found it—I have found it!' Found what? I inquired. 'The number of the Beast,' he replied. I told him to look carefully over his calculations again, and if he found them correct, I would, if he wished it, publish the result in my notes. I further told him, that he would have to read over the Byzantine writers before he finally decided; and this he did, carefully going through the whole twenty-three volumes."† Scarcely a writer on the Scriptures could be named, whether ancient or modern, concerning whom the Doctor could not furnish an analysis either of his work, or some of his peculiar characteristics; yet with all his knowledge, he was wide of the charge couched in the sally of Hall against Dr. Kippis,—that "he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move;" for more like Hall himself, he could always think: a page was to him more serviceable than a volume to many; a single hint expanded itself into a treatise,—the adopted was lost in the begotten.

The subject of the divinity of Christ being introduced, a friend puzzled on some minor points, turned to the Doctor, and asked his opinion, when he remarked, "There might be a gradual manifestation of the Godhead to the humanity of the Saviour; and this may be intimated in the fact of his increasing in wisdom and stature; somewhat analagous to the manifestation of mind in matter, as it respects man. The infant mind cannot unfold itself at first, but as there is muscle, nerve, &c., by which it can act, it increases, and puts forth its energies, as the powers of the body are strengthened and enlarged for its peculiar manifestation. So it might be with Christ. His not knowing 'the day and the hour,' may denote that the full communication of Deity had not been made;—and thus he travelled on, till he reached the thirty-third or thirty-fourth year of his age, when his humanity may be supposed to have arrived at its full growth or perfection, and then probably we come to

* Comment on the Book of the Prophet Isaiah, in 2 vols. folio.

† The Doctor lent him his own copy,—Byzantinæ Historiæ Scriptores Præcipui, Græcæ et Latine, a Variis Editoribus, Emendati et Notis Illustrati, 23 vols. folio, in 26, fine set, uniformly bound in vellum,—Venetiis, 1729—1733. This copy was bought at the sale of his library, by H. Bohn, for £19 19s.

In 1814, J. E. Clarke published the result of his labours, entitled, "A Dissertation on the Dragon, Beast, and False Prophets of the Apocalypse of St. John," in which the number 666 is fully explained. To which is added, An Illustration of Daniel's Vision of the Ram and He-Goat." London, 8vo, 10s. 6d.

the meaning of that expression, 'In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.' Such a supposition is, at least, plausible; and we may explain many difficulties by it, as well as account for many extraordinary expressions, which seem to require something like this to render them perfectly intelligible."

The gentleman who had drawn him into the preceding remarks, spoke with great modesty and Christian feeling upon the possibility of seeing God in heaven. The Doctor dissented from him, and stated his belief in the greater probability of the Divine Essence remaining invisible,—man being utterly incapable of supporting it. "The glorified humanity of Christ," said he, "will no doubt be visible, and may possibly approximate more and more towards perfection, as it advanced towards maturity while upon earth,—still heightening as the redeemed shall be able to behold it;—it being the grand medium of communication between absolute Deity and man. Through this, God may let his creatures into his own infinite glory, which eternity itself will never be able to exhaust; let them into it as they are able to bear it; and these fresh inlets to himself—by one revelation succeeding another, just as he discovers himself to us by degrees here, may—in part at least, constitute our future happiness."

These remarks led to a conversation on the omnipotence of God, when the Doctor said, "It requires the same power to preserve, as to create; our being is the effect of a cause; withdraw the cause, and the effect must cease: mind is an emanation from God's own intelligence; this can only cease by a special act of Deity;—but the same causation preserves, and is, in a certain sense, a continued act of God to support life. Look at a mill, the wheel of which is turned by a stream; the water is the cause of motion, and is as necessary to preserve as to originate it; should this cease to act, all stands still: life, in like manner, is a continued act of God's preserving power, and omnipotence alone can sustain it."

The recognition of Saints in heaven being noticed, and several passages of Scripture being adduced to support the theory, the Doctor, in reference to difficulties proposed on the objective side of the question, replied somewhat impatiently, "It will be a humbling reflection, if I am to know less in a perfect state, than I know here, where knowledge is so circumscribed. The ancients had a fable about the Lethean streams of oblivion, which made them forget everything they had ever said or done in the present life; but I know of no such thing in Christian theology." On Matth. xxii. 28—30, being quoted,—“For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels of God in heaven—Whose wife shall she be,” &c. “That,” he replied, “is not a subject in which I am interested; I have had but one wife, and my wife has had but one husband;” then to ward off

further discussion, which he perceived would lead to no improving result, the whole being involved in mystery, he closed pleasantly with,—“A friend once said to my Mary, ‘If you were to die, the Doctor would be married again, and you would then lose him:’ ‘That,’ said she, ‘excites no concern, for I know I shall have the first claim in a future state.’”

He manifested, however, none of this reserve when conversing on subjects which tended to produce wholesome Christian principle, and base the mind in the truth of God. The evangelists passing in review—“Mark,” said he, “makes a plain statement of what he knows to be fact; his grand design is to show, that although Jesus is man, there is a Divine Power visible in all he does.—Matthew draws no inference; he deviates from all other historians, whose object is to establish certain positions—who show how an argument may be strengthened—how impossible it is to mistake, &c. : there is nothing like the labour of proof—no effort to produce an impression.—On the other hand, John proceeds all along to assert and to establish the divinity of Jesus Christ. Were the three preceding evangelists swept entirely away, the testimony of St. John would perfectly satisfy my mind as to the divine authority of the Bible—the godhead and manhood of Christ.” He noticed this one day to his friend, Mr. Alexander Knox, when the latter said, “Adam, that argument is as indestructible as the sun in the firmament—as firm as the pillars of heaven!”

“Redeeming the time,” was one of those precepts of which Dr. Clarke furnished a daily practical exposition, both at home and abroad. Being in the house of a friend, and taking up the Life of Bridaine, he observed, “Though I have written a character of this man, I never till now saw this life of him: what I wrote was published several years ago in the *Arminian Magazine*.” Having read the Memoir in the course of the day, and made some extracts from it, he said, “The Abbé Maury, preacher in ordinary to the French king, extolling the exquisite exordium of Cicero in his first Oration against Cataline,—‘*Quousque tandem abutere,*’ &c., observed, that the only traces of this ancient and vigorous eloquence remaining among us, (which was no other than the first voice of nature,) was to be found among the missions in the several provinces; where apostolic men, endued with a strong and vigorous imagination, knew no other success than conversions, and no other plaudits than tears; and though occasionally destitute of taste, and descending into burlesque detail, yet strongly striking the senses,—impressing terror by their threatenings and exciting general concern in their hearers. The Abbé heard Bridaine preach his first sermon in the church of St. Sulpicius in Paris, where a number of the nobility, from curiosity, had been drawn to hear him, together with bishops, decorated personages, and a crowd of ecclesiastics: the exordium, as given by the Abbé, is a fine specimen of

the preacher's eloquence and powers of mind. Bridaine was in France, what Whitfield was in England,—only possessed of a far superior mind to that of the English orator: he could raise, melt, terrify an audience, and send the profane away in a state of penitence. The Abbé states, that, with a popular eloquence, full of images and emotions, few men possessed in a more eminent degree than he, the admirable talent of rendering himself master of an assembled multitude. He had such a fine voice, as rendered credible all the prodigies which history recounts of the declamation of the ancients; and was as easily heard by ten thousand persons in the open air, as if he had spoken under the most sonorous arch. In all that he said, turns naturally rhetorical might be observed; and in some instances, he was not inferior to Bossuet or Demosthenes. It was his chief design," proceeded the Doctor, "to break and rend the heart, and to dismiss the people in distress, if not in despair; considering this as compensating, in some measure, for the sins of their past lives, and so preserving a kind of balance between the past and the present: he was properly a Royal Missionary. When Queen Anne came to the throne, she allowed some persons the privilege of visiting the various churches, and preaching to the people, after having first given notice of their intention."

Mr. C.—"If something of this kind were permitted now,—the men themselves being devoted to God, it would prove highly beneficial both to clergy and laity."

Dr. Clarke.—"Mr. Wesley always regretted one thing—that he had not asked for a privilege of this kind."

Mr. E.—"Are you aware, Doctor, of any occasion occurring in which it would have been at all prudent or proper to prefer such a request?"

Dr. C.—"Yes,—on the occasion of the pamphlet which he published on the American war; a pamphlet with which the government was so pleased, that copies were ordered to be distributed at the doors of all the churches in the metropolis; and respecting which, one of the highest officers of state waited upon him—wishing to know whether government could in any way be of service to either himself or his people."

Mr. C.—"What was the reply?"

Dr. C.—"Mr. Wesley stated, that he looked for no favours, and only desired the continuance of civil and religious privileges. The nobleman, again pressed the question; but Mr. Wesley, with equal courtesy and firmness, declined all favours. At length, the nobleman, just on the point of retiring, observed,—‘In all probability, Sir, you have some charities which are dear to you; by accepting £50 from the privy purse, to appropriate as you may deem proper, you will give great pleasure to those for whom I act.’ This was accepted; but Mr. Wesley expressed himself to me afterwards, as sorry that he had not requested to be made a royal missionary, and to have the privilege of preaching in every church."

Mr. E.—"You named the Abbé Maury; what is your opinion of his Essay on Eloquence?"

Dr. C.—"He analysed, with great ability, many of the living preachers of the day; and though he sometimes laid such men as Tillotson, and other English preachers, on their backs, he at the same time paid them some high compliments; and the book cannot but please."

The Pope having been mentioned, the Doctor referred to the backwardness of Lord Lyttleton to kiss the toe of his holiness, when at Rome. "His hesitancy being perceived, the Pope said to him, with great politeness, 'Do not be afraid, my lord; draw near;—an old man's blessing will do you no harm.' Without remarking on a custom so revolting to a Protestant, the sentiment is good, and well expressed. On opening a new chapel in London, I availed myself of it, and it produced a good effect. Some of the hearers were retiring immediately after the collection was made; this gave me great pain of mind, and elevating my voice I said, 'You had better stop, and take God with you,—the preacher's blessing can do you no harm:' then, after prayer, I pronounced this benediction,—'Go in peace—live in peace—and the God of peace be with you always!'"

The Doctor's taste, though far from fastidious on the elegancies of style; was sometimes a little nice in cases of verbal innovation. He could scarcely bear the term, "March of Intellect," with common patience, because of the abuse to which it had been subjected. A friend employing the Americanism, "*talented young man*," he said, "I am astonished to hear you make use of the term *talented*; it is not to be found in the English language." He next amused his friend with Dr. Johnson's definition of the word *net*, pronouncing his Dictionary to be a "great work;" stating, however, at the same time, that the plan was not original. In support of this sentiment, he remarked, that he had three copies of a Persian and Arabic Dictionary, in which the words were illustrated by quotations from the poets, &c.,—that subsequently to this work, an Italian Dictionary had been published on the same plan,—and after this a French Dictionary appeared on a similar one. With the latter he found fault: and then adverting to Johnson's religious character, to which he was led by some remarks made at the time, he said, "The Doctor had the *terror*, rather than the *fear* of God."

Dr. Clarke was not one of those men, whose visits produce anything like satiety. He was the reverse of a person whom he named, who had stopped some time in a house, to the annoyance of the family. "A. B.," said he, "partakes of the qualities of Mr. —; he makes a *dose* of himself wherever he goes: there should not be more than two such persons in the same county." Then, pleasantly added, "In my country, we have the *vis*,—then the *visit*,—and next the *visitation*. The visits of A. are always the *longest*, and so extend to a *visitation*." Another person being

named, as remarkable for loquacity as for lingering visits; "She," said he, by way of dismissing the subject, "is like *evermore*."

He was occasionally thrown into the company of persons who were exceedingly annoying. The writer recollects an officious man, who, when the Doctor was from home, was constantly obtruding his remarks, and making appointments for him; and the Doctor being told that some method should be adopted to check such conduct, said, "Let him alone; my pot is boiling as well as yours,—but I still have the lid on." Then laughing, and turning it off,—“I knew him in early life; through his incapacity for business, he ran through £14,000: he was born under a threepence-halfpenny planet, and was never to be worth fourpence. Let us bear with him; he is a good man after all, and has a great deal of what the French call *l'unction piéte* about him.” Seeing this same person from the window, (who was remarkable for late attendance in his engagements, and at the house of God,) posting his way to the house of a friend; the Doctor opened the door for him, and delicately rebuked him with,—“Here he comes—‘And Amalek smote the *hindmost* of them.’” Having borrowed his spectacles a moment, and feeling disposed to settle an account of cleanliness with him also, he said, while rubbing them,—“Why, Brother G., you may almost sow mustard seed on them.”

Though remote from fault-finding, yet there were little points in social life which he could not forbear noticing, and which, when known, might convey a useful hint to others, especially in the conduct of children, and their mode of treatment. Travelling in company with a family, they all came to an inn, at a time when the different public accommodations were full, in consequence of the assizes. He asked to be conducted to a room, having been a good deal annoyed by the dust: the servant showed him into one of the attics—confined, and apparently rarely used. “Have you not a lower room?” he inquired. “Be thankful,” was the reply, “that you have got that.” “I have no gratitude to expend upon it,” the Doctor returned. On descending to the lower part of the house, he entered a small back parlour, where the lady and gentleman, together with their children, were seated, surrounded with their luggage. The Doctor looked for a seat, and no one being offered, he touched the coat of the writer, and going to lounge in the street,—“Alas!” he exclaimed, “what an education those poor children must have received! There are chairs for you, for T., and for myself; and yet the parents can see us walking about, without requesting a child to stand, or offering to take one on the knee.” It may be added, that these persons had been laid under many obligations to the Doctor. He loved order and good breeding; that kind of training which imparts ease and freedom,—though he was as remote from the artificial, and the unnecessarily subdued tone of abject feeling, as he was from selfishness and vulgarity. Mr. C.’s little daughter was clinging round the neck of her father;

"There," said the Doctor, with a gush of fine paternal feeling—"that is the image which St. John had in view, when he said, 'Little children,' or '*dear little children*,'—for so the word will allow in point of meaning: there is tenderness on the one hand, and confidence and simplicity on the other." Mr. C., on another occasion, was swinging his child;—"That is the best exercise," said the Doctor, "for delicate persons and children. Walking fatigues them; whereas, in swinging, the child is taking in fresh air by every breath,—absorbing vitality every moment. The swinging, however, should cease gradually, as otherwise, it would too suddenly give the lungs a different kind of action. Dr. Percival, of Manchester, recommended swinging for a child of mine, but we were unable to rear her; the plant was too tender." Some one, tickling one of the children, the Doctor said, "My brother tickled me once, so that I nearly died under it: but all my children have been disciplined, till they have become perfect stoics."

Conversation now taking a philosophic turn, and the question—"Why is there so much sea?" being asked, the Doctor entered largely into the experiments and calculations of Ray, and after him, of Dr. Long, showing how far they had succeeded, and the advantage of their discoveries to their successors, on the subject of evaporation, &c.;—diverging, as the remarks of others led the way, to the subject of the deluge;—marine substances found on the tops of mountains;—the confusion of tongues;—and lastly to the possible irruptions of the sea—occasioning the waters to recede in some places, and make inroads on the land in others. In reference to the latter case, the Doctor said, "When I was in the Norman Isles, I took up an old map, and traced the different parts as marked out. On coming to one point, I found a *castle* and a *promontory* referred to, and inquired where they were to be seen, when the people told me, that they were under water, and that when the water was still and clear, the ruins were still discernible at the bottom. Now," continued he, after an abrupt pause, "I will give you an anecdote,—though (referring to the writer)

‘A chiel’s amang you, taking notes,
And, sure, he’ll prent it.’

It refers to the earthquake on which Mr. Fletcher has written so learnedly and foolishly.* A gentleman came to him, and stated that he had some money, which he wished to lay out to the best advantage; that he did not like government security; that banks made scarcely any returns; and that he was averse to the trouble attendant on business; closing with, 'I have concluded to fix it on *terra firma*.' '*Terra firma!*' exclaimed Mr. Fletcher, 'dare is no *terra firma*.' It so happened, that the gentleman purchased some ground on the banks of the Severn; and that

* See Fletcher's Works, vol. v., 207—270; 18mo.

was the very ground where the irruption took place, and on which Mr. Fletcher preached,—the estate being swallowed up on the occasion.”

Unphilosophically as the Dr. deemed Mr. Fletcher had treated some parts of the subject, he valued him highly as a Christian and divine, and could not but view in the “Dreadful Phenomenon,” as it is termed by Mr. Fletcher, a suitable occasion for the spiritual improvement of his flock. He was no ordinary observer of providence, any more than of nature. “I like to consult providence,” said he, on one occasion, “and to attend to its various openings. God may lead me on to a certain extent, and expecting to go straight forward, where an object appears, I may fix my eye upon it: but He, in this case, makes an abrupt turn to the left: here I am obliged to follow, without knowing a single step of the way; when suddenly God has cleared my path, and wrought out my deliverance. This is my frequent experience. The consequence is, I have the strongest reliance on the providence of my Maker.”

The introduction of an occasional circumstance threw a gleam of light on the native benignity of the Doctor's mind. Having a considerable share of influence, during his connection with government, he was waited upon by the Rev. James Bean, a clergyman of the Established Church, (now no more,) who was directed to him by the higher authorities, some of whom were disposed to serve him, provided he had sufficient qualifications for the office for which he stood a candidate. On all ceremony being laid aside, and a good understanding being established between them, the *Eclectic Review* became the subject of notice, when the Doctor, aware who was the author of the critique on “Zeal Without Innovation,” asked Mr. Bean, whether he knew who was the writer? Mr. Bean stated, that he did not, and was led into some concessions as to the authorship of the work upon which the critical scalpel had been exercised. “What,” said the Doctor, with apparent surprise, “are you the author of ‘Zeal Without Innovation?’” Mr. Bean, not without fear of displeasure, from the manner in which he had treated the Wesleyans in the work, ventured a timid reply in the affirmative. “Mr. Bean,” said the Doctor, “you have exercised your own judgment on the subject, and, as an honest man, have given your thoughts to the world, which will decide whether you are correct or otherwise: with that I have nothing to do; but in proof of the fact, that I am incapable of petty prejudice, you shall have a strong commendatory note from me, on the British Museum business;” and upon this alone, Mr. Bean obtained the desired appointment.* A sincere friendship was established between them, and the Doctor repeated to

* Mr. Bean, in addition to “Zeal Without Innovation,” (which was reviewed by the Rev. R. Hall, in the *Eclectic*, and is now in his works, vol. ii., p. 269, 12mo edition,) published “Parochial Sermons,” 8vo, and also “Family Worship,” 8vo; the last of which was spoken of in most favourable terms by Dr. Clarke.

him, on one occasion, with some degree of jocularly, an epigram written on his work, by Mr. T. Roberts ;—

“ What is zeal with innovation ?
Wishes to Christianise the nation.
What is zeal without it ? Wishes
To eat the precious loaves and fishes.”

Mr. Bean complimented the epigrammatist, and outlived some of his prepossessions against the Wesleyans, though firmly attached to the Established Church.

Without any anticipatory remarks on Dr. Clarke's great work—his Commentary on the Scriptures, towards the period of the publication of which we are fast approaching, and without at present touching on any peculiar views which he might entertain on particular portions of the Word of God, it may be observed, that, in speaking of the *nachash* or monkey species, he states, that he had paid some attention to the habits of these, as well as other, animals. He had, for a considerable time, a little monkey, which had become a favourite, owing to its gentleness, kindness, mimicry, and sportiveness ; but merry little Jack died ; and to Mr. Mc. Nicoll, who had occasionally taken an interest in his frolics, the Doctor observed in a note—not without a touch of quiet humour,—“ Dear Davy,—Poor Jack the monkey is dead ! He went into a decline, and wasted regularly away, just like a human being in the same disease ; bore all with most amiable patience, and died regretted by all who knew him. I buried him in the garden, under a good piece of English marble, and made an epitaph for him !—which has been much esteemed by the knowing ones ! I do assure you, I was sorry for the poor fellow's sufferings and death, and never think of him but with regret.” The epitaph, as a curiosity of its kind, may here be introduced :

In Memoriam,
JUCUNDI CERCOPITHECI,
QUI MULTIS FLEBILIS OBIT
NOVEMBRIS NONO CALENDAS,
ANNO HUMANE SALUTIS
MDCCCIX.
HOC MARMOR
ADAMUS CLERICUS
DOMINUS EJUS INTENTUS
ET AMICUS CHARUS
MÆRENS POSUIT.
IN SECURITATE IMPERTURBATA
SINE PÆNIS, SINE CONVICTIIS,
ANIMAL MEUM PARVULUM,
MITTISSIMUM, ET JUCUNDISSIMUM
TUI GENERIS,
HOMINUM INEPTIARUM
INNOCUUS IMITATOR,
IN ÆTERNUM
REQUIESCE.

Another subject of the lighter kind may here be noticed. It may startle some Christian readers to learn, that Dr. Clarke wrote a romance, the manuscript of which, it may be added, is in the possession of the biographer. An abstract from the first page will let the reader into a portion of its history :

“As writers require not only labour but rest, so those who devote themselves to mental exercises, require a little occasional relaxation, that they may afterward return to study with increased vigour. This, in my opinion, cannot be done better than by diverting the mind on some agreeable subject, where pleasure and instruction are intermingled. This is indeed what I have endeavoured to accomplish in this work, in which, among many pleasant fictions, I have mixed some learned raileries against the ancient poets and historians, without even sparing the philosophers, who have related to us as facts, many fabulous and ridiculous tales. Clesias, for example, in his History of the Indies, has told us things which he never either saw or heard ; and Iambulus has composed an ingenious History of the Wonders of the Ocean, without having the smallest regard to truth. Many others have acted in a similar way, relating various adventures which they state to have happened to them in the course of their different voyages, interlarding the whole with descriptions of divers monstrous animals, unheard of cruelties, and barbarous and savage customs, after the manner of Homer, who describes the captivity of the winds, the enormous bulk of the Cyclops, the cruelty of the Anthropophagi, with many-headed beasts, the metamorphosis of his companions into swine by the charms of a witch, with several other reveries relative to the Phoeis, which he has published for the entertainment of the ignorant. But this is no marvel in a poet, who is accustomed to tell lies, seeing we find the constant recurrence of such things among philosophers ; I am only astonished that historians have endeavoured to persuadé us to believe the same monstrosities. Nevertheless, I became envious, that I was the only person in the world who had not the privilege of indulging in fiction, or of composing some romance in imitation of those who have gone before. But I desire, in thus avowing my sentiments, to show myself more just than they ; and this avowal must serve for my justification. I am now going to relate things which I have never either seen or heard ; and what is more, things which have no existence, nor can have any : therefore, let the reader take heed not to believe a word that is penned.”—The work closes with,—“There were two great wonders in the king’s palace : a *well*, which was not very deep, but when any one went down into it, he heard everything that was spoken upon earth ; and a *looking-glass*, from which everything that was done below, was reflected. I have often seen my friends and acquaintance in it, but do not know they saw me. Now, if any doubt of the truth of what I have spoken, let him go to the same place, and when he is there, he will believe me.”

The work was written without any view to publication,—if not as a relaxation from severer studies, possibly for the amusement of a friend. As a specimen of the wildly imaginative, it exceeds all the wonders of Thalaba—only, it wants the beauty and magnificence of that Arabian fiction, as to subject, and its “Arabesque ornament” of metre; participating, if possible, more largely in the improbable;—carrying, in fact, absurdity to its extreme verge, and showing whither fiction is likely to lead its admirers, when once the rein is thrown on the neck of imagination, and a conscientious regard for truth is sacrificed by the writer. It is to be viewed, in short, only in the light of a keen but merited *satire* on the novel and romance writers of the present day; while the reader is sufficiently guarded against the credibility of the tale, by the Doctor’s own regard to truth, and his censure of those who trick out fiction for the purpose of polluting the imagination and corrupting the heart—already sufficiently deceptive. Whatever might be his peculiar views on the subject of his juvenile library, he deeply lamented the pestiferous character of the romances and novels of the day. Dr. Clarke’s laudable object in the work, was that of recording a condemnatory sentence against this species of writing, as food for the public; so that his object appears to have been less his own amusement or relaxation from severe thought, than the benefit of others, in this little satirical sally. He was indeed, not one of those men who required much of such employment; he had that within himself which rendered it unnecessary: “I am thankful to God,” said he one day to the writer, “for a natural flow of spirits; and I rarely get to the end of them: had this not been the case, I should have been dead long ago; but the spirit helps the flesh and bears me up: and so long as we keep on the innocent side of that which God has given, all is well.”

In the onward course of conversation, reference was made to peculiarities connected with official situations, calculated to check a natural flow of animal spirits. Among these, the instance of a judge passing sentence upon a criminal the first time, was adduced, as likely to be exceedingly painful, even allowing for a previous course of discipline at the bar, during which several persons might have been executed on evidence he himself had elicited, and the arguments he had adduced. “I was personally acquainted with Sir H. W.,” observed the Doctor; “he told me that such was the effect made upon him by pronouncing the extreme sentence of the law upon a man, when on the bench, for the first time, that it nearly cost him his life; he subsequently received an appointment in India. In the course of his official duties, a Hindoo brought before him a complaint of improper treatment which he had experienced at the hand of a European, in consequence of some trifling disagreement respecting an article of workmanship done by the former for the latter, who commanded him to be beaten by his servant. Sir

H. W. immediately issued a warrant for the apprehension of the offending European, and fined him a piece of gold for every stripe he had occasioned to be given. This instantly spread through India, and the Colonial government complained, stating that it was placing the natives on a level with Europeans, and that it would lead to the subversion of all authority. The consequence was, the recall of Sir H. W. He immediately memorialized the House of Commons on the occasion, which objected to the subject,—telling Sir H. W. that he had his pension, and of course sustained no loss by the circumstance of being recalled. The reply furnished to this was, that he would sooner forfeit every sixpence, than not be heard, and that justice should not be done to the injured: remonstrance, however, then proved ineffectual." Law being still the theme, the Doctor added, that on Judge Bailey being asked which was the most likely way to obtain a suit, he replied, "You must have a good cause—a good attorney—a good jury—a good judge"—subjoining significantly and emphatically, "and lastly, *good luck*."

While Dr. Clarke delighted himself and others by notices of anything that would reflect honour on the character and proceedings of distinguished men, he never failed to give human nature its due, in opposition to those who are in the habit of proclaiming its dignity. "Were it not," said he, "for the restraining grace of God, man would go on destroying his fellow, till the last villain would be found standing alone on the earth, and the devil the only personage left to bury him." Some persons being represented as "new creatures in Christ Jesus," of whose tempers and conduct he did not exactly approve,—"If these," said he, "are *new creatures*, what must they have been while they were *old ones*?"

As few things escaped his observation on the subject of Methodism and its literature, the following remarks may here be introduced, as connected with the hymns generally sung in the body:

Dr. Clarke.—"Latterly, I have given out but few verses in connection with public worship. I am less in love with singing than formerly, in consequence of a growing passion among us for instrumental music."

Mr. R.—"The preachers must find it a great annoyance to be interrupted either in their devotions or studies, just before service, by having the hymn-book presented to them by the leader of the singers, for the hymns intended to be sung."

Dr. C.—"I invariably refuse an indulgence of that kind, as I am not always fixed as to subject; but take care to give sufficient time for the selection of the page, hymn, and tune."

Mr. S.—"Singing constitutes an important part of devotion."

Dr. C.—"With many, it is a mere animal exercise, and not so much the medium of receiving good as of destroying evil. I shall never forget a remark of Mr. John Allen, towards the close of a warm debate in Con-

ference: 'Let us sing a hymn,' said he, 'and get rid of this improper feeling.'"

Mr. L.—"Congregational singing appears to have been carried to high perfection in Mr. Wesley's day."

Dr. C.—"Mr. Wesley was extremely partial to vocal music, and loved to hear the men and women take their separate parts. The congregation being out once, he said, 'You sing that tune wrong.' Then giving the air of the tune with an inclination to the nasal, (which the Doctor imitated with good effect,) he said, 'You should sing it as brother Bradford and I do.' But his voice, whatever it might be in early life, was, as far as singing is concerned, anything, at that time, but sweet and harmonious."

Mr. R.—"Did not the circumstance of the males and females taking their separate parts, lead to repetition?"

Dr. C.—"Not in such tunes as are to be found in the 'Sacred Harmony,' or in tunes generally allowed by Mr. Wesley. 'There is as much piety,' said he once, 'in a six or eight lines repetition, as there is in a Lancashire hornpipe;' and he was perfectly correct: those pieces are next to profane, in which the name of God is so often repeated; they have an injurious effect on the moral feeling, and this leads me to dislike them." Turning to Mr. M., whose taste was somewhat vitiated in singing, and anxious to promote a cure, he proceeded—under the persuasion that a little burlesque might be helpful,—“In your famous tune, in which the word *hallelujah* is so often repeated, there is a snappishness in *hallel*, as though, while giving utterance to it, you would snap the nose from the face of an angel: it is so marred, both in the English and in other languages, that it would be difficult even for an angel to comprehend its meaning.”*

Mr. S.—"Do you not think that instrumental music in a place of worship is helpful to singing, Dr. Clarke?"

Dr. C.—"No: and if God spare my life, I hope to deliver my sentiments to the Methodist body on the subject in such a way as God, in the order of his providence, shall register to the end of time."

Mr. E.—"For congregational worship, some of the old tunes can scarcely be surpassed."

Dr. C.—"Take 'Marianborne'—the fullest, finest, most majestic

* In sedate mood, the Doctor's language is—"The word הללו יה, *hallelu-Yah*, praise ye *Jah*, or *Jehovah*, which the *Septuagint*, and St. John from them, put into Greek letters, thus, Ἀλληλοῦῖα, *allelou-ia*, is a form of praise which the heathen appear to have borrowed from the Jews, as is evident from their *pæans*, or hymns in honour of Apollo, which began and ended with ἐλελεῦ ἰν, *eleleu ie*; a mere corruption of the Hebrew words. It is worthy of remark, that the Indians of North America have the same word in their religious worship, and use it in the same sense. 'In their places of worship, or beloved square,' says Adair, in his *History of the American Indians*, 'they dance sometimes for a whole night, always in a bowing posture, and frequently singing *halleluyah*, *Ye ho wah*; praise ye *Yah*, *Ye ho vah*:' probably the true pronunciation of the Hebrew יהוה, which we call *Jehovah*."

tune we have : a tune like *that* is admirably adapted to the hymn beginning with—‘Lo! God is here! let us adore.’ The punctuation of the last line of the first verse of that hymn, by the way, is faulty : a comma should have followed ‘reverence;’ then—which is the proper meaning—it would have been, we ‘serve’ him with ‘awe,’ we ‘serve’ him with ‘reverence,’ we ‘serve’ him with ‘love,’ instead of ‘Serve him with awe, with reverence love.’ There is an unfortunate collocation, also, in the fifth verse, where the ‘sea,’ rather than ‘man,’ falls ‘prostrate.’”

Mr. S.—Giving the air of a tune,—“That will go very well to the hymn on page 465, ‘Come let us anew, Our journey pursue, With vigour arise.’”

Dr. C.—“Yes, you may lilt away with that, and keep pace with the motion of a vessel on the ocean, when the waves are beating time against her sides. I like none of those light airs in a place of worship.”

Mr. E.—“There are some fine hymns included in those ‘Describing judgment.’”

Dr. C.—“Take, among others, ‘Stand th’ omnipotent decree.’ The closing line forms an admirable climax—‘And both fly up to heaven.’ But the tune which has just been sung to it, falls flat upon the ear : one should have been selected which would have risen with the words—higher and higher—just as ‘the heavenly spirit towers,’ and ‘mounts above the wreck.’* There is another fine hymn in the anapæstic form—‘Away

* This Hymn was introduced into the *first* edition of Dr. Clarke’s Notes, and was the subject of a subsequent conversation, which occasioned a slight reduction of praise in the *second*, as to originality. The biographer asked the Doctor whether he was aware that the first and second verses of the Hymn were a mere transcript of a part of the Sixth Canto of Young’s “Night Thoughts,” the *blank* verse being turned into *rhyme*? he stated, that he had no recollection of what was referred to. The passage was then adverted to, in connection with the Hymn.

YOUNG.

“If so decreed, th’ Almighty’s will be done.
Let earth dissolve, yon pond’rous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust : the soul is safe:
The man emerges ; mounts above the wreck,
As tow’ring flame from nature’s funeral pyre :
O’er devastation as a gainer smiles.”

C. WESLEY.

“Stand th’ omnipotent decree :
Jehovah’s will be done!
Nature’s end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan :
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked with the just ;
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

“Rests secure the righteous man !
At his Redeemer’s beck,
Sure to emerge, and rise again,
And mount above the wreck ;

with our sorrow and fear,' which is often sung to a tune selected for, 'All glory to God in the sky.' Though Mr. Wesley was averse to repetitions generally, he liked the repetition in that, because it furnished an occasion for the males and females taking their separate parts."

The doctrine of Christian perfection was adverted to, which is forcibly advocated by Charles Wesley, in his hymns. The Doctor observed, that "when his friend, Mr. Robert Roberts, between whom and himself there was the most cordial affection, was at Alnwick, he went to hear Mr. Marshall, a burgher minister, preach. Mr. M. perceiving him in the congregation, availed himself of the opportunity of going a little out of his way for the purpose of reaching him, by stating, in broad Scotch,

Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flame o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps her wings of fire."

Mr. Clarke, one of the Doctor's sons, who was present on the occasion, observed, that "the date of the composition, and next to that, of the publication, would determine to which of the writers the charge of plagiarism belonged." It was replied to this, that, as the men had no communication with each other, and were therefore not likely to have access to each other's manuscript treasures, the time of publication would be the fittest criterion by which to judge. This was soon determined. Dr. Johnson, in his life of Young, states, "*The Night Thoughts* were begun immediately after the mournful event"—referring to the death of his wife, "of 1741. The first 'Nights' appear, in the books of the Company of Stationers, as the property of Robert Dodsley, in 1742. The Preface to '*Night Seventh*' is dated July 7th, 1744." From hence it appears, that the six first books were before the public prior to the seventh. The Hymns of Charles Wesley were first published in 2 vols. 12mo, in 1749, by Felix Farley, of Bristol; but the Hymn in question is not to be found there: nor yet in the "Hymn and Tune Book," of 1761. It is inserted, however, in the 3rd edition of the Large Hymn Book, published in 1782. In what other earlier collection it appeared remains to be shown. Still the remaining part of the hymn,—characterised by Montgomery as a "daring and victorious flight," affords proof, that though he set out with the pinions of another, he not only tried, but successfully mounted on his own, before he descended from the heights to which he had been enabled to soar: and it detracts little from a man like Charles Wesley, who had so much originality of his own, to state, that high as he soared in the region of song, he often winged his way to still greater heights, when he caught a noble thought from some one of the poets, or a passage from the Sacred Writings, distinguished for its sublimity.

This notice of Young's "*Night Thoughts*," in connection with Charles Wesley, led to other remarks, when Dr. Clarke stated, that two of the old preachers, who had read the poem, and had been charmed with the manner in which the poet had descanted on the subject of REDEMPTION,—inferring from thence that the strains could only flow from a heart distinguished for the deepest piety, put themselves to some inconvenience to pay him a visit. On being introduced, and stating the pleasure with which they had read his poem, the Doctor asked them—waiving all higher considerations, what news they had? They told him, in the simplicity of their souls, that the chief news which they had to communicate was, that the Lord was enlarging his dominions, by bringing sinners to himself. The Doctor, apparently engrossed with other things, again enquired—supposing them to have been recently in the metropolis, what was the last news they had? when they again replied, that they knew no better tidings than the increasing prosperity of the work of God. It was not long before they found a wide difference between the poem and the poet, and concluded that either the poet knew nothing of experimental religion, or was otherwise averse to its introduction.

'There are some folk doon the street, wha hald the doactrine o' parefaction,—they talk aboot it,—but the back o' my han to them.' Mr. Roberts said, in relating the circumstance to me, 'I could have reasoned on the subject, and could have quoted scripture in defence of the doctrine; but what reply could be given to that? it was unanswerable!'"* This brought into notice, Law, on "Christian Perfection," together with his other works, when the Doctor observed, "Law has very little of the atonement; his works are useful to persons already converted, and may guide them in their Christian course, but they are not at all calculated to bring sinners to God."

Having, in the course of reading, dropped on the twenty-fifth chapter of Job, he coupled, in some remarks which he made, with the fifth verse—"the stars are not pure in his sight," those other passages—"his angels he charged with folly," and "the heavens are not clean in his sight;" and showed the absurdity of the inference drawn by Mr. Hervey from these texts against the doctrine of holiness: the first intimating, that whatever excellence there may be in them as stars, it sinks into insignificance in comparison with Him from whom they derive their existence and splendour; but by no means contradict the fact, that "a man can be justified with God," through the blood of Christ, and that "he can be clean who is born of a woman," through the sanctification of the Spirit. "The second passage," he observed, "is often perverted, by substituting the *past* for the *present* tense: it is not *chargeth*, but *charged*; he charged those with folly, who kept not their first estate. But we have no proof that he is *charging* others in the same way, who maintained their steadfastness: and still, there is not anything in this that operates against the doctrine of Christian holiness. As to the third, with its connection, 'he putteth no trust in his saints—yea, the heavens are not clean in his sight,'—God knows that there is not anything absolutely immutable but Himself, and that no intelligent being can *subsist* in a state of *purity*, unless continually dependent upon, and deriving constant supplies of grace, power, and light from Him who gave them their being. He alone is immutable; *saints* may fall—*angels* may fall,—all their goodness is derived and dependent; the heavens themselves have no purity compared with His. Here also, the doctrine of Christian perfection is untouched." He proceeded; "The book of Job is an extraordinary production: it comprises all the philosophy, all the natural history, all the astronomy, and all the theology of the East, known in that day, either in the way of statement, illustration, or allusion."

Taking a beautiful little edition of Virgil from his pocket, he put it into the hands of Mr. T. S. Clarke, and requested him to read the

* The biographer, when a boy, occasionally sat under the ministry of Mr. M., who was then an old man. He sustained a good Christian character, and his hearers were much attached to him—distinguished generally for a decent moral exterior.

POLLIO. During the course of the reading concerning the extraordinary personage then about to be born, who should introduce a golden age into the world, and restore all things, the Doctor interrupted him, every now and then, applying different passages to the birth of Christ—the Gospel—its effects—the millennium, &c. The writer told him he might thank his own Christian light and training for the power to apply and interpret the passages as he did.* His remarks were learned, appropriate, ingenious, and sometimes playful. In this way, he occasionally employed the social hour, kindly instructing those who had less reading than himself.

* Leslie is also very happy in the employment of this argument in his "Short and Easy Method with the Deists."

PART V.

SECTION I.—1810.

“Men will be apt to call it pulling up the old foundation of knowledge; I persuade myself that the way I have pursued lays those foundations surer.”—ANONYMOUS.

“A knowledge of the truth is equal to the task both of discerning and of confuting all false assertions and erroneous arguments, though never before met with, if only they may be freely brought forward.”—AUGUSTINE.

“Is not from hence the way that leadeth right
To that most glorious house that glistereth bright
With burning stars, and ever-living fire,
Whereof the keys are to thy hand beight?”—SPENCER.

WE have now arrived at a period in the life of Dr. Clarke, in which the stores and endowments of his mind were to be concentrated upon a subject of universal importance, and universal interest. The light which had for many years been gathering and expanding within him, was now to break forth in all its purity, brightness, and usefulness, upon the world: what had been read, observed, and acquired, was to be eminently consecrated to the service of God, in the contemplated benefit of mankind; and as he had never either preached or written for the sake of signaling himself, so now he was eager to scatter around him the rich fruits of a diligent and successful seed time, for the purpose of benefiting others. The nature of the great work in which he was about to engage, (a Commentary on the Sacred Scriptures,) required great labour and research. The acuteness and strength of his intellect, the character of his studies, his deep and enlightened piety, and the preparations already made, will enable the reader to form some idea of his qualifications for the task now to be undertaken.* Instructed in the Scriptures from his youth, and deeply imbued with their spirit, he dived into the more hidden mysteries of the things of God. His extensive knowledge, too, of oriental literature and usages; his taste for all that was curious and scientific; his spirit of intelligent enquiry, which led to obtaining an insight into subjects which would escape the observation of most persons; his general philosophic knowledge; and above all, his familiarity with the varied character of

* The reader may here, if necessary and so disposed, refresh his memory, by a perusal of Part ii. Section v.; also Part iii. Section i. of this Memoir.

men,—with the springs and motives of action, and the intricate windings of the human heart;—all combined to constitute him an able commentator upon a book which required the above qualifications for its proper elucidation. His object in studying the inspired volume, from beginning to end, was to discover the mind of God towards man, in reference to his restoration to the divine image. He knew the Bible was not a *creed* but a *revelation*,—that it was not a dry analysis—a rigid summary, in which Truth, though it looked a body, was indeed but a dead body. To his extended and ever deepening survey, truth lay there in mountain masses—in depths, lengths, breadths, and heights, which disdained all formal, scholastic, and sectarian admeasurements. In it he saw revealed the depth, the breadth, and the fulness of God's mercy to a fallen world, glorious with the mighty theme of its redemption by the Son of his love; and this view of the sacred volume inspired his mind with a power, and energy, and elasticity of thought, which “travelled through eternity;” and thus was his intellect richly freighted for all the purposes of the vast undertaking;—acquiring buoyancy and light as he proceeded; growing more consciously great as he became more divinely fitted for the work; and nobly surmounting the difficulties, and overcoming the discouragements, which occasionally opposed his progress. His prime object was to leave no insurmountable difficulty in the sacred word, and to set every doctrine in as full and clear light as possible. With this feeling of the importance of his work, he read the whole Hebrew Bible, so weighing every fact and word as to be able fully to enter into the spirit and design of the different writers in the inspired volume, and to see on what ground those doctrines stood which are generally received among Christians,—particularly the doctrines of the atonement, influence of the Spirit, justification by faith, purification of the heart, and duration of final rewards and punishments; and all others collaterally connected with them. He sat down to this work with an anxiously enquiring mind, determining to form his judgments as the issue of this enquiry might be; and that he might make no false conclusions, he earnestly implored direction from the “Father of Lights.” Few men ever examined the Hebrew Bible as he did at this time: he had, it is true, comparative leisure; that is, he had nothing to do but to preach in the evenings, and attend to the Record Commission. As he proceeded in the examination, he noted down in proper books, everything of importance which occurred in the examination of *facts* and *words*, and especially such things as commentators had left unnoticed, or perverted through their ignorance of the original language, or their attachment to their different theological systems. Many difficulties and perplexities attended such investigations; but he would not proceed till he had done the utmost in his power to make everything plain. „This led to the close examination of *all the original texts* and versions, from which (especially the Samaritan,

Chaldee, Targum, Septuagint, and Vulgate,) he derived much assistance. When this work was finished, he found himself in possession of some thousands of notes on every part of the Bible, all produced in regular order ; and these he occasionally revised and improved, up to the period of which we now speak.

And thus, as he rose above common discouragements, so he did likewise above common engagements, in the progress of this undertaking. He “viewed the Scriptures as a rich mine, which he wished to dig to the bottom of ;” and while, on the one hand, we find him complaining that his “instruments were not good, nor his strength sufficient for the task,” we hear him, on the other, expressing himself as “experiencing great delight in examining and illustrating the Holy Scriptures, and as having no relish for any other kind of work ; believing that God, in the course of his providence, had called him especially to this one, for which he had spent many years in qualifying himself, and which had cost severe thought, intense anxiety, and great labour.”

The somewhat perilous situation of the Church in the present day, renders the study of the Scriptures binding, irrespectively, upon all ; and while we feel a tribute of grateful acknowledgment to be due to those fathers of the early Church, to whom reference is ever and anon made, and who by their learning and piety threw such a halo of light on the sacred volume, and gave so much perspicuity of interpretation to many “things hard to be understood,” no less tribute is due to a man of piety and letters in our own day, who comes forward and lends his hand and his heart to such an undertaking. As we would see the Scriptures *universally* disseminated, so would we wish them *fairly* interpreted ; and we should as much dread the *principle* which would deprecate a lucid and unreserved exposition of the doctrines of the inspired volume, as we should the one which would hinder or circumscribe its circulation. The fathers of the Nicene church, to whose expository tomes we have just adverted, would afford a bright example, in this respect, to those of our own day, who, while they profess to revere their characters, and imitate their actions, choose rather to follow them in disputable points, than take them as guides in this one. Gregory, Augustine, and Chrysostom, would no more have thought of keeping back the great doctrines of the Bible from the common people, than of denouncing the twelve apostles as enthusiasts, who neither knew nor understood the things whereof they affirmed.

If the statements of Taylor, in his “Ancient Christianity,” be correct, the Nicene church was far from being apostolical, or *that* model of perfection to which the *Tractarians* would fain have the modern Church to conform itself. Indeed, it is singular and melancholy to observe, that Christianity had scarcely alighted upon our world, ere it was disfigured and corrupted in various ways by the depravity of men. Nothing can

present a greater contrast to the manly wisdom of the apostles, than the puerile, senseless rites prescribed by some of the fathers! But we recur to our inestimable source of consolation, “The word of the Lord liveth and abideth for ever!”

Notwithstanding the repeated entreaties of his friends, Dr. Clarke delayed, until the close of the year 1809, to appear formally before the public, to solicit attention to his forthcoming Commentary, which, however, he then announced in the following manner:—“THE HOLY BIBLE, containing the Old and New Testaments: the Text carefully printed from the most correct copies of the present Authorized Translation; including the Marginal Readings, and Parallel Texts. With a Commentary and Critical Notes; designed as a help to a better understanding of the Sacred Writings.” But even then, the probability was against its appearance, had it not been for a trifling incident which occurred, and which may be classed with many other apparently insignificant forerunners of important events. Supping one evening in company with Messrs. Butterworth, Bulmer, Middleton, and some other friends, conversation turned upon the subject in question; when the Doctor was induced to mention the progress he had made in the work. This led to a renewal of the entreaties of the party, that he should immediately proceed with its publication; when Mr. Butterworth proposed to take upon himself the whole of the responsibility. The result was, the immediate issue of a prospectus, a copy of which will be found in Dr. Clarke’s “Miscellaneous Works,” vol. xi., p. 466, in which he gives a minute narrative of his labours. On this followed a letter from Mr. Butterworth, dated January, 1810, addressed chiefly to the Wesleyan body.

“I lately published a prospectus of Dr. Adam Clarke’s Commentary on the Old and New Testament, which will, I expect, be stitched in the Methodist and Evangelical Magazines, the *Christian Observer*, and the *Eclectic Review*, for the next month. I now beg leave to solicit your kind assistance, in giving further publicity to the work in the circle of your acquaintance; and as it is very desirable to ascertain the probable number of copies which may be wanted, I shall esteem it an additional favour, if before, or during the month of April next, you could, through the superintendant preacher of your circuit, oblige me with information of the number of copies likely to sell in your class or neighbourhood. An impression has been received, that this will be merely a critical, learned, voluminous, and expensive Commentary: it may, therefore, be necessary again to refer to the advertisement, in which Dr. C. expressly states, that in his work, ‘the great doctrines of the Law and Gospel of God, are defined, illustrated, and defended;’ and that ‘the whole is applied to the important purposes of practical Christianity and vital godliness:’ and for a more particular view of the leading objects of the work, I beg

leave to refer you to the third page of the prospectus. Most certainly, much learning, original information, and sound criticism may be expected from Adam Clarke, and that his work should *not* consist of mere common-place remarks, nor of unworthy compilation from other authors: but it would be injurious to his character, and to the cause he has so deeply at heart, to suppose that he should merely present a collection of dry, learned criticisms to the Christian world, and not intend his work for the *particular benefit of families, and private individuals*; when it is so well known, that to labour zealously, not for the display of his learning, but for the salvation and edification of souls, has been the chief business of his life. With respect to his criticisms, Dr. C. states in his prospectus, that he has endeavoured to render them as 'plain and intelligible as possible;' so that 'the most uninformed reader cannot stumble at anything of this kind he may meet;' and that 'nothing is introduced from foreign languages without a translation.' Instead of the work being 'very voluminous,' Dr. C. pledges himself in his prospectus, 'that it shall not:' and adds, 'I labour with all my might and skill, to say *as little as possible* on each part, as far as is consistent with perspicuity; and to avoid, as much as possible, even the appearance of encumbering the sacred text.' It remains for me to say a few words on the expense. All who are acquainted with Dr. Clarke, are well aware of the noble generosity, and entire disinterestedness of his character; and that to make money has been the furthest object from his thoughts. He states, in the note to the second page of his octavo prospectus, that he has *given away* four different collections of Notes and Observations, which he had made on different parts of Scripture: and it was in consequence of some of his notes appearing in print, that he was at length persuaded to hasten the publication of his present work. As to myself, it is true I have undertaken to get it printed; but I can assure you, I do not intend to gain any profit by it whatever. My great objects are, to give the work a wide circulation, in order that it may do as much good as possible, and that some little provision may be made from it, towards the support of our friend, his wife and six children, as his state of health renders him unable to take the usual labour of a circuit. It is expected that the whole of the Bible and Commentary will be published at about *six*, but not to exceed *eight* guineas; and as it will be *published in parts*, at distant periods, price only 10s. 6d. each, and *also in shilling numbers*, to be taken in once a week, fortnight, month, or *whenever convenient*, it is presumed that the generality of people may be able, in due time, to accomplish the purchase. But, as the cheapness of the work must in a great measure depend upon the number of copies printed, it becomes very important to enlarge the number as much as possible. A larger number, as all know who are acquainted with the printing business, can be executed at a much less expense in proportion, than a small number: and it is intended, in the course of publication, to

give a larger quantity of letter-press for the money, than is stated in the proposals, if the charges of the work should admit of it.

“I am, with much respect, your affectionate and obedient servant,—
JOSEPH BUTTERWORTH.

“P.S. The names of subscribers will be received by any of the Methodist preachers in town and country; but no money to be paid till the delivery of the work.”

Though Dr. Clarke objected to subscriptions, as noticed in another case, he was not opposed, as a prudential measure, to the act of canvassing for subscribers, though one of the last men to appear himself in the work. From this he was saved, through the voluntary and kind intervention of Mr. Butterworth, who was, in a brief space, favoured with a list of 1,600 subscribers, among whom were some of the nobility—Lord Teignmouth being among the foremost, several members of the Established Church, Dissenters, and others. With this anticipatory tribute paid to the author, the work was sent to press nearly with the commencement of the year, and such were the sanguine hopes of success entertained by Mr. Butterworth, that 10,000 copies were ordered to be struck off, on common paper, 4to demy; and 1,000 of the fine, or large paper copy: nor were his expectations too enlarged, for 750 additional copies had to be printed of the Pentateuch, and also of St. Matthew's Gospel, of the common copy, as well as an additional number of the large paper impression. With all the Doctor's anxiety and care to moderate the size and price of the work, the common paper copy was published at £14, and the fine at £23. It was found necessary, also, to vary the price of the different *parts*, by way of preserving the books, gospels, and epistles commented on, entire; and hence some were somewhat above, and others below the standard price originally proposed by Mr. Butterworth.

Another reason why the Commentary was published in parts, besides that of suiting the convenience of purchasers, was, the Doctor's state of health—he scarcely dared to calculate on its completion; observing to the writer, that he never considered himself pledged to the public to complete it, and that it was less necessary to do so, from the fact of each book being distinct and perfect in itself. So far down as 1816, he stated to the biographer, that it was not his intention to publish anything either on the Song of Solomon or the Apocalypse; not only because of the difficulty he had to satisfy his own mind on several points, but from a fear that he should not be able to render these books sufficiently instructive to general readers. After making up his mind to furnish notes on both, the Rev. W. Jay of Bath, who met him at Mr. Butterworth's, said, “Allow me, Dr. Clarke, to request you not to disturb the Song of Solomon; many devout persons consider it to be a conversation between Christ and his Church; that opinion, to say the least, is pious and harmless, and it is a

pity to unsettle their faith." The Doctor replied,—“To such interpretations I can attach no degree of credit; the book cannot be considered in any other light than that of a poem,—a point which is capable of being illustrated by expressions, &c., employed by the Eastern poets; and unless a direct revelation from God stated *this* to refer to CHRIST, and *that* to the CHURCH, I could not adopt the mode of interpretation given to it by several of our expositors.”*

On the publication of the Doctor's prospectus, a writer in the *Christian Observer*, whose initials were T. S.,† took exception to the following passage, “the Septuagint was the version to which our blessed Lord and his apostles had constant recourse, and from which they made all their quotations.” In a letter to the conductors of that excellent periodical, dated May 26, 1810, and which is inserted in Dr. Clarke's “Miscellaneous Works,” vol. x., p. 368, he not only established his position, but with fine temper, smartness, and scholarship, removed the ground from beneath the feet of his opponent. Since then—though not precisely in the same way, or to the same extent—both Sir Lancelot C. L. Brenton, Bart., and Dr. Wall, have rendered good service to biblical students. One great question connected with it, and which, as a critic rightly observes, is to be decided, is the extent to which Hellenization was carried in central and western Asia, under the Macedonian empire of Alexander and his successors. Egypt, under the Ptolemies, is the portion of that empire of which we have the most perfect account, and there can be little doubt that the language and literature became perfectly Greek. There is evidence that the Seleucidæ endeavoured to bring about the same change in their Syrian kingdom; and though they were not equally successful, we find, from the New Testament, that the Greek was the commonly spoken language in Palestine itself; so that when Christ on the cross made an exclamation in Syrian, (*Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani*,) the bystanders did not understand his words, (they said, “He calleth for Elias.”) It is noticed as a remarkable circumstance, that St. Paul on one occasion ad-

* The Doctor's Introduction to the book is full of varied learning and research, and is distinguished for some nice balancing of expository opinion. His general opinion was, that “it is a very fine ode:” and the poems to which he had special reference, in his remarks to Mr. Jay, were those of *Jayadeva* an ancient Hindoo poet, which he considered very similar both in construction and phraseology to the book of Canticles, and the poet himself, who flourished before the Christian æra, the finest lyric poet in all India. The Doctor met with a part of the *Gita Govinda* in 1798, as noticed Part iii., Sect. i. of these memoirs, which forms the tenth book of the *Bhagavet*, written professedly to celebrate the loves of *Christna* and *Radha*, or the reciprocal attraction between the Divine goodness and the human soul. He cautioned young Ministers especially against preaching on Solomon's Song. “If,” said he, “they take a text out of it, to proclaim salvation to lost sinners, they must borrow their doctrines from other portions of Scripture, where all is plain and pointed. And why then leave such, and go out of their way to find allegorical meanings, taking a whole book by storm, and leaving the word of God to serve tables?”

† The Rev. Thomas Scott, author of an excellent Commentary on the Bible.

dressed a Jewish mob in the Hebrew tongue; and far the greater part, if not the whole of the New Testament was written in Greek. Then comes the fact, that the quotations made from the Old Testament in the New, as shown by Dr. Clarke, are taken from the Septuagint, or, if even driven to that, some other Greek version, and not in any demonstrable case from the original Hebrew. It is not necessary to extend this enquiry further, else it would be easy to show, that the Jews who settled in Alexandria exercised a very decided influence over their brethren in Palestine, and that this influence increased the tendency to Hellenism, which it was the policy of the Macedonian rulers to establish.

In addition to the original Hebrew and Greek languages, with others, ancient and modern, Dr. Clarke made free use in his notes of a fine old MS. Bible, to which slight reference has been made, attributed by some to *Wicliff*, and by others to an older translator, and which he highly valued for its simplicity—as being in many cases, (though in the main taken from the Vulgate,) much more faithful to the meaning of the Hebrew text than our own version—and as one of the finest specimens of our mother tongue, spoken in these countries in M.CCLX, which was about the period assigned for its translation. This *black-letter* treasure was purchased for him by Mr. Baines, when in London, in 1795, at the sale of the library of Dr. Fell, Principal of the Dissenting College of Hackney, at a mere nominal price. Mr. Baines had only one competitor—a gold-beater, who wished to have it merely for the sake of its parchment leaves. On the day of sale, though weighing several stones, the Doctor shouldered it with joyous heart, and with equally joyous step, carried it from Paternoster Row to Spitalfields—observing, that he “sweat under the heavenly load.” He took great delight in directing the attention of the writer to different passages in this venerable specimen of a student’s toil.*

The first part of his Commentary issued from the press in the summer of 1810, comprising the whole of Genesis;—and the “General Preface” which is an elaborate composition, and shows an unusual range of severely critical reading, bearing date, July 2nd of that year. Though exceptions were taken to detached portions of the work, yet, no one (which he expressed as affording him great satisfaction) ventured to object to his plan. One of the subjects on which he was the most fiercely assailed was that of the *nachash*, chap. iii.; but even here, objection was more frequently employed than argument, ridicule than fair criticism. On opposition assuming a somewhat serious and scholar-like form, in the “Classical Journal,” he stepped forward, and, in the sixth number of

* A minute and interesting account is given of this rare MS., 2 vols., folio, in the sale “Catalogue of the Highly Interesting and Valuable Collection of European and Asiatic Manuscripts of the late Dr. Adam Clarke,” p. 69, 70, 8vo; comprising no less than 625, and including a particular description of most of them. Mr. Cochrane gave £110 for the MS. in question, at the sale.

that work, published what he entitled, "A Reply to various Critiques on the First Part of Dr. A. Clarke's Bible," which has since been transferred to his "Miscellaneous Works," vol. x., p. 383. He disliked controversy, and rarely entered into it; but he never appeared more the victor, than in this argument. His reply not only shows his learning, discrimination, force, and tact, but also affords ample proof that he never advanced an opinion without good ground upon which to rest it; and never maintained one, which he had not skill to defend,—whether, in every instance, satisfactorily to others, is another thing. But a man is always entitled to respect, who can furnish a *reason* for his *belief*.

The reader will be gratified by the introduction of the following spirited and characteristic letter on the subject of the critique upon the *nachash*: it was written to Mr. Butterworth, immediately after the Doctor's receipt of a proof sheet of the review sent to him by Mr. Valpy, the editor of the "Classical Journal."

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—Mr. V. has sent me the accompanying sheet, with which I have been so long threatened. And what is it? A vast deal of *apparent* learning to prove that *a snake is a snake*; and that *nachash* signifies a serpent, which I have never denied. And after all his quotations in Latin, Greek, Spanish, Samaritan, Hebrew, Ethiopic, and Syriac, he has not removed a single difficulty, nor given one solid answer to even the weakest of my objections; and what is most curious of all, he concludes with the absurd story from an idle Rabbín, and echoed by an apocryphal gossamer, that "*the serpent once had feet, but God cut them off!*" Against his Hindoo stories, what a noble set off I could make, by the worship of the *ape* in Egypt,—one of the most ancient of all their objects of idolatry; and this worship, in a country contiguous to the place where the awful catastrophe happened, and a country where almost all the *ancient usages* of the inhabitants of the earth had taken refuge.* I believe the piece was never written in *Oxford*: I am pretty sure it is the offspring of *Great Coram Street disguised*: it convicts itself by the acknowledgment that the writer had not the Apocryphal Gospel at hand: a *misnomer* surely, in the presence of the *Bodleian* and *Radcliffe* libraries! However, if he had sent to me, I would have lent it to him. Instead of signing his name, he puts the Arabic word **التفتيش** *altefteesh*, which signifies *Investigator* or *Inquirer*. For all HIM, *nachash* keeps his place.—Yours affectionately,

A. CLARKE.

His veneration for the Word of God was rarely exceeded,—extending to its simple *typography*. A servant wishing to prop open the cabin-door

* The writer states, as a mere matter of curiosity, that a friend noticed to him, that he was aware of the existence of a fine specimen of old black oak furniture, in Holland, the carving of which represented an *ape* offering an *apple* to *Eve* in the Garden of Eden.

of the *Corsair*, when crossing the Irish Channel in a storm, where the writer was seated with him, took a Bible and placed it on the floor. "Poor Margaret," said the Doctor, "has no religion, or she would have paid more respect to the book of God, than to put it to that use. When I was a boy, Bibles were comparatively scarce; but of the scores who possessed them, not one would have been found to treat the Word of God with disrespect." After some remarks on the subject, in which notes were compared and found to harmonise, he intimated that he could not endure any portion of the Bible to be devoted to any mean use, and was in the habit of treating paper with respect, that had upon it the names of any of the persons of the Holy Trinity.* While preaching in his usual style at Wigan, in Lancashire once, he paused a few seconds, and without the least air of ostentation, said—his eyes beaming meanwhile with benignant pleasure on an attentive and rapt auditory,—“Some of you may have seen Adam Clarke before;—more of you may have heard of him,—and among other things, you may have been told, that he has studied hard, and read much; but he has to tell you, that he never met with but ONE book in his life, that he could hug to his heart, and it is this blessed book of God,” (taking up the large Bible at the time, which had lain open before him, and placing it to his breast, with the endearing embrace of a mother clasping her child to her bosom.) The effect was electrical; a simultaneous burst of half-stifled applause was heard through the whole congregation,—men, women, and children weeping, while his own eyes were brimmed with tears. All was simple, natural, touching, sublime!

An opportunity has been afforded of noticing his “Succinct Account of Polyglott Bibles.” That account, though published in his Bibliographical Dictionary, was slightly remodelled, and printed in a separate form for private circulation,—from seventy to one hundred copies in all. One of these copies was presented to the Bishop of Peterborough, who, in his Lectures, pronounced it the best work extant on the subject. Another copy—though the Doctor knew not by what means,—found its way into France, and was characterised by a French critic, who regretted its limited circulation, as a work of uncommon value. One of these copies the writer holds as a treasure, having been given to him by the author. Though the Doctor had long been impressed with the desirableness of a new edition of the London Polyglott Bible, and would have been ready to aid such an undertaking, it was not till now, (1810), that he entertained sanguine hopes of such a work being seriously entered upon and accomplished. Having been

* The biographer, not aware of the custom, was sensibly touched on seeing the whole congregation rise from their seats, on his first visit to Dublin, and stand till the text was read; thus preserving a proper distinction between the text and the sermon,—reverently listening to God in the one, and to *man* in the other.

brought into an intimate acquaintance with the Rev. Josiah Pratt, in consequence of their union with the British and Foreign Bible Society, it was often the subject of conversation. And besides, he knew that Mr. Pratt had long been before the world on the subject; stating in the first volume of his *Bibliographical Dictionary*, p. 239, which was published in 1802,—“The Rev. J. Pratt has lately issued proposals for a new edition of a Polyglott Bible; in which he promises, that with the greatest exactness the text of the Septuagint will be printed from the original edition, published in folio at Rome in 1587, by order of Sixtus V., under the care of Cardinal Carafa:” adding with regret, “but this work of Mr. Pratt’s does not appear to go forward.” The following conversations at a subsequent period, will throw some light on this interesting subject.

Dr. Clarke.—“Did I ever furnish you with a tract, entitled ‘A Plan and Specimen of Biblia Polyglotta Britannica, or an enlarged and improved edition of the London Polyglott Bible, with Castell’s Heptaglott Lexicon?’”

J. Everett.—“No, Sir.”

Dr. C.—“One was sent to the British Museum, with a view to preserve it; another, to one of the Scotch Universities, the receipt of which was acknowledged by the professor with a vote of thanks.”

J. E.—“By whom was the plan drawn?”

Dr. C.—“Mr. Pratt drew one plan on imperial paper, and I drew another on a smaller scale—measuring, as I proceeded, the quantum of room required in a given space—some languages requiring more than others, as the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Persian, Arabic, &c. &c.—and noticing with precision the proportions which the several languages bore to each other.”

J. E.—“It must have been a heavy tax on your time, viewed in connection with the Government Records, reading and correcting the proof sheets of your Commentary, together with other engagements, among which the demands of the Bible Society were not the least.”

Dr. C.—“Industry, order, and early rising, will enable a man to go through a great deal of work. To Mr. Pratt, the work was comparatively easy; his mind was of a highly analytic order, and adapted to such pursuits.”

J. E.—“Were the prospectuses widely circulated?”

Dr. C.—“They were confined chiefly to the literati at home and on the continent. A professor on the continent engaged to take the Arabic, and I pledged myself to the superintendence of the Hebrew and the Persian.”

J. E.—“Were you well supported at home?”

Dr. C.—“Our first meeting, after having talked the matter over with a few literary friends, and made the way plain by a few preliminary mea-

tures, was held in the house of Lord Teignmouth. In addition to his lordship, Mr. Pratt and myself were met by Dr. Burgess, Bishop of St. David's, Archdeacon Wrangham, Professor Shakespeare, and Dr. Williams of Rotherham: at this meeting, it was agreed that a specimen sheet should be sent to all the lay lords of the land, to the bishops, and to the different members of His Majesty's Government; the first to be furnished with specimens by Lord Teignmouth, the second by Dr. Burgess, and the third by myself, through the Right Honourable Charles Abbot, Speaker of the House of Commons."

J. E.—"Can you form any idea of the length of time such a work would take to complete it?"

Dr. C.—"Seven years."

J. E.—"Great expense would be incurred from the mere lapse of time."

Dr. C.—"The sum required was calculated at £100,000. Several gentlemen came forward with munificent offers, some of whom you know. Mr. Butterworth promised £500 towards the expense of the first volume, and £50 per annum for a period of seven years. Mr. Robert Speare also promised £50 per annum during the same period, and Dr. Williams £30."

J. E.—"Were any of the bishops in favour of the project, besides the Bishop of St. David's?"

Dr. C.—"The Bishops of Durham and Carlisle were doth disposed to assist, and to be members of the committee; but the others, though they saw and felt the desirableness of it, were unwilling to work; and being addressed by some influential men to defer it awhile, in order to see whether Parliament would be induced to take it up, with a view at the same time to prevent an application to His Majesty, who was supposed to have too many works in hand to support it, the undertaking was checked. At one time, I had serious thoughts of going to the throne myself; and I have some reason to believe, that His Majesty would have sanctioned it."

The Doctor then enumerated the different languages in which the work was proposed to be published, and furnished the names of several persons who had engaged to assist in the literary department; expressing his confidence in securing the aid of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. The object of the Doctor and Mr. Pratt was, as expressed by them in the plan published on the occasion, to render the work a repository of the purest copies of the original texts, and ancient versions, which could be formed from all the accessible sources of criticism at the respective periods of publication, constituting, in consequence, standard texts; exhibiting, at the same time, the texts and versions in such order and connection, as to supply the best means of interpreting the Scriptures. One argument instituted in favour of the object was, the more recent

discovery of invaluable copies of the originals, together with ancient versions not known to exist, the one having been diligently collated with the other, and thus correcting and illustrating the sacred text. They further observed, in developing their plan, that, "In such an undertaking, besides the additions which may be made to the LONDON POLYGLOTT, and the correction of the texts and versions from all the authorities hitherto discovered, the Latin translations of the ancient versions, well known to be very faulty, and often to have misled students, must be entirely revised, and the arrangement of the whole may be so much improved as to exhibit, on a single opening of the book, all matters connected with the texts, versions, and various readings of any passage; instead of having to turn to different volumes, as is the case in preceding Polyglotts." Desirable, however, as the work was, and honourable as it would have been to the projectors, and even to the nation itself, it was finally abandoned,—an event regretted by no one more deeply than Dr. Clarke.

Mixed up with the conversations on the London Polyglott, were some remarks on the close attention paid to it by the Rev. Samuel Wesley, (Rector of Epworth,) whose copy was destroyed on the burning of his house in 1709, and who himself projected an edition of the Holy Scriptures, including the original texts and principal versions on a more contracted plan, and in a more portable form; of which he gave some account to his son John at Oxford, in 1725. What the full nature and extent of his scheme was, the Doctor was unable clearly to ascertain: but his language is, "It seems he had contemplated a copious list of various readings; intending particularly to show how the Vulgate Version (proposed by St. Jerome to be taken from the Hebrew text) differed from the original; and how the Alexandrian and Vatican copies of the Septuagint differed from each other; and also to point out the variations between them and the ancient Greek Versions of Symmachus and Theodotian, together with other existing fragments of the Hexapla of Origen. He appears to have intended also to show the variations between the Hebrew and Samaritan Pentateuch. He tells us he had, in the space of one year, gone four times through the Pentateuch. By this I suppose he meant, reading—1. The Hebrew text; 2. The Chaldee paraphrases of Ben Uzziel and Onkelos; 3. The Septuagint; and 4. The Vulgate; and to read each of these critically, and the whole in twelve months, was no mean labour."*

* The Hebrew Bible used by the Rector of Epworth was a copy of the second edition of Sebastian Munster's, printed at Basil, 1546, folio, and the above fact of diligent reading is confirmed by the Rector himself, both at the beginning and end of the Pentateuch, in his own handwriting. The first volume, containing the Pentateuch, is now in the possession of the biographer. "The collation," says Dr. Clarke, "which was done at Wroth, exists in the margin, and is one of the most curious specimens of careful, laborious, and accurate criticism I have ever seen." The volume itself appears to be

He stated that the one projected by Mr. Wesley was similar to the Polyglott published by Mr. S. Bagster, in a 4to, 8vo, and 12mo size; the Old Testament comprising, at one view, first, the Hebrew text, with points; secondly, the authorised English version, with various readings and parallel texts; thirdly, the Greek version of the Seventy; and fourthly, the Vulgate Latin: and the New Testament comprehending, first, the Greek text; secondly, the ancient Syriac; thirdly, the Latin Vulgate; and fourthly, the authorised English version as above. Being asked by a friend his opinion of Bagster's publication, he said, "To answer you catachrestically—applying a molehill to a mountain—the miniature to magnitude—and covering the earth over with a white surplice, it may be called a POLYGLOTT." The same person speaking of Lexicons, the Doctor observed, "The one published by Junius is excellent; Dr. Johnson preferred Stephens, but he was not sufficiently acquainted with Junius."

Inseparably connected with Dr. Clarke's acquisition of various languages was his appropriation of each to its own use, and his affixing to each its just amount of value. A writer quoting Pococke, Hunt, Ockley, and Schultens, as authorities in support of an opinion of his own,—viz., that a knowledge of the Arabic was necessary to a thorough understanding of the Hebrew, and that a complete knowledge of the Scriptures could be obtained only by a familiar acquaintance with the Arabic prose and verse writers,—the Doctor replied, "However respectable the names may be by which this opinion is sanctioned, I feel no reluctance in pronouncing it rash and unsupported. A man may understand the whole phraseology of the Hebrew Bible, who knows not a letter of the Arabic alphabet; and though I readily grant that a knowledge of Arabic may be of considerable service in supplying deficient roots, whose derivatives alone remain in the Hebrew Bible, yet, as to the general understanding of the Hebrew Scriptures, I must maintain, that a knowledge of Hellenistic Greek, and especially that of the version of the Septuagint, will avail more toward a thorough understanding of the sacred text, than all the Arabic in Hariri or the Koran. Of all the books in the Old Testament, the book of Job is the only one to which Arabic learning can be successfully applied, from the number of Arabisms which it contains; yet even here it does comparatively little, as is pretty evident from the excessive labours of Schultens and Chapelow on this book, both eminent Arabic scholars and critics, who nevertheless, in the judgment of those best qualified to form a correct opinion on the subject, have contributed little, very little, toward the elucidation of the abstruse parts of this very ancient book."

the only surviving wreck of the Rector's collection for his projected Polyglott; and what became of his other preparations for the work, Dr. Clarke was never able to ascertain. The biographer honoured the surviving volume with a morocco binding, when it came into his possession.

Difficult as it may appear, for a man in the midst of literary labours, and crowned with literary honours, to maintain the dignified simplicity which marked a comparatively obscure period of his life, we yet find the subject of our memoir holding his onward course with precisely the same affability of deportment, and the same singleness of purpose, as formerly; "integrity and uprightness preserved him," and "the fear of the Lord was his confidence." Simplicity was a characteristic of his intellect; the supreme object of his life was the glory of God, and to this all his studies and his thinkings, were made tributary. He was ever erect to seize on things spiritual and eternal; instead of panting for wealth and fame, and creeping to gather the dust of the earth, we find him longing to become acquainted with those mysteries which now only astonish and perplex; his mind ever intent on the realities of things eternal, and its energies employed in the discovery of truth, moral and divine—grasping after the indefinite and the infinite—living amid forms of perfect beauty—delighting itself in contemplations certain of being realized, and the realization certain of exceeding not only all the honours and highest pleasures of this state, but of all the imaginings his intellect could form in this confined and obscure region! It was this elevation of mind which kept him out of the profitless and harassing arena of controversy, when in several instances challenged to the battle. "I have a great work to do and cannot come down to you," was the usual frame of his mind. "In the genuine spirit of ruthless bigotry," he observed to a friend, "Mr. H. has been attacking me, finding abundance of faults with my Commentary, not one of which has he proved; but my maxim, you know, is always to answer such persons kindly,—having reason to believe that by this method some have not only been softened but made ashamed of themselves. I find it is not only impossible to please *everybody*, but that it is scarcely possible to please *anybody*. Woe to him who writes a Commentary, and consults his own judgment and conscience in the work! How different a temper does real Christianity exhibit! All hail, thou truth of Jehovah, be thou established for ever!"

"Doctor," observed a fair friend one day, "your *Doctorate* does not appear to have made any change in your manners, you are just as kind and condescending as ever to us." "I feel neither the better nor the worse for it," he replied, with a mixture of cheerfulness and more deeply-toned feeling: "even if it may have been the occasion of procuring an increase of notice in some quarters, I could have done very well without it; I have more honour than ever I expected, and have no desire to go further; to secure the honour which comes from God, and which will alone stand me in stead when the heavens and the earth are passed away, is that which I am striving after; I wish ever to be guided by God, and to take no steps but those pointed out by his providence; I might now get both wealth and honour, but I dare not take the path which leads to

them; I have stood in the day of *adversity*, but *prosperity* might bring overwhelming temptations; from the love of money I have hitherto been saved, and honours I never sought,—they have been pressed upon me, while endeavouring to escape them.”

How admirably in keeping with our foregoing remarks, is this beautiful exhibition of Christian feeling!

In 1810, the Doctor was requested by the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society to look out for such works as would be useful to the Society's translators in India, while proceeding with their important labours; when he drew up a list of more than fifty articles, which he classified under nine distinct heads, stating them to be works that would come into every question of general sacred criticism, and which works were approved by the committee, though two—namely, Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus, were afterwards omitted at the request of the Rev. Joseph Hughes.*

It was about this time also, that Dr. Clarke became personally acquainted with Miss Mary Freeman Shepherd,—a lady, at this period, well stricken in years—possessed of a masculine mind—considerable acuteness—a vivid imagination—a thorough knowledge of several languages—eccentric—noble spirited—and, withal, a liberal member of the Church of Rome. She was co-partner, in early life, with the famous Alexander Cruden, in correcting *Woodfall's Public Advertiser*, of which eleven thousand copies were published daily; she also translated the foreign mails, from 1754 to 1759. Previously to Miss Shepherd's personal acquaintance with Dr. Clarke, which was brought about by Miss Sarah, the daughter of Mr. Charles Wesley, she had, in different instances,

* This excellent man, distinguished for piety, judgment, and a pacific disposition, took, as a Calvinist, exceptions to some passages in the Doctor's Preface to his Commentary, to which the latter replied, with equal catholicity of feeling; observing, after entering into some explanations, that he had “seen with great grief the provokings of many, and had a thousand times in his heart said,

“Semper ego auditor TANTUM, nunquamque reponam,
Vexatus toties——.”

Further stating, that his “love of peace, and detestation of religious disputes, induced him to keep within his shell, and never to cross the waters of strife.” Mr. Morris, the biographer of Hall and of Fuller, on reading this letter to Mr. Hughes, after having indulged in some severe strictures on the Doctor's Commentary, in his “Biographical Recollections” of Hall, had the manly candour to avow that he had misunderstood the character of the learned Commentator. “The letter in question,” observes Mr. Morris, “is touching in the extreme, and gives a view of Dr. Clarke's character which I had never before witnessed, adding to it a charm which I never before suspected it to possess. It would give me pleasure to see any error corrected, or to retract any expression that conveyed a want of reverence or respect for the memory of so eminent a man. The sentiments of Adam Clarke on some points were sufficiently heterodox, and in my opinion, of an injurious tendency; but after seeing his tender and modest concessions to Mr. Hughes, it is impossible not to feel the highest admiration of his character.” With a spirit like this, Wesleyans, Calvinists, Churchmen, Baptists, Moravians, &c., &c., may all retain their different peculiarities, and yet dwell together in harmony.

owing to her high regard for Mr. John Wesley, rendered good service to the Methodists. Dr. Coke, in the autumn of 1791, visited Paris, at the request of Lady Huntingdon, who had received a letter from two English schoolmasters, informing her ladyship, that if a preaching-room could be procured, it would soon be filled with attentive hearers. The Doctor, accompanied by Mr. Gibson and Mr. De Quetteville, engaged to purchase a suppressed church, capable of containing about 2,000 or 2,500 persons, for £120, and hired a room for a month, close by the Seine, till it should be ready for the reception of a congregation. He soon found that he had been deceived by the representations of the schoolmasters, who had adopted this expedient to awaken attention to the English language; and not being able to obtain hearers, was compelled to abandon his intention of benefiting the Parisians. But how to procure, in an honourable way, a revocation of the bargain he had entered into for the church, was beyond his ken. It providentially turned out, that when he advertised in the public prints, his intention to preach in Paris, the advertisement caught the eye of Miss F. Shepherd, who had known something of Dr. Coke in London; and who for some time resident in France, had retired to a convent, in order to escape the miseries and dangers that accompanied the Revolution. On recollecting his name, she sent him and his companions an invitation to dine with her at the convent, in the Fauxbourg St. Germaine. Of this they accepted; and on their arrival, were received with the utmost politeness, and entertained according to the established manners of the place.

In the course of conversation, Dr. Coke named to her his disappointment on visiting Paris, arising from an inability to procure a congregation; and stated also his wish to have the church, which he had purchased, taken off his hands. On hearing this, she caused a letter to be written, addressed to the principal agent of the convention, who, with many others, had the management of the suppressed churches, abbeys, and convents, committed to his care. In this letter, the peculiar embarrassment of her countryman—(for Miss F. S. was born in England, though descended on the maternal side from the ancient and noble house of the Falletti of Piedmont, formerly sovereign princes in Italy, and herself educated in a convent at Rome)—respecting the church was set forth; who, it was stated, had been deceived by a letter that had promised to a Protestant minister a congregation, which could not be procured. And finally, as it would not be to the disadvantage of the agent to annul the bargain, he would oblige the writer, and all who were interested in the issue, by again taking the church into his possession. Furnished with this letter, Dr. Coke repaired to the agent, and soon found that it had not been written in vain. With a degree of politeness that could scarcely have been expected, the latter made no difficulty in retracing his former steps, and complying with the wishes which Dr.

Coke expressed. Instead of demanding money, he only requested his attendance a few times at the office, that he might ratify by his signature the various formularies through which they were obliged to pass. This circumstance is recorded, as one instance among many, of the catholicity of this noble-minded woman, from whose intelligent, literary, and racy correspondence, Dr. Clarke derived so much pleasure, part of which, in her own handwriting, is in possession of the biographer.

Well would it be, if the same catholic feeling were also displayed by some of the members of the Anglican Church, from whom the Wesleyans are now experiencing much annoyance in cases of burial and baptism : and which annoyance is the more remarkable, when it is known, that at this period of the Doctor's personal history, it was determined, by Sir John Nicholl, in the Ecclesiastical Court, Doctors' Commons, that all Dissenters and Methodists and their children, who had been baptized either by *laity* or *clergy*, were *legally entitled to Christian burial*, according to the RITES of the CHURCH OF ENGLAND ; and all *clergy-men refusing to bury*, were *liable to certain heavy penalties*. This decision ought to have some influence upon men who hold the sacred office, in bridling an intolerant feeling. But even apart from the respect due to the laws of the land, a moderate share of human sympathy and common decency, ought to prevent men from carrying any litigious feeling—any little ceremonial differences, to the verge of the grave, where parents, friends, and relatives, have the cup of sorrow dealt out to them to the full,—even running over, in the act of committing “bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh” to the dust. Let the reader imagine what the feelings of such a father as the subject of the memoir would have been, on finding, as he approached the grave, that the clergyman refused to bury his child, because of its having been baptized in a Methodist chapel : a man who, many years after burying a lovely boy named after himself, could say—as if passing through a part of the process on every revived recollection of the occasion,—“I have buried many *another* person's child with resignation, and exhorted the bereaved parents to look to God ; but, ah ! it is not so easy to bury our *own* children ; I felt as though I was committing myself to the grave, on committing my ADAM to it : old Adam seemed to enter it with young Adam—the one only a brief space before the other.” This cost him so much, that he would never name another child after himself, and confessed that he had a feeling on the subject bordering upon superstition. Without dwelling on what is otherwise a mere passing remark, and surrounding the subject with similarly painful associations, it is to be hoped, that a more charitable state of feeling will be cultivated among the different sections of the Protestant Church, when we have such an example of

Christian charity presented to us in Mary Freeman Shepherd—a member of the Church of Rome!*

Part of May, the whole of June, and the greater part of July, 1811, were spent on a tour through part of Wales, and a considerable portion of Ireland,—the Doctor, Mr. Butterworth, and Mr. J. W. Clarke, the Doctor's eldest son, forming the party. Having rendered the tour subservient to his official engagement with Government, in the examination of various diplomatic documents, and the writer having noticed some little incidents, as received from himself, in connection with this visit to his native land, in his summary remarks on the preparations for a Continuation of Rymer's *Fœdera*, only such points of interest shall be embraced in this tour as may seem to justify a more special reference to some of its details.

On arriving in Dublin, the subject of the memoir was soon found in his old place of resort—the Library of Trinity College. Here, in connection with Dr. Barratt, he spent some time, as he had done on a former occasion, to which reference has been made, in an examination of the *Codex Rescriptus*, together with the *Codex Montfortii*, or *Codex Dublinensis*, cited by Erasmus, as previously noticed, under the title of the *Codex Britannicus*; the result of which examination he has given to the world in his “*Sacred Literature*,” vol. i., p. 71, 8vo; and in a critique in the *Eclectic Review*, on Barratt's “*Evangelium Secundum Mathæum*,” since transferred to his “*Miscellaneous Works*,” vol. x., p. 178, &c.; in both of which, but especially the latter, there is a great deal of curious, recondite matter, and fine manly criticism, the perusal of which will be no mean treat to the reader. The conductors of the *Eclectic*, were anxious, on the publication of the critique, to present a copy of it to Dr. Barratt; and naming their wish to Dr. Clarke, the latter said, “I have no objection.” A *Codex Rescriptus*, as some readers may know, is a parchment from which the original writing has been partially or wholly erased, and on which a new work has been written in its stead; its legibility, therefore, necessarily varies; rarely happening, however, that the former writing is so completely erased, as not to leave some traces; and in a few instances, both writings are legible. Montfaucon found a MS. in the Colbert library, which had been written about the eighth century, and originally contained the works of St. Dionysius; new matter had been written over it, three or four centuries afterwards, and both continued legible. The first of the manuscripts here noticed,

* Selden said that, “had he fallen into a pit, and the devil had extended his cloven foot, he would have accepted it.” This was going far enough,—yet he was right; but prejudice is generally both blind and intolerant, and especially so upon the subject of religious creeds,—for here Satan assumes the garb of “an angel of light,” whose advent is hailed with fervent acclamations.

as examined by Dr. Clarke, contained the Gospel according to St. Matthew, which had been partially obliterated to make way for a work of Isidore. "Some of the characters," said the Doctor, "were scarcely perceptible to me; but Dr. Barratt had a peculiar eye for these things, and could take in the whole." The Anatomy House in the Park, and the Library, comprising 68,946 volumes, formed a fine range for him while in Dublin. In addition to his occupying the pulpit in his own chapel, he attended Divine service, and received the sacrament at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The travellers took in their way to Armagh, Drogheda, Dundalk, the district distinguished for the Battle of the Boyne, and Newton Hamilton. The battle-field, in consequence of various associations, noticed in the early part of the Doctor's history, was like enchanted ground. Here he lingered—ruminated—measured distances—and dilated on the struggle and its results. After leaving the field, he observed to the writer, that they overtook a poor woman, with a little boy, about six years of age, who was anxious to proceed to Dundalk. The travellers commiserating her circumstances, took them into the carriage. On paying the driver at the end of the stage, he touched his hat, and said, "There are two more to pay for, please your honours." "What," it was pleasantly replied, "did we not hire the conveyance, and had we not a right to do with it as we pleased, as to the number of passengers? We took in the poor woman and her boy, it is true; but that concerned us more than you, as we submitted to inconvenience through it." "It is no matter, your honours," it was responded, "it is customary to pay." They then took him on another tack, to try his sympathies. "We did it as a matter of charity," said they. "Ah, your honours, and sure the Lord Almighty will settle with you for that same." Here the travellers were posed; and however they relished the wit of the driver, they were not at all disposed to push him any further, when referred to such a source for requital.

At Armagh, anciently the metropolis of the county, and still the seat of the consistorial court of His Grace the Archbishop, who is the primate and metropolitan of all Ireland, the travellers remained a few days—finding the accommodations agreeable. Being importuned by the friends to give them a sermon, and the Wesleyan chapel being small, the Doctor preached in the large Presbyterian meeting-house, which was obligingly lent for the occasion. The congregation was large, and several ministers and persons of condition were present. The text was taken from 1 Thess. v. 16, 17, 18. The germ of this discourse is to be found in his notes on the passage. On this occasion, he defined, expounded, and enforced the whole, with uncommon freedom, energy, and unction,—an unction of which, a hearer adverting to it more than twenty years afterward, had a vivid recollection. This same gentleman, dilating on this visit of the Doctor to his native land, stated, that himself and many others followed

the party to Charlemont and Portadown, to which places they proceeded from Armagh. At both of these towns he preached; but the chapel in the former was unable to contain one-fourth of the assembled multitudes, and a respectful request was forthwith sent to the commanding officer for permission to preach in one of the yards, which was courteously granted. The day was stormy, and the place itself not one of the most religiously promising, yet the people assembled,—many of them coming a distance of fifteen and twenty miles. One circumstance annoyed the Doctor,—he was announced as “The religious and learned Dr. Adam Clarke;” at a fitting period of the service, with a view of checking the inconsiderate flattery, he told the people, that a person had been announced to preach who, in the proper sense of the terms used, was not now standing before them; then proceeding to define the terms, and giving to each its highest sense of meaning, he told them, that so explained, they would not apply to himself; while, at the same time, he thanked God for the portion of each which he possessed, and urged his hearers to strive, at any rate, after a higher state of religious privilege and attainment than they at present enjoyed.

Leaving these and other intermediate places, we proceed to the scenes of his birth, and of his childhood, and behold him perambulating the grounds and villages adjacent, such as Magherafelt, Desert Martin, Maghera, Garvah, &c. This, and two subsequent visits, furnished some conversational remarks, which may here be introduced.

J. Everett.—“Did you find any person resident on the spot, Doctor, who knew you in childhood?”

Dr. Clarke.—“An aunt was still living, nearly one hundred years old, from whom I elicited several little incidents respecting early history. She was at the expense of annually painting the tombstones of my uncle and other relatives, which, through her care, presented inscriptions as entire as they were fifty years before, when I saw them. These tombstones I was somewhat puzzled to find at first, though I had a recollection of their form, and how they lay,—only, I took one side of the ground instead of the other, which excited the surprise of my aunt, to whom everything was familiar, and who forgot to make allowance for childhood and the lapse of years between.”

J. E.—“Was the tombstone whose Latin inscription you interpreted, when a boy, still entire?”

Dr. C.—“Of the situation of that I had a correct impression, and had the Latin inscription in my mind when I inquired after the graves of the family.”

J. E.—“The house in which you were born would, no doubt, be an object of curiosity?”

Dr. C.—“Scarcely a trace of it remained; and but a small vestige was left of the house to which my father removed when I was about four

years of age. Somewhat more of the house at Maghera was standing, though most of it was also in a state of ruin. The people there rarely mend their houses, but permit them to wear out, and then build others. Even respectable persons have been known, on the rain finding its way into one room, to go into another; and have thus suffered themselves to be driven from room to room, till dislodged by the weather and decay."

J. E.—"The church, I hope, was found in tolerable repair?"

Dr. C.—"There was slender room left for boasting: I borrowed the keys, and, on entering, felt strange emotions, in looking back on early days, when my uncle held me a babe in his arms, and dedicated me to God in baptism. On casting my eye round, I found myself within two or three yards of the tablets of my godfather and godmother; and recollecting the promises of my sponsors at the font on my behalf, and how little I owed them, as to any religious concern they appeared to manifest toward me, I felt at the moment as though I had communion with the dead, and would gladly have exonerated them from all their engagements: under this impression, and as though the vows of others were pressing upon me, I stole into the communion—knelt down—took them all, as if made by myself—and solemnly renewing them, dedicated myself once more to my Maker."

J. E.—"Had you access to any of the parish registers?"

Dr. C.—"I tried in vain to find the register of baptisms, which, if in existence when I was taken to church, had been destroyed; and I am yet only enabled to make out the time of my birth and baptism from collateral circumstances."

J. E.—"There is but little cleanliness, we may be allowed to conjecture, among those persons who are so indifferent to the repair and comfort of their houses."

Dr. C.—"Very little. My aunt belonged to an opposite class. She would never allow a servant, on entering her service, to go into a bed belonging to her, till first put into a large vessel of water, in order to receive a thorough washing. All had to pass through this ordeal; this is to be outrageously clean."

The Doctor was not quite satisfied with himself for having preached in a Socinian chapel at Garvagh, owing to the circumstances in which a minister of a different persuasion is placed, being either driven to conceal his own views on the occasion, or unhandsomely to oppose the principles of the party to whom he is laid under obligation for the loan of the chapel: and not having had the fact communicated to him, till after the service, prevention—could he even have charged himself with any indiscretion, came too late. After preaching in the court-house, at Londonderry, and visiting his old friends at Coleraine, to whom also he preached, he proceeded to Ballyaberton, where he had spent his boyhood, and from

thence to Dunluce Castle and the Giant's Causeway. Independently of his own relatives, he had met, up to this time, but few persons whom he knew among his youthful associates, with the exception of Captain Church and Captain O'Neil, both of whom had been schoolfellows. At Ballymena, the chapel, as at other places, being too small for the congregation, the rector was asked by some of the friends, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, for the loan of the church, to which he readily consented; stating, that though he had no personal acquaintance with Dr. Clarke, yet from what he had heard and read, he believed him to be a pious and learned man, and he should have the use of the church on the occasion. On the party arriving at Grace Hill, a Moravian establishment, the minister showed them over the house, and pressed the Doctor to preach; observing that a congregation would be present within the space of five minutes. Consent being gained, the bell was heard, and in a few minutes all capable of attending, were found in the chapel. Speaking of this visit afterwards, he observed that he was indebted to his ignorance of the Moravian hymns for his discourse; for not being familiar with its contents, he gave the hymn book to the resident minister, who selected a hymn in which the Holy Ghost was invoked upon the congregation: this at once fixed the Doctor's mind as to subject, and he addressed the people on the Witness of the Spirit; and twenty years after, when the writer was with him at the same place, he was reminded by the minister, his good lady, and a few other friends, while at the social meal, of the season of refreshing enjoyed from the presence of the Lord,—the circumstance being employed as an argument in favour of another address, in 1830.

Having had his attention directed to the ROUND TOWERS, which are found at Swords, Munster Boyce, and Antrim, he embraced the opportunity of examining the latter the day after he left Grace Hill, as he did others on his way to Dublin. An interesting paper on these antique remains is inserted in his "Miscellaneous Works," vol. xi., p. 78—91; which will well repay a perusal, and in which paper—after much reasoning and minute observation, he concludes by presuming, "that they were introduced by the Asiatic missionaries, who first preached the Gospel in the land,—serving the same purpose as the Oriental Minarets, and possibly some of them at first as a sort of *Atush Khaneh*, or fire temples in the time of Irish heathenism, but afterward converted to a sublimer use, when the nation had embraced the Christian religion."* He visited

* This paper was read by the Doctor before the ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—A Tower of a somewhat similar description is noticed in the *Gent. Mag.*, vol. xliii., p. 230, for 1773, as standing near Loch Eribol, in the north of Scotland, where most of the inhabitants speak the Irish language. It is called the *Dune* or *Darnadilla*. In a French work on Gaulish antiquities, there is a print of a Druidical temple in France of the same kind, which does not appear to have come under the notice of Dr. Clarke, any more than the one in Scotland. In a work on the Antiquity of the Irish Language, *Dorn* means a round stone, so that *abdorn* would mean the round stone of the priests; *na* is of; and *Di* is

successively Belfast, Lisburne, Lurgan, Portadown, Newry, and Drogheda; at the last of which places he laid the foundation-stone of a new chapel, having preached either within or without doors at the other places, to immense concourses of spectators. The late Rev. Matthew Langtree, observes in his "Biographical Narrative," p. 216, that he was present at Portadown, on this occasion, and that the Doctor, contrary to his usual custom, was present at a large tea-party, invited to meet him, though, of course, without partaking. To render the meeting as useful as possible, as it was in compliment to himself and his friends, the Doctor touched a chord which he knew would vibrate with pleasure on the ears of all present,—he dwelt on the leading doctrines of Methodism, and their intimate connection with experimental religion; together with the direct tendency of the whole economy to promote holiness and happiness among its professors, and to diffuse the same unspeakable blessings throughout the world.

One object of the Doctor's return to Dublin was, (agreeably to previous arrangement,) to preside at the Conference, whose sittings commenced July 4th. On the advantage of his presidency, Mr. Langtree thus observes,—“The examination of characters was conducted with great strictness: our doctrines, discipline, and ministry, after a lucid explanation of them by the president, were faithfully, as in the sight of God, brought home to the bosom and business of every preacher.” The subject of the increasing deficiencies of the Irish Connexion, had become a matter of serious investigation among a number of respectable friends, who were at this time in Dublin, in which Mr. Butterworth also took a lively interest. An address, unsolicited, and unthought of by the Irish preachers, was prepared, and a subscription opened toward the liquidation of the debt. This was signed by the Dublin leaders, and influential friends, and sent through all the circuits in Ireland. The hearts of a Clarke and a Butterworth, the former of whom could plead better for others than himself, are seen in the concluding remarks,—“The preachers themselves have borne their difficulties in secret, and silently submitted to their numerous privations: but their embarrassment must necessarily depress the work; for how can a preacher properly pursue his private studies, and go on with spirit in his public ministry, whose family is in circumstances of distress and want?” Mr. Butterworth, in a select meeting of preachers and friends, gave, at the suggestion of Dr. Clarke, an account of Lord Sidmouth's Bill, which was, happily for the Wesleyan body, thrown out, and respecting which another opportunity may be afforded to look at its detail.

Hard labour, during the Doctor's Irish tour, rendered the visit less

God; ulia means a place of devotion: so that *Dor-na-Di-ulla* will signify the *round-stone place of the worship of God*; or, perhaps, it might allude to some *round stone* preserved within as a sacred emblem of divinity.

advantageous to health than was anticipated; and on his return to England, he was met with the tidings of the death of his mother at Bristol, whom he had seen but a short time before he left for Ireland. This stroke was keenly felt; and the more so, as he was deeply indebted to his mother for much of what he was, as a man and a Christian.* The effective education of the reason, (as Heraclitus well observes,) is not to be supplied by multifarious acquirements; for there is but one knowledge fitly called wisdom,—that knowledge Mrs. Clarke possessed, and communicated to her son; and by her teachings instrumentally he became what for a long series of years he was,—a burning and a shining light. She did not possess, it is true, the varied acquirements of our modern education; but she was well furnished in the law of the Lord; and, like the mother of Timothy, she so ably instructed her son, that from a child he knew the Holy Scriptures; and Adam Clarke is an illustrious instance of the established axiom, that truth, falling from the lips of a judicious mother, on the ear of the listening child at her knee, becomes the great moral force, whose momentum, increasing in every succeeding generation of men, bears along with it the eternal interests of nations yet unborn; and whose constantly accumulating power, ceases only when and where the great purpose of all human teaching shall be consummated!

SECTION II.

1811.

THE English Conference being in Sheffield this year, (1811,) the Doctor repaired thither to attend its sittings, having been previously requested to preach the first of a series of sermons. With this request he complied,—delivering the former part of his sermon in Carver Street Chapel, on a Monday evening, and the latter in Norfolk Street, on the forenoon of the succeeding Sabbath. His text was Heb. xi. 6, and the plan of his discourse is inserted in his Notes at the close of the same chapter. The writer having heard both, has a distinct recollection of the overwhelming impression produced on the auditories; his reasonings and arguments, in the first instance, filled the mind with reverential awe; and in the second,—becoming more experimental and practical,—suffusing, by one sudden burst of impassioned eloquence, every cheek with tears. At the

* “When people say such an one is injudicious, or ignorant, or feeble, or shallow, but she is a good mother; they talk nonsense. That which the woman is the mother will be; and her personal qualities will direct and govern her maternal instinct, as her taste will influence her appetite.”

close of an argument he observed ;—" God is good,—goodness itself in the abstract ; essentially good in himself, and relatively good to man : He can will nothing contrary to his nature, and can purpose or decree nothing contrary to his will ; and he willeth that men everywhere should be saved : ' Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of a sinner : ' Go home, then, ye parents, and tell your children that Christ died for them ; go home, ye children, and tell your parents that Christ died for them ; husbands, wives, men and women, proclaim it in the hearing of your neighbours, that Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man : tell them that he died for *all*, whether in hell, earth, or heaven ; tell them that those of the human family now in heaven, *are* saved,—that those in hell *might* have been saved,—and those on earth *may* be saved ! " Mr. Benson preached in the evening of the same day that the second sermon was preached. The celebrated WILLIAM DAWSON having heard both of these extraordinary men on the occasion, hit off their peculiarities as preachers, to the writer, in his own graphic style, some time afterwards. " Image to yourself," said he, " Adam Clarke and Joseph Benson in the same pulpit ; Jesus Christ in one corner of the chapel, and a penitent in another : the former presses the penitent to go direct across the chapel, and through the crowd to Christ : ' No, brother Clarke,' says Benson, ' that won't do ; he must not disturb the people in the centre ; let him go *round* the skirts of the congregation, and by taking the extremity of the chapel, he will be able to come at the Saviour in that way, without inconvenience to others.' Adam's is the *shorter cut* ; he concludes that the penitent cannot reach Christ *too soon*, and that others ought to forego any little inconvenience either by simply rising, or by stepping aside. He has the sinner brought to Christ, before Benson has got well through his definitions." On the Monday evening, the abstract idea of God seemed at one time to be too much for the Doctor's mind, and in a moment of difficulty, when he felt the poverty of human language, he craved the indulgence of the congregation to allow a *coinage*, and with their permission, he would style the Supreme God, " THE OMNI-BEING ! "

In accordance with the "*short cut*" of Mr. Dawson, it may be remarked, that the Doctor, on reading a treatise on faith, by an old author, in which he had numbered no less than *fourteen hundred* divisions and subdivisions, threw down the volume, saying, " This is not the faith by which a penitent is to be brought to Christ ; it is calculated to perplex rather than direct."

In speaking of faith, of justification, and those subjects which naturally press themselves on the attention of some preachers, in their addresses to awakened sinners and newly converted characters, he never employed the term *righteousness* ; and it is rarely found in any of his

published works: this was owing partly to the difficulty persons had of affixing proper ideas to it; still more because of the manner in which it had been abused, especially by persons of antinomian principles, and not a little the result of his views of general, in opposition to particular redemption. He has even been known to omit the first verse in the 19th hymn of the large Hymn-Book, beginning with, "Jesus, thy blood and righteousness," because of the ambiguity of the term, as he supposed, to the generality of those to whom he preached.

Though the Doctor's studied avoidance of the same text, as the ground-work of discourse, has been noticed, yet, in two or three rare cases, the writer has been able to trace a repetition. One may be mentioned. When on a visit to Manchester, to preach an occasional sermon, he was waited upon by Mr. Anderson on the Saturday evening. The Doctor said to him, in a frank way, "Give me a text for to-morrow, for I have no set sermons, like you lads." Mr. A., who had heard that he had preached a great sermon some time before on Luke xxiv. 46—48, and was anxious to hear his views on it, took up the Bible, and after turning over some leaves of the New Testament, said, "To-morrow is Easter Sunday; here is a text will suit the day, 'Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer,' &c." "That will do," observed the Doctor, and accordingly preached upon it: whether he recollected having had it before, or whether it was forcibly impressed upon his mind, so as to lead him out of his usual course, cannot be stated; but owing to the circumstance of his accustomed method of preaching from his general knowledge of a subject, rather than from previously written notes, the probability is, that the discourse would abound with a great deal of varied matter.

As several allusions to the Doctor's ministry have been interspersed through the preceding pages, it may be proper to take a more general view of his ministerial character, for the sake of distinctness, and for the purpose of furnishing the reader with a model of one of the brightest ornaments of the English pulpit.

In looking at Dr. Clarke's published sermons, and comparing them not only with each other, but with those we have heard from his lips, we feel it is impossible for posterity to understand his character as a preacher and sermoniser, without attending to the manifest difference between his oral and his published discourses. The truth is, in one class of sermons the excellent author was seated in his study; in another, he was found occupying the pulpit; and it is only in the latter case that a just estimate can be had of his real character as an apostle of God, or a satisfactory discrimination made between the student and the preacher. This was a point which, during life, his stated hearers could easily decide, by comparing his printed with his oral discourses; and this will account sufficiently for any real or apparent inequality between some of the

earlier and some of the later of his published discourses; the former having been expressly prepared for the press—the latter intended simply for present use and a limited circle, as food for the affections and intelligence of his auditory. When he wrote, it was not for the generation moving around him merely, but for posterity. When he preached, he assumed more the character of a person standing by the highway, who, on observing the multitudes pass along, many of whom he might never see again, was anxious to give them a word of wholesome advice, to aid them during the remainder of their journey. Hence, in the one case, we find fewer references to classical authority, less painstaking, less formality, and more frequent appeals to the hearer; in the other, direct addresses to the reader, accompanied often with those quotations, references, and qualities of matter which are more adapted to the retirement of the closet, than to the momentary pause of a hearer from the bustle of life;—though in both cases, the holy and the useful are pre-eminently in view. He was so completely transformed from the student into the preacher, that the two seemed to combine, leaving the one in the study, and bringing the other into the house of God, full of holy fervour, simplicity, and heavenly wisdom: in this consisted the charm of his ministry as a learned man, and in this was to be found the advantage of his hearers.

Though he had a plan in the pulpit, and that plan was perceptible, in most instances, to the more intelligent of his congregation, it was rarely announced with the formality of division and subdivision. The plan was unfolded by degrees, in the execution of the several parts. The whole was free, easy, and yet not careless; all being poured forth like one unbroken stream, with here and there a powerful rush, setting all around on the move; deep, clear, and refreshing,—simple as the element itself, and without any apparent effort. In cases where order was the least perceptible, the fine flow of thought and feeling in which he indulged, was invariably taking within its vast and sweeping range, whatever of the useful came in its way on its route to the ocean of eternity, whither he was always conducting his hearers. Numerous as might be the windings of the argument through which he conducted his auditors, it was still, like the same stream, working out its own natural bed amid the mountains and over the plains, coming, as it were, from the heights of the understanding, and finally settling down into the heart, in fixed and steady purpose.

Still he was the pure child of nature, ranging at liberty; hence, he was not only discursive, but occasionally excursive. He never fixed his mind exclusively upon his text, just like a fly, confined to the spot on which it alights, and with limited vision, taking in one object at a time, and that object immediately before him; nor did he, though neither text nor context were disregarded, confine himself to the connecting passages;

sufficient attention was paid, if not ample justice done, to both. He often took up some broad general truths, and showed the bearing of one part of God's Word and God's economy of grace upon another, and the relation of each part to the whole; the one answering the other like an echo, less powerful, only because more distant; and then, after having ranged, like the bird of the sun, along the broad expanse of heaven, he would drop down upon the text, like the same bird upon its food—would dissect it with the finest discrimination, and hand round portions suited to the varied character and condition of his hearers; and all, with a freedom and grace not to be found in any of his writings, except in some letters on religious subjects written in early life to his Mary.

His plan was chiefly expository; and this, of all others, without great care and labour, will lead to a certain stiffness and abruptness in manner. But though Dr. Clarke was in an eminent degree an expounder of God's Word, he was, as just stated, at the most remote distance from anything like inflexibility in the pulpit. With great compass and reach of mind, there was nevertheless very often a great deal of closely webbed and microscopic thought,—a great deal of minute criticism, one thought very often thrown back upon another, each dependent upon the other, and the whole brought up again with the combined effect of a piece of beautiful mechanism to the eye,—though still the mechanism of nature rather than of art. He spoke from his general knowledge, as well as from a knowledge of the original of the particular text under discussion; and while the one aided him in the different shades of meaning attached to the same word in different connections, the other, like a fountain, was constantly welling forth of its abundance, refreshing and enriching the vineyard of the Lord. His biblical knowledge, his Oriental researches, and his skill in criticism, were always apparent, but so sanctified by piety, and so unostentatiously employed in the house of God, that his more acquired accomplishments appeared natural,—so natural indeed, as to resemble shoots from a parent stock, rich in native fruit.

There were great leading truths which occupied his mind, and which run through the Bible, linking themselves to the present and eternal destinies of man; and some of these were employed, because of their adaptation to sacred purposes; but even these were varied in expression; and, like so many orbs revolving on their own axes, were presenting the auditory with new views,—new, as occasioned by the unusual shinings forth of his own mind, and the more than ordinary influence of the Spirit of God at the time; as well as new in their use to the hearers, and in their application to other subjects; and perfectly aware of repetition, a reference in some instances was made to preceding observations, and reasons assigned for still further discussion and explanation. This, however, instead of palling, was refreshment to the memory; and an old thought, allied to a new text, brought with it so many new companions,

that, like an old friend, it was welcomed the more on account of its associates,—never failing to yield variety and life to the whole.

He had a large oblong volume, called his text-book,* in which there

* A reference having been made to the Doctor's readings preparatory to preaching, an extract from one of the MSS. which he employed for the occasion may be given, labelled, "Text-Book for every day of the year. 1796. From June 21st to August 30th, inclusive;" each page occupying two days.

JUNE 25.

- Prov. I. 20—23. The cry of wisdom to man, and the promises she makes.
- II. 10. When wisdom entereth into thy heart, and understanding is pleasant unto thee.
- Luke VIII. 5. Parable of the Sower.
- 27. The man possessed by a legion of devils.
- 41. Jairus's daughter raised to life.
- Ephes. II. 1. You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses.
- 8. By grace are ye saved through faith.
- 19. Now, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens.

JUNE 26.

- Prov. III. 1—4. My son, forget not my law, but let thy heart keep my commandments.
- 5, 6. Trust in the Lord with thy whole heart, and lean not to thy own understanding.
- 11, 12. My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord—neither faint.
- 21—26. Keep sound wisdom and discretion—they shall be life to thy soul.
- 27—28. Withhold not good while it is in the power of thy hand to do it.
- IV. 14, 15. Enter not into the path of the wicked—avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it.
- 18. But the path of the just is as the shining light—*See the Hebrew.*
- 23. Keep thy heart with all diligence.
- Luke IX. 1—6. Christ's commission to the Apostles to preach and heal.
- 11. The people followed him—he received them—spake to them of kingdom.
- 23. If any man will come after me, let him renounce himself.
- Ephes. III. 8. Unto me, whom am less than the least of all saints.
- 14. For this cause I bow my knee unto the Father.

In this way he went through the whole Bible, selecting each day, in regular succession, from three of the writers of the Old and New Testament, such portions of truth as seemed most adapted to instruct and impress the people of his charge: and it was scarcely possible, from a cursory glance at such selections, for a mind like that of the subject of the memoir, not to settle down on some of the texts for the day, and to present to his hearers a constant stream of varied instruction.

In the same MS. the whole of the PSALMS were divided, towards the close, and portioned out into *thirty-one* parts, for the month, and similar selections made from them.

DAY OF THE MONTH. Psalm I. to XIV.

- Psalm I. 1. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.
- 2. But his delight is in the law of the Lord.
- 3. His blessedness—He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water.
- 4—6. The character and misery of the wicked—The ungodly are not so.
- Psalm II. 1. The opposition, and bad success of the great and the godless against Christ and his gospel.
- 7, 8. The purpose of God to save by Christ Jesus, and the extent of that salvation.

were divisions for dates, for the lessons of the day, together with book, chapter, and verse. Each chapter, having been previously examined, had the verse or verses distinctly marked, which offered themselves to his notice as texts. This plan cost him a great deal of labour and close attention; but when completed, as he informed a friend, it amply rewarded him; for by adopting it, he was never without a text on any day during the year; while his general knowledge of the sacred writings, and an application of the mind to the selected passage, soon furnished him with a sermon, or with such a portion of instruction

- Psalm II. 11, 12. The duty of those who have the decree published among them, and the care they should—
- Psalm III. 4—6. The duty, confidence, and security of the godly man.
— 7. Salvation belongeth unto the Lord.
- Psalm IV. 3. Know that the Lord hath set apart the godly man for himself.
— 6, 7. There may be many that say, Who will show us any good?
— 8. The comfort and security of those who are in the divine favour.
- Psalm V. 1—3. Give ear unto my words, O Lord! consider my meditation.
— 7. But as for me, I will come into thy house, in the multitude of thy mercies.
— 11, 12. Let all those who put their trust in thee rejoice—for thou, Lord, wilt bless.
- Psalm VI. 1. The distresses and petition of a penitent soul.
- Psalm VII. 9, 10. O let the wickedness of the wicked come to an end! but establish the just.
- Psalm VIII. 1, 2. O Lord, our God, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!
— 1, 4. What is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the Son of Man, that thou visitest him?
- Psalm IX. 1. I will praise thee—I will shew forth all thy marvellous works.
— 9, 10. The Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed,—And they who know thy name.
- Psalm X. 17, 18. Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the humble, thou wilt prepare their heart.
- Psalm XI. 7. For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness: his countenance doth behold—
- Psalm XII. 1. Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among men.
- Psalm XIII. 1—6. David's complaint—exercise of soul—supplication—confidence, and success.
- Psalm XIV. 7. O that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! when the Lord bringeth—

In addition to the line expressive of the general sense of the text, there was sometimes a remark appended, in a hand more *erect*, with a view to attract attention; as Ephes. vi. 10—"matter for many discourses;" Prov. xiii. 18, "see the Heb.;" Col. iii. 18, 22. "The Duties of, 1 Wives, 2 Husbands, 3 Children, 4 Parents, 5 Servants." Eccl. iv. 9—12, "remark four things in the verse;" John xvii. 1—5, 6—11, 11—19, 20—26, "This chapter may be paraphrased in these four parts;" Psal. xix. 7—14, "each of these eight verses is a proper text;" Psal. xxiii. 1—6; "each verse here is a good text;" Psal. lxxiii. 1—20, "paraphrase this—it will be very profitable;" Psal. xci. 1 "a most beautiful and important dialogue;" Psal. cx. 1—7, "this is a Psalm of uncommon excellence;" Psal. cxi. 1—10, "a fine Psalm;" Psal. cxii. 1—10, "a fine Psalm containing a number of excellent texts;" Psal. cxxi. 1—3, "very instructive," &c. &c.

These text-books, which were originally written in parts, were at length entered into a thick oblong book, which, he observed to the biographer, "occupied about four hundred days to complete."

or spiritual food, as was calculated to feed the flock of God. Still, it has numerous and important advantages, and was peculiarly adapted to the genius that struck it out. Dr. Clarke, favoured with ready utterance and an extensive vocabulary, both in his own tongue and in that of others, and a mind stored with biblical and general knowledge, could have strewed—if not flowers, a goodly portion of fruit, along any path in which he was disposed to walk.

As a preacher, his action was far from varied, and not, perhaps, in every instance, graceful to fastidious taste; but it was rarely otherwise than chaste, and always appropriate. His voice, though not round and melodious, was strong and clear; and though unable at all times to manage its tones, which rendered it in the more logical parts of his discourse a little monotonous, yet when the argument was brought to a close, and the people were wound up to conviction by it, there were outbursts in the voice, as outpourings among the people, rarely heard and rarely witnessed, except from himself, and under his own ministry. It was like the wand of Moses smiting the rock; the heart was touched, and the eyes were instantly suffused with tears; or his appeal to the children of Israel, when, as with one voice, they exclaimed, “The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey.” One instance, among many, may be noticed, heard by the writer, and which can never be forgotten. The Doctor was preaching on the occasion of opening a new chapel.* His text led him to dwell on the love of God to man—his favourite theme. After having established the doctrine of universal redemption by a process of reasoning equally original, powerful, and conclusive, and the hearers having apparently brought their hearts and understandings to the subject—feeling and perceiving more and more the possibility, the certainty, of present, personal salvation, he gave a sweep with his arm, then drawing it toward himself, and grasping his hand as though he had collected in it several objects of value, to throw them, like alms, in the full bounty of his soul, among the people,—“Here,” he exclaimed, in a strain of impassioned feeling, and with one of those sudden and peculiar elevations of voice for which he was remarkable, frequently melting the whole congregation to tears,—“Here,” said he, “take the arguments among you—make the best of them for your salvation—I will vouch for their validity—I will stake my credit for intellect upon them;—yes, could they be collected into one, I would suspend them from a single hair of this grey head, (pointing at the same moment to his fine white locks,) and defy all the sophistry of men, and all the malice of devils, to sever it from the throne of the all-merciful God, to which it is inseparably fastened!” It is an expression, the force of which can be felt only by those who are in possession of the previous reasoning—(reasoning like that employed in his sermon on “The love of God to a Lost World,”)—and to the truth of

* Ebenezer, Sheffield.

which there was a sudden burst of responsive applause from the lips of the auditory, similar to a burst of triumph in a political assembly; restrained, however, within due bounds, by the sanctity of the place, and the hallowed influence which accompanied the words.

Persons who knew him not, might say, he never rose to eloquence; that he had little imagination—that his manner was dry and scholastic—and that his sermons, though argumentative, logical, and acute, and therefore chiefly addressed to the judgment, were calculated to please only the scholar and the mathematician, but not to interest the majority of mankind; persons, it is repeated, who knew him not, might talk and write thus. But he had something more than imagination—(and even of that he had more than he dared to indulge;) he had energies allied to real genius, if genius be what a writer defines it to be, “strong feeling and judgment,” or in two words, “impassioned wisdom.”* He blended with the wisdom of a sage the simplicity of a child. Confessed as it has been, that he was always at home when combating the subtle objections of infidelity—establishing the truth of Christianity—demonstrating the immateriality of the human soul, and expounding the Scriptures; yet it ought not to be forgotten, that he was equally happy when soaring to the heights, or diving into the profounder depths of Christian experience; accommodating himself equally—as will be perceived in his sermons—to the babe, to the young man, and to the father in Christ. Though he exercised the talents of a master in the field of legitimate argument, and wielded with mighty energy the weapons of truth, he never failed, while taking with him the head of the scholar, to take along with him the heart of the humble, uneducated Christian; no, not even when he seemed filled with the inspired glimpses of the seer—was expatiating upon experimental religion—or exploring the hidden regions of future blessedness. Though never loose and declamatory, still there was thought without its apparent labour. The whole had the breath of a morning in May, rather than the vapidity of materials that had lost their freshness and spirit by long and constant exposure. His mind was like an immense mine, as well as an ever and overflowing stream; he seemed to have read all, to have known all; and from the inexhaustible treasures within, was perpetually giving forth from his fulness. Still, (to change the metaphor,) it was not a mere forest of thought, tedious and oppressive to the hearer from the multiplicity apparent, always saying everything that *could* be said, instead of *what* should be said; he never appeared to exhaust a subject, but when he had preached one hour, seemed as though he could preach another, leaving his hearers always desirous of more, and wondering that he should finish so soon.

Many men are to be found with more elegantly formed minds than Dr. Clarke, but with that elegance, at an immeasurable distance from him

* Ebenezer Elliott, the “Corn-law Rhymer.”

in learning and critical acumen. Persons are to be found, too, with finer voices, and who have cultivated the art of public speaking, with all its prettiness, much his superiors; but without a ray of his genius; without any of his depth, compass, originality, or wealth of thought. His mind—though in the strictest sense of the term, not an elegant one, was sufficiently elegant to preserve him from offending; his voice sufficiently tuned to please; his speaking sufficiently engaging to attract; and his diction, though remote from the ornate, partly through choice, has generally had the character of being remarkable for its simplicity, its purity, its strength, and its perspicuity. Except in his younger days, he never appears to have paused to turn a period: and with this we are the more surprised; for so far as the ancient classics are concerned, both Greek and Roman, he appears to have taken the advice of Horace, agreeably to the translation of Francis—"Read them by day, and study them by night;"—an assiduous attention to which is so much calculated to form the taste, nourish the genius, and improve the style. Profound and elevated as were his thoughts, he was never "hard to be understood." One of the finest compliments ever paid to a great man, is said to have been unintentionally paid to him by a poor woman in the Zetland Isles. The aged matron referred to, had, with others, heard of his celebrity, and went to hear him preach at Lerwick. On her return home, she remarked with great simplicity, "They say that Dr. Clarke is a learned man, and I expected to find him such; but he is only like another man, for I could understand every word he said." This is too plain to require comment; and if learning and obscurity are synonymous with the vulgar, Dr. Clarke was a happy exception.

At the Conference to which reference has been made, the subject of introducing organs into the Wesleyan chapels was long and warmly argued; Dr. Clarke was strongly opposed to it, but the question was at length carried in favour of the introduction of one into Brunswick Chapel, Liverpool.* This place of worship, just completed, the trustees applied to the Doctor to afford his aid in opening: he remarked to them in reply;—"Though I have nearly made up my mind never to preach in a chapel where an organ is used, yet as I love the people in Liverpool, many of them being the seals which God, in his mercy, has granted to my ministry among them, I would gladly have embraced the opportunity you offer me of testifying my affection for them, by undertaking the opening services of their chapel, had you found it convenient to have kept to the time originally proposed; but as that is postponed to a time to

* The biographer, being present on the occasion, bears a lively recollection of the debate. Mr. Bunting had, by that time, acquired influence, especially among the junior preachers, and those of them who had a vote, and a taste, for the *Respectable*, like himself, paired off with him. This conquest enabled him to pitch his note still higher in the Leeds organ case, whose frightful sound was heard through the whole Connexion.

which it is impossible to protract my stay in these quarters, I must decline it."

A somewhat humorous incident turned up, when he was preaching at a certain place, on—"Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." He offered the people a free gospel, strengthening his remarks by a reference to Isaiah lv. 1, where the "waters" are presented "without money and without price;" stating by a little ingenuity of thought and expression, that, in every place of public worship, where the gospel is preached, a "well-spring" of the "water of life" is opened up—gushing fresh and pure from the throne of God—whence the tide of mercy is ever seen to flow—and to which every redeemed soul is invited to repair and drink, that he may live for ever. Just as he was taking up the Hymn-Book to announce the page of the closing hymn, one of the stewards stepped up the pulpit stairs, and whispered—"There is to be a collection this morning, sir, for the chapel." "Had I known that," replied the Doctor, "I should have taken another text." A *free gospel*, "without money and without price," and a *collection* appended to it, seemed, for the moment, to place the announcements somewhat at variance with each other: however, though a little disconcerted, he made an ingenious appeal, and the collection was improved by the circumstance. Still somewhat unhinged, and this being perceived by the lady of the house at which he dined, on his return from the chapel, she accosted him,—“It is all right, Doctor: we have a well at a distance from our house, to which the servant goes every morning, to fetch from it the water necessary for the day: we pay nothing for the water; it is free of all cost, save paying for the pitcher in which it is carried: now, the “water of life” is equally free; we pay nothing for it; we only pay for the chapel, which is the pitcher, so to speak, where the water is contained. O yes! Sir, the gospel is quite free; and let us thank God, that we have only to contribute our mite towards the support of the servant, who is worthy of his hire, and to the purchase of the vessel that carries so valuable a gift.” Though the truth of the fact of a free gospel was always present in the mind of the Doctor, as it must be in the mind of every Christian minister, yet it was by the ingenious illustration of the lady of the house that the unpleasant feeling was dissipated—feeling rendered additionally acute from the circumstance of his return to the different places being generally fixed for making collections, when extra aid was required, as he always commanded crowded congregations, and consequently large contributions. He was the first who raised the tone of the public collections in the body. A gentleman complimenting him on the large sums collected after his sermons, he answered,—“I never stoop to what is called *begging*; I have preached the gospel in different parts of the kingdom for many years; in my sermons, I have laboured to give a good character of my Maker, as a God of mercy;

the message finds its way to the heart; and when the heart is melted, then is my turn to step in, and to ask a little for the support of his cause."

Though he rarely deviated from the plan, already noticed, of selecting a passage of the Scripture readings for the day, there was a particular exception, which may be noticed. "I preached yesterday forenoon," said he to the writer, "for the first time in my life, on a text given to me in a dream: and a divine time we had! I dreamed on the Saturday night, that I was in a chapel—that a minister was in the pulpit, with whom I had no personal acquaintance—that he took for his text a passage in the Psalms, beginning with,—‘Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors,’ xxiv. 7—and that he was unable to make anything of the text:—that I was then called upon to take up the subject, and finish it—and that just as I entered upon the work, I awoke. When I arose on the Sabbath morning, and, agreeably to custom, read the lessons selected for the day, several texts were presented from which, I concluded, I could preach; but my mind as often reverted to the psalm of the dream, and from which I had never before taken a text. I again went over the lessons, but was still directed to the psalm, though unable to see clearly into it. Besides, I am naturally averse to all dependence upon dreams and sudden impulses, from the liability to be deceived by them. At length, being unable to get rid of the impression, I said to myself—‘There may be something of God in this; I will even take it.’ There was evidence in the congregation,—whatever may become of the *dream*, that I was divinely directed to the *subject* to which the *text* gave rise."

Being told that a minister, of whose mind, scholarship, and powers of utterance, he entertained a high regard, had preached an excellent sermon on Abraham offering up Isaac, he observed,—“That is a portion of God’s word which I never dared to take as a text; nor can I perceive—beyond two or three particulars, which may be expressed in very few words, what *use* can be made of it to a *Christian* congregation. It is one of those things for which I can give no rational account—that God should *try*, or tempt a man, to sacrifice his own child; to go so deliberately about the work of taking away his life! I know that God was in it—I see his hand—I can connect the type with the anti-type; but reason is at fault, and I leave it as one of the strange things of God, which he only can interpret.” The subject of human sacrifices being noticed, he said, “Some writers have concluded, that they originated in this act of Abraham; and though there is no positive record to contradict it,—having no account of any such case preceding, though numerous instances following it,—yet I cannot fully close in with the opinion: it is a fact, nevertheless, that many persons of high intellect, but unvisited by the clear light of a Divine revelation, have concluded, that, in some extra-

ordinary cases, the Divine Being demanded sacrifices of this kind, and would only be propitiated in this way. But it is a doctrine with which Christianity has nothing to do; we have but one altar—one sacrifice: ‘Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.’” He then reprehended the practice of which some persons are guilty, in designating abominable lusts, as so many *Isaacs*, which are to be sacrificed;—a subject respecting which he has entered a severe protest in his Notes, at the close of Gen. chap. xxii.

To the interests of the Bible Society he continued, as heretofore, to attach himself with all the ardour of youth. He remarked, to a friend, “I am—as far as that word can be properly used, quite proud of the Methodists in Liverpool: they have done themselves great credit—and I hope to make some good use of the circumstance at our next meeting. The Methodists alone, I find, are nearly one half in the amount of the annual subscriptions; and whereas, there is *one* annual subscriber of £5 5s. among all the other inhabitants of Liverpool, there are not less than *twelve* among the Methodists alone! Blessed be the name of the Lord; they have done just as Methodists *should* do.” Having the arrangement of some lectures chiefly confided to him, and the plan being interfered with, he observed to Knight Spencer, Esq.—“The letter to Mr. Saumarez is that, I suppose, which you took for *Coleridge’s Prospectus*. I have seen nothing else of this kind. You should not publish this without giving him an opportunity of revising it—a revision it certainly requires.—Many persons will feel objection at so much of the course being occupied with *Shakespeare* and *Milton*. Five lectures out of twelve, is an arrangement utterly disproportionate, while so many subjects essentially belonging to the Belle Lettres and Oratory, are left untouched. We want *science*—and science assuming a *body*, so as to render itself tangible.” It was in this way he was always disposed to reap the greatest possible advantage from occasions that offered, adopting the most substantial part of any particular subject proposed for selection.

To the English language he had paid close and deep attention, and some of his remarks to a literary friend on the subject, are distinguished by their justice and discrimination:—“I have long deplored the ravages made in our language by the introduction of foreign terms, the injudicious mode of accentuation, and the confused rapidity which has long prevailed, and is still prevailing, in our pronunciation. Several of our best writers have contributed to the debasement and metamorphosis of our language; some by introducing Græcisms and Latinisms,—especially the latter; and others by affected terms. Dr. Johnson has formed a compound language, which may be called Anglo-Latin; and, in so doing, he has left nine-tenths of the nation behind him, and greatly injured the nervous simplicity of our language, while rendering it more

sonorous.* But indeed such innovations in the English tongue set criticism at defiance, as we have scarcely any *standard* by which alterations and pretended improvements may be tried: our present language being a compound from all the languages of Europe.—The elements of every language should be simple, in order to be understood; and especially the letters, or what is commonly called the alphabet. The English alphabet is remarkably defective in proper sounds for its vowels, and in proper sounds and names for its consonants; and it is encumbered with consonants, which are of no service whatever, as they contain no elementary sounds; and their power is expressed by other letters in the alphabet.” After establishing his charges, by going through the whole of the alphabet, he proceeded:—“As to pronunciation, one rule should always prevail, particularly in compound terms,—that is, to pronounce the compound parts as distinctly as possible, that the import of the word may be more clearly discerned: but the reverse is now generally practised; for, in all such words, the accent is laid as near as possible to the first syllable, if not on it. This renders pronunciation confused and indistinct. There is a depraved pronunciation used even in the higher ranks, as well as at the bar, and on the stage. If these, by their ridiculous mincing and Frenchified modes be ruining our language, and the provinces or counties not far behind them, in sublime grammatical corruption, need we wonder if the vulgar herd deal, by wholesale, in that which is gross?—But we are not content with marring our native language: we are daily making depredations of the most serious nature upon the Greek and Latin. These two languages are now pronounced by the English as no other nation in Europe pronounces them. If the true method respecting the Latin language exist, it must be taught among the Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, and French. With respect to these, one thing is worthy of remark, that, though they all pronounce their respective languages very differently, yet one of the Latin prevails among them; so that a Frenchman, Spaniard, Italian, and Portuguese, and I might add German, have precisely the same method: a proof this, that they have still the true pronunciation of this ancient and noble language among them.”

It was his love of the force and simplicity of the language in which the Homilies of the Church of England are addressed to the people, (though especially the doctrines and practice inculcated,) that induced him to recommend, about this time, a new edition of the work, which was undertaken by some provincial publishers, and had an extensive circulation: and about five years afterwards,—another edition being

* “Our language,” observes the late admirable head master of Rugby School, (Dr. Arnold,) “has lost much of its flexibility and power, and much of its native character, by its having adopted, and incorporated into it, such a jumble of Latin, Greek and French exotics with the original Saxon.”

called for, he wrote, at the request of some intelligent friends, a historical introduction to the work, subjoining a few notes; characterising it, at the same time, as a "blessed monument of primitive Protestant faith," and considering himself "honoured in having his name registered in front of such compositions."

Dr. Clarke was now (1811) projecting a new edition of "Sturm's Reflections," designing in it to throw aside all papers which did not connect *science* with *religion*, and supplying their places with others in philosophy, natural history, chemistry, and domestic economy; each of which treatises he designed to terminate with a few reflections; which, while they would still maintain the original design and spirit of the work, would make it, at the same time, much more generally useful. He intended to begin January with the introduction of the most *Popular Proofs of the Being of God*; a subject he deemed not sufficiently dwelt upon, and on which many simple-minded persons were grievously tempted; he proposed also, in the course of the work, to supply a paper on each of the attributes of God, one or two upon botany, and a distinct one on each of the planets, on the sun, and on the fixed stars; and then to touch the subjects no more. Sturm, he thought, made his papers tedious, by coming over his subjects again and again, and with nearly the same materials.

For want of time, this edition was not published in the precise form in which it was intended to appear. A third edition, however, was published after his death, as noticed in an earlier part of his personal history, including several new papers.*

The circulation of the Word of life, whether in the regularly authorised version, or accompanied with note and comment, was a subject which invariably interested Dr. Clarke; and to aid this, he wrote an Introduction for a "Grand Folio Bible," issued by some enterprising publishers, accompanied with engravings; in which Introduction, in addition to varied and extensive reading, he suggests some useful remarks in answer to the question, "How may a man profit most, and grow wise unto salvation, by reading the Word of God?"

Perceiving, about this time, a lack of devotional feeling stealing upon the societies in different places, and some of his colleagues in the ministry complaining of the same, he was induced to write an article, "On Kneeling in Public Worship," which was one of the points that demanded immediate correction; and the article having been published in the *Arminian Magazine*, had a happy influence on those who became acquainted with its contents. *Sitting* at prayer being noticed one day, the Doctor said, "The best thing I can wish those who irreverently *sit* at prayer, is a porcupine skin for a cushion."

In a conversation on different points connected with the service of the

* See the Biographer's Preface to Vol. iii. of Dr. Clarke's "Miscellaneous Works"

sanctuary, one of the party laid considerable stress on preachers meeting the societies after sermon on a Sabbath evening ;—a second was emphatic on the greater importance of a prayer-meeting ;—a third denounced long sermons ;—and a fourth defended long preaching, provided it were good. The Doctor being aware that the latter was offering an apology for himself in what he maintained, observed, “ I once heard Mr. Wesley give his opinion on long preaching, while referring to an example that came under his own notice, stating, that he heard a minister distinguished for three half hours’ sermons ;—that the first half hour was spent in explaining the text, the second in repeating what had been said, and the third in contradicting the whole ! ” This was sufficiently severe, and felt in the right quarter.

Directing attention to the subject of government—on a public character being noticed—the Doctor observed, “ Persons might enter his company when they would, without being the wiser : he sat—heard all—took whatever was convertible to his own purposes—left—but gave nothing in return : he was always lurking behind the scenes, and on the watch ; and yet nothing was either said, sung, or published, by those around, that did not bear the high tone of his authority, as though all were afraid to give publicity to anything that did not entirely accord with his views and feelings.” “ Do you not think, Doctor Clarke,” it was remarked, “ that a government of that kind, with such a head, would be likely to degenerate into absolute despotism ? ” Dr. Clarke : “ Unquestionably : ”* then turning, like the sun-flower, to its parent orb, he again introduced Mr. Wesley, in contrast, and said, “ He was a model of a man in most things ; he had power ; but it was the authority which he had acquired as the *father* of his people ;—he always used it with judgment ;—and from him a word was generally sufficient ! Obedience was cheerfully ceded to him as a *right* ; and it was his supreme delight to find a spirit of brotherhood among the preachers. There was no attempt to stamp the system, or

* The name of the person referred to, was withheld in the first edition out of tenderness, as he was then living ; but as years have passed since his death, the tenderness indulged, to which he was not entitled, may now be withdrawn, as it can inflict upon him no personal pain. Such of the living, as were personally acquainted with him, will realise at once, a correct photographic likeness of JABEZ BUNTING, whose motto from the first was “ *Aim at being first ;* ”—a motto, perpetuated by his son, in the *half-length* sketch which he has published of him to the world ; a motto to which there can be no great objection, on the admission that purity of motive, suitable vigour, and legitimate means, attend the ascent of the giddy height. Adam Clarke was tender of character, and on a blemish being apparent, he was more ready to conceal than to lay it bare. He was, on this occasion, in social intercourse with a few friends—persons who entertained kindred opinions of the man with himself—and were agreed, as to the little touches and finishings, in the correctness of the likeness. Jabez Bunting was never intended to be a suitable *hand-mate* for Adam Clarke. There was no congeniality between them, whether of nature or habit. If such were Adam’s views of character then, what would have been his views and feelings if he had lived till the disruption of 1849, when the added policy and despotism of several years had deepened the shades of the picture !

surround the ministerial character, with a kind of authoritative awe, bordering upon that which would tend to constitute the brethren lords over God's heritage,—leaving the impression of a distinct interest; the people having one, and the preacher another; instead of binding them together in love. The moment authority is felt burthensome, that moment the tie is severed, which links man to man. Combined with wisdom, the great secret of Mr. Wesley's government was *love*." "Was there not," it was enquired, "something like occasional severity, and an attempt to impose burthens upon the brethren, which some of them were unable to bear?" Dr. Clarke: "There might be the appearance of the thing; but facts would not support it. Take a case: Mr. Wesley established preaching at five o'clock in the morning, being persuaded that the people could not prosper without morning and evening preaching: and why? The preachers rarely visited the people, in consequence of the wide range of country they had to travel over. In one of my early circuits, it occupied me three months in going round to the different places. Mr. Wesley, on finding that the morning preaching had been omitted by some of the brethren, complained. Mr. Pawson, and some others, objected that their physical strength would not allow it. Mr. Wesley, perhaps, laid too much stress upon it; but afraid lest there should be wilful neglect in some cases, he said, 'Those of the brethren, who cannot do it, are unfit for the work, and ought to go home again.' Robert Roberts rose, and with great firmness, though perhaps with too little delicacy, said, 'Then, Sir, according to your own principles, you ought to be put away from the body, for you do not preach every morning at five o'clock.' Mr. Wesley threw himself back in his chair—reclined in silence—closed his eyes, while the tears gushed from between the lids, then raised himself, and with softened tone, falteringly said, 'You may put me away, if you will.' This is one instance, among many that might be noticed, of the tenderness of Mr. Wesley's spirit, and his aversion to the exercise of undue authority. He acted in this, as well as in other instances, with judgment, and from the necessity of the case, but was open, at the same time, to conviction,—and the moment he was convinced, he yielded; never holding anything from obstinacy. This," continued the Doctor, as he remarked on another occasion, "was true dignity: for it is true dignity to acknowledge we are wrong, when we are convinced of the fact."*

Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Williams, was on intimate terms with the Doctor; and, owing to his numerous acquaintance, the latter was occasionally thrown into society, which his duties and habits would not otherwise have led him into. He here met, about this time, with the author of "The Wanderer of Switzerland," whose lays had won him high honour, and with whose genius, Christian spirit and conversation, Dr.

* How different to this, was the nameless character he photographed in the same conversations?

Clarke was highly delighted. Speaking of the genius of Methodism, and the local preachers, the Doctor observed, the latter would be rendered still more extensively useful if they would confine themselves to what they knew, and were to cultivate their talents by reading. A gentleman in the company, as if afraid the Doctor did not fully appreciate their worth, (though no one did more so,) remarked, that "the rams' horns were useful, and employed by the Divine Being." "True," replied the Doctor, "but each horn was perfect in its kind; but that is not the case with the local brethren, nor even with most of us in the regular work. We all have to go a long way before we reach perfection.* He referred to the case of some of them attempting occasionally to expound the Scriptures—a practice of which he highly approved, but which he knew, required peculiar tact and extensive biblical knowledge, to be effective. A friend stepping in who had been hearing Mr. Benson preach, the Doctor asked, "What kind of sermon have you had?" But before he could receive an answer, added, "I need not enquire; it would be a great one—for he is incapable of anything else."

It was in the course of one of these visits, that the Doctor, Mr. Benson, the celebrated Abernethy,† and some others friends met. Abernethy gave full proof of the interest he took in the conversation of the two Wesleyans, by reluctantly leaving their society to visit two patients, and hastening back with all possible dispatch. He could scarcely keep his eye off Mr. Benson's peculiarly formed head, and in the freedom of social intercourse, requested the privilege of examining it, which was pleasantly acceded to; and on his return home he made a drawing of it from recollection, stating it to be the most extraordinary head he had ever seen.

Mr. Williams had a two guinea piece of the reign of William and Mary; the Doctor had not one in his collection; and looking at it, he said pleasantly to Mr. Williams, "'Thou shalt not covet:' were not this in the way, I should be tempted." Mr. Williams replied, "I intend this to enrich your collection,—but, it is on this condition; if I am the survivor, I am to have it again!" "A bargain," subjoined the Doctor. Three weeks after his death, being a lapse of twenty years, the coin was returned to Sir James Williams. This was carrying out,—though exercised on a

* Mr. Montgomery regularly heard the local preachers, for a series of years, in Carver Street Chapel, Sheffield, on a Sabbath afternoon; and though not a Wesleyan, few indeed were the members of the body, who gave them a more candid and attentive hearing; remarking on one occasion, when some unguarded distinctions were made on the score of talent, "I never hear one, however feeble, but he has a message from God to me."

† Abernethy was at this time in the height of his fame. So early as 1797, the author of the "Pursuits of Literature," distinguished him as "a young surgeon of an accurate and philosophical spirit of investigation, from whose genius and labours, the medical art and natural philosophy had reason to expect very great accessions." These were fully realised.

comparatively insignificant matter,—the great principle which governed all the conduct of Dr. Clarke: for, be it remembered, as an universal rule, “He that is faithful in little, will also be faithful in much.”

The public mind had been greatly agitated, by a bill brought into the House of Lords by the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Sidmouth, entitled, “An Act to explain and render more effectual certain Acts of the first year of the reign of King William and Queen Mary, and of the year of the reign of his present Majesty, so far as the same relate to Protestant Dissenting Ministers.” The novel interpretation of the Toleration Act, which had excited so much unpleasant feeling in the course of the preceding year, was carried into this, and the “Committee of Privileges” was in communication with Mr. Percival, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Prime Minister, on the subject. Dr. Clarke, referring to one of these interviews toward the close of February, observes to a friend, “Mr. Percival received our deputation with great courtesy. You have the general account in the Circular Letter; the conversation occupied nearly three hours. He assured us, that neither His Majesty’s Government, nor Parliament, had any design to restrict or abridge any privileges we enjoyed under the Toleration Act, and thought we had not so much cause for alarm as we apprehended; and rather took it for granted, that the decisions that were pending in the Court of King’s Bench, would not be of the kind apprehended by several persons; but, that if the law should be found to require a different interpretation to that in which it had been generally understood, and we suffered in consequence, His Majesty’s Government would be glad to hear us at any time on the subject. He certainly gave us no reason to suspect that there was any hostile, or even unfriendly feeling towards us.” In accordance with this view, another gentleman on the “Committee of Privileges” at the time, remarked, “We have gained this much by the interview with Mr. Percival, that he has engaged to permit further access to him; and, little as I like ‘the man and his communication,’ I incline to believe that he will not encourage the introduction of any measure of hostility. I think the ‘present expediency,’ (which is the leading feature and the guiding helm of the crooked system of politics usually adopted by the minister of the day) is in our favour. He is between the Scylla and Charybdis of Popery and Methodism; and his innate dread of the former will throw him insensibly on the side of the latter.” The prognostications of both were found correct; and in the whole affair, the influence of the Doctor, Mr. Butterworth and T. Thompson, M.P., of Hull, was sensibly felt. Speaking on the subject afterwards to the writer, he observed, “I had a long conversation with Mr. Percival on the subject of Methodism and Methodist chapels, and explained to him the whole system; and Mr. Percival gave his pledge, first, that every Methodist chapel should be free, and on the same footing as the places of worship belonging to the

Establishment,—exempt from rates; secondly, that the churches should, like Methodist chapels, have free sittings for the poor. Three days after this conversation he was shot.*

* The Doctor had now brought on his Commentary to the conclusion of the Book of Joshua; on which he facetiously remarked, "Joshua's sun and moon standing still, kept me going for nearly three weeks." That owing to the pressure of other work, he became dispirited, will appear from some remarks made to Mr. Butterworth.—"I am oppressed with labour of every kind; looking at what is still before me, I feel no encouragement in reference to the Commentary. I had many grievous knots to *untie*, which commentators in general have agreed to *cut*; and where shall be the end of this extending work? Yet, it is my belief, all yet written is indispensably necessary to the useful apprehension of those ancient Records. When Pope undertook the translation of the Iliad and Odyssey, he found it too laborious a task for one mind, and so associated others with himself, who each took a particular book and versified the whole of it; Pope merely revising their work. But mine will not admit of this; I must work alone, and endeavour to make every part perfect so far as I go." But as his was a mind which could only be relieved by renewed labour, we find him escaping from himself by a second visit to Cambridge, for the purpose of examining different libraries, those especially of Corpus Christi and Magdalen, in order to complete the projected edition of the *Fœdera*.

Though in quest of State Papers, the Doctor did not hesitate to step out of his way to indulge in literary research less public in its character: and hence, we find him gratifying both himself and Lord Glenbervie, one of the Lords Commissioners on the Public Records, with observations on an Allegorical Poem, entitled, "King Hart," written by Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, and brother to the Earl of Angus, of whom his lordship was a descendant. A printed copy of this curious old poem is to be found in Pinkerton's *Ancient Scottish Songs*; and the Doctor's remarks on the original MS., in the Pepysian Library, Magdalen College, Cambridge, are published in his "*Miscellaneous Works*," vol. x., p. 376. One opinion entertained by the Doctor, in connection with this poem, seems to possess a little too much of the imaginative, namely, that John Bunyan had, in all probability, borrowed his "*Pilgrim's Progress*" from Bernard's "*Isle of Man*;"—Bernard, his "*Isle of Man*" from Fletcher's "*Purple Island*;"—Fletcher from Spencer's "*Fairy Queen*;"—Spencer from Gawin Douglas's "*King Hart*;" and Douglas had taken his plan from the old "*Mysteries*" and "*Moralities*," which prevailed at

* He was assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons, by John Bellingham, May 11th, 1812, the latter of whom was executed for the offence, on the 17th of the same month.—An annuity of £2,000 was granted to Mrs. Percival, and £50,000 in total to her children.

a still earlier period. On the first, a remark has been made elsewhere ; and to enter fully into the question, would furnish matter for lengthened criticism.

The late Rev. Thomas Galland, M.A., who was at this time studying at Cambridge, furnished the biographer with an incident bordering upon the amusing. The Doctor took up his residence in Trinity Street ; and while there, supped one evening with Mr. Galland, who had some prime ale. Though not a beverage to which he had any great partiality, yet the flavour was more than usually agreeable to his taste. Mr. Galland having to return the compliment, by supping with the Doctor, and taking it for granted that a little of his old October would not be unacceptable, after a day's toil among dusty folios, especially as it was above the common run of the city, felt disposed to surprise his learned friend, and so took two bottles with him, one in each pocket. Though moving on at a somewhat slower pace than Gilpin, and properly balanced, with less probability of his brittle charge swinging round to the back and coming in contact with each other, and preserved also in tolerable equipoise, and in a state of amity with each other, the contents of one of the bottles, in consequence of the mildness of the weather, and the agitation produced by Mr. Galland's step, began to be a little turbulent, and at length burst indignantly away from its place of confinement. This disaster occurred just after Mr. Galland's arrival. The consequence, however, was likely to prove serious, for one of the pieces of glass struck his leg, and made an incision which, on reaching his lodgings, he found to require immediate attention ; and he was laid up by the wound for some time. The evening, it may be observed, was spent agreeably, in religious and literary conversation ; and the Doctor was not only delighted with the literary advantages of the place, but impressed with the piety of several young men with whom he spent the evening.

About six weeks after his return from Cambridge, he visited Ireland, in company with his eldest son, for the purpose of prosecuting his labours in connection with the Record Commission. He preached in Liverpool on his way, where his ministry was specially owned of God. After a night of storm and peril, a safe landing was made at Dublin. Here he preached, as well as elsewhere, attended Conference, and was assiduous in his researches among the archives of Christ Church, and those of other public institutions. It was during this visit that he met with Dr. Workman, one of his old school-fellows, whom he had satirised when a boy, but had not seen for a period of forty years. Having spent about five weeks in Ireland, he was requested by the Speaker of the House of Commons to proceed with his researches in the Tower of London, and also at Oxford ; at the latter of which places he arrived in the early part of the month of August. Here he was received with great respect by Mr. Gaisford, Regius Professor of Greek in Christ Church, who was also

curator of the Bodleian Library: and what was to him more than ordinarily delightful, in the way of association, he lodged in the apartment once occupied by the celebrated Dr. John Uri, to whose memory he left a merited tribute of respect, in an inscription of forty-three lines, cut by a diamond on a square of glass in the window of the room in which he studied. He was not a little gratified too, on finding himself seated at the table, where Charles Wesley sat, when a student at Christ Church. A letter, however, to Mr. Butterworth, by the perusal of which the intelligent reader will be gratified, will further express his feelings on this subject, as well as furnish him with an idea of the perplexing task which awaited the Doctor, in reference to some of his Record searches.

London, August 18, 1812.

You know I went to Oxford at the request of the Commissioners, and the first work appointed me was to collate a transcript, made by Wm. Ellis at Durham, of what is called the Boldon Book; it contains an ecclesiastical survey of the Bishopric of Durham, made in the twelfth century. A letter from the Speaker introduced me to the Rev. Professor Gaisford; who, as soon as he had read it, said most cheerfully he would render every assistance in his power. He invited me to dine in the Hall at Christ Church, that day; and thus I had the pleasure of sitting at the table where John Locke, Charles Wesley, and Charles Abbot, had often dined. I had of course, an introduction to the Bodleian; and Mr. Bandinel, sub-librarian, to whom the Professor had communicated the Speaker's letter, received me very politely. I requested that a room might be granted to write and collate in, and they appointed me one sequestered from the building, into which no person comes but the librarians, and where their most choice MSS., and all their editiones principes of classics are kept. This was just such a place as we needed: we began our work, and were fortunate enough to find two MSS. of the Boldon Book; one among the MSS. of *Doctor Rawlinson*, and the other among those of *Archbishop Laud*. I had not proceeded far, until I found that Mr. E.'s transcript was not from the *original* survey made by Bishop Pudsey, in 1183, but from a revisal of that survey made by *Bishop Hatfield*, 194 years afterwards: of these things the MSS. afforded me a sufficiency of *internal* evidence. It cost five days' working to collate these two MSS. with the transcript; and this furnished a very large harvest of various readings, and a multitude of corrections for the transcript made at Durham. At the end of the Laud MSS. there were several ancient *Charters, Placita, Inquisitiones*, &c., which I did not think proper to copy without further advice, as they did not appear to be connected especially with the subject of the Boldon Book. When I had gotten proper insight into the work, and was sure of the ground upon which I stood, it struck me I had better make a report to the Speaker himself, rather than mediately through

Mr. Cayley. I drew up a long letter, stating the discoveries I had made relative to the MSS. of the Boldon Book. I regret that the *Revision* had been copied, instead of the *original*, which rendered it so very awkward to adjust the various readings to it; and that, after all, it was absurd, as now the scion was made to bear the stock, instead of the stock bearing the scion. At the same time I stated, that I had been over the *Carte* collection of MSS., and that the only volume which could have been of use to me, containing Charters, and State Papers, from A.D. 1000, and of the contents of which a return was made to His Majesty's Commissioners, was not to be found in the Bodleian Library. Without examining, they had set down the contents of a volume (which it does not appear to me they ever possessed) from a MS. catalogue. I hinted, also, that, if the Commissioners wished it, I would draw up a detailed report on the Boldon Book; the contents, history, &c., of which I pretty well understood. As I found that Mr. Bandinel had just been printing proposals for a new edition of the *Monasticon*, and thinking that the Speaker would feel interested in the business, I enclosed a prospectus of the work. To this long letter I received the Speaker's reply yesterday; and from such a man, such a letter is no mean compliment. Two letters also, from Lord Glenbervie, expressing his delight with what I did for him, both at Oxford and Cambridge; his letter of to-day cautions me "not to work myself to death, nor to aim at too high perfection in the *Fœdera*."

Aware that Sir William Jones had set a high value on a Persian MS. in the Bodleian Library, and pronounced it the most beautiful of any he had ever seen, the Doctor examined it very minutely; after which, he gave the preference to one in his own collection, and invited the librarian, when in London, to call upon him to see it; the latter did so, and acknowledged the superior excellence of the one in the Doctor's possession. If the Doctor prided himself on one part of his library more than another, it was in his rich collection of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Persian, Arabic, &c., MSS., and which he would say would compete with that of any "private individual in the kingdom."*

Much as he had already accomplished, his work seemed to accumulate as he proceeded; reminding us of the traveller at the close of day, who, in fixing his eye on what he supposes to be the last hill, finds, on reaching its summit, height beyond height, over each of which he has to wend his

* This jocose species of glorying will be ceded to him as a right, when the reader peruses "A Historical and Descriptive Catalogue of the European and Asiatic Manuscripts in the library of the late Dr. Adam Clarke, F.S.A., M.R.S.A., &c. &c. &c., Illustrated by fac-similes of curious Illuminations, Drawings, &c., by J. B. B. Clarke, Trinity College, Cambridge." London: published by J. Murray, 1835. Royal 8vo, pp. 235; comprising 254 EUROPEAN, 17 HEBREW, 310 PERSIAN, ARABIC, SYRIAC, &c., 4 SINGALESE, PALI, SANSKRIT, &c., Manuscripts. A copy of this "Historical and Descriptive Catalogue," which the biographer is happy to possess, is a rarity, and seldom to be met with.

way, before he arrives at the place of promised rest. At the close of the year, he found 15,000 instruments of the reigns of Henry III. Edward I., &c., in the Tower, still to be examined; together with chests of treaties, and other documents in the Chapter House; a report to be written on no less than 366 Papal Bulls; with sundry commercial and military transactions in the reigns of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and the beginning of James I.; and yet this was only a part of what lay before him.

Notwithstanding the tendency of such pursuits to unfit the mind for the more hallowed ones of religion, he never appears to have relaxed his ardour in theological studies: he gave to the world this year, a valuable edition of the Rev. John Butterworth's "Concordance," with several additions and corrections;—accurately distinguishing the parts of speech, —improving the natural history of different beasts, birds, trees, plants, and precious stones,—expunging the fabulous relations adopted by Wilson and others,—defining the proper names derived from the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, &c., and comparing them with the originals,—altering the definitions of several theological terms, &c.; closing with a recommendation of the work, as "the most useful and valuable of its kind in a portable size."

Being frequently consulted in cases involving the interests of different parties and individuals, he never failed to give his advice with firmness, precision, and honesty of purpose. "I would not wish you," said he to a friend, "to have anything to do with a republican paper—that in question, being on the government side, has more to recommend it. The CONSTITUTION is good,—it is the best under the sun,—it can scarcely be mended. The executive government may, in particular cases, adopt bad measures—and therefore should not be vindicated in those things:—yet, in general, the executive government must be supported, because, if it be not, down goes the constitution, and up rise anarchy, and every possible evil. In these cases, you must be your own master, and not be obliged to follow the dictates of a proprietor, who probably may not be able to discover the end from the beginning;—better be a hewer of wood and drawer of water, than be political slave to such a person: be free; and

‘Scorn to have your free-born toe
Dragon’d into a wooden shoe.’

I believe the present murderous war has, on our side, been wrong from the beginning. We should never have engaged in it; there was not one political or moral reason why we should: it is the war of Pitt's ambition;—a crusade in behalf of Popery. I have heard all the infantine reasons that have been urged for its support; it has ruined Europe—has aggrandised our enemies—and is ruining us:—no sophistry can prove the contrary, or make it even plausible."

* Whatever difference of opinion might be entertained on the subject, and however the results may be contemplated by statesmen, there can be but one feeling among Christians, respecting the waste of human life, and but one opinion on the subject of

To a young lady in affliction, he observed, "The accompanying volumes I have had lying by me, waiting for a favourable opportunity of sending them to you. As their avowed tendency is to illustrate the Word of God, so as to make it both edifying and pleasing; they may serve to beguile a tedious hour, or steal something from pain and suffering, without unhinging the mind from its great centre." To have a friend like this thrown across the path of life, who makes it his study to assuage human woe, whether in young or old, is an unspeakable blessing: and yet, in this case, this was only a passing acquaintance. Being in the house of another friend, where one of its heads laboured under considerable physical debility, and seeing a glass of ale standing on the table for dinner, he quietly slipped the poker into the fire, and when red hot, put it into the liquor, and stirred it round; then handing it to his friend, said, "Drink that, and it will wrap round your stomach like a piece of warm flannel, and will, at the same time, impart strength, in consequence of its being impregnated with the iron."

His native cheerfulness rarely forsook him, even when suffering from indisposition. Handing the Bible* to the writer, "There," said he "you shall be chaplain for us to-night; internal ailments are but poor accompaniments, I assure you, to prayer." This being said with some degree of pleasantry, it was observed, "You are moving the muscles, Doctor, in the wrong direction." "It is the fact, however," he returned, in the same mood, "and I do not wish you to try it." Mr. S., some time after, looking upon the mantel-piece, and seeing a small piece of paper lying, with something wrapped up in it, was about to take it up,—“Let that alone,” said the Doctor, “it is my medicine:” further remarking, with the same humour, “but I need not be anxious about it, for I suppose I shall not find any of you very willing to take it for me.” The fire being rather low after supper, and Mr. J. S. going to it, and stirring it rather carelessly, the Doctor, in the same vein as before, said, “If you do not do better than that, Johnny, we may call in the neighbours to see it die.”

The season being rather cold, and a brisker fire than usual being necessary, it called up a somewhat ludicrous reminiscence, which shows the

expenditure; the great continental struggle having cost the Powers engaged in it, no less than £2,699,000,000, of which sum, we find £750,000,000 placed to the account of Great Britain; while, under the eleven years of the reign of Napoleon—to say nothing of what preceded,—5,449,000 men were sacrificed,—being a greater number than is stated to have been carried off during the civil wars of three centuries. In the last year of his reign, Napoleon levied, independent of the National Guards, 1,300,000 which is upwards of 100,000 per month.

* The Bible belonged to a friend, and having been freely used, the Doctor had devoted part of the day to the work of repairing it—pasting pieces of paper neatly on some of its torn pages, and writing on it, “This Bible was repaired by Adam Clarke;” stating further, that if not repaired at first, a heavy book will soon fall into pieces. Idleness would have been one of the heaviest calamities that could have settled down upon his comforts.

inimitable spirit in which the Doctor's favourite—the venerable Wesley, met the various “Incidents of Travel.” Mr. John Broadbent, who travelled with the latter in Scotland, complained of cold, though having six blankets on his bed. Mr. Wesley, finding an equal number on his own, took the one half of them off, and piled them on the bed of his travelling companion, who though oppressed with the weight, passed the night under them with tolerable comfort.

The Doctor himself was generally on the side of contentment, and could brook complaining as ill as self-complacency, and self-adulation. In a committee, in which he presided, a blunt, but honest man, losing for a moment a sense of the respect due to the meeting, told the members that he cared for no man, that he would never flinch from urging his claims, and stating what he thought right,—concluding with some self-praise in the discharge of duty, in which he considered himself entitled to equal attention with his brethren. After a momentary pause, the Doctor rose from his seat—placed his knuckles on the table, with his back partially bent, and his face towards the speaker, and asked in a half serious, half comic tone—“*Is he dead?*” The gentleman, unable to comprehend his meaning, inquired, “What is that, Sir?” “I ask,” replied the Doctor, significantly, “*Is he dead?*” Still in the dark with regard to the enigmatical question, it was subjoined, “*Is who dead, Sir?*” “Your *trumpeter*,” returned the Doctor. The members of the committee burst into a fit of laughter, and the voice of the good man was hushed to instant silence.

Dr. Clarke's literary honours having been already adverted to, it is unnecessary to say more than that, in the early part of 1813, he was elected fellow of the Antiquarian Society. In support of the honours he had thus won, the year was also distinguished for the publication of part of his Notes on the Four Gospels; the close of St. Matthew's being dated, “London, Oct. 22, 1812,”—St. Mark finishing with, “Nov. 12, 22, 1812,”—St. Luke, “Feb. 16, 1813,”—the “Harmonised Table of Contents of the Four Gospels,” appended to St. John, “London, June 1, 1813,”—and the “Introduction to the Four Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles,” prefixed to St. Matthew, “Feb. 21, 1814.” Mr. T. Clarke, the Doctor's second son, took part of the labour of correcting proofs, &c., upon himself, being well acquainted with the languages, and one in whom the fullest confidence was placed. This left the Doctor more at liberty to attend to the Record Commission, and other duties which more immediately pressed upon his time and attention. One little incident is worth naming; for, averse as Dr. Clarke was to receiving money in the shape of donation, there was one instance, (owing to its object, and the peculiar manner in which it was conveyed,) in which he condescended to accept a trifling sum from a friend—given not for work either done or in prospect, any more than from necessity, but for something to work upon.

On publishing his Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew, he forwarded the first copy he received from the binder, to the late William Marriot, Esq., London, accompanying it with a letter, in which that gentleman was reminded of a circumstance which occurred when the Doctor resided at Spitalfields; Mr. M. slipped a five pound note into his hand one day, saying, "I find you have commenced your Commentary; apply that sum to the purchasing of *pens* and *paper*; it will honour me thus far to forward the work." "This circumstance," the Doctor observed in his letter, "will probably be as completely obliterated from your mind, as an inscription on the sand of the sea shore, when washed away by the returning tide. I have now, however, the pleasure of presenting you with the *first-fruits* of that Commentary, so far as the New Testament is concerned; the sum you gave, was applied precisely to the purpose for which it was bestowed."*

St. Paul's epistles being noticed, and a question being asked, respecting an extended Life of the Apostle, several were mentioned, as well as admirable sketches, by popular Christian writers. On the inquirer naming "The Life of the Apostle, as related in Scripture, by Joseph Gurney Bevan," the Doctor stated, that he was personally acquainted with its author, that it was more distinguished for its piety than for literary merit, and that its circulation was chiefly confined to the Society of Friends. That published by Dr. Stephen Addington was deemed much superior, and as furnishing some excellent "critical and practical remarks." A gentleman present, who set a high, and not unjust value on the Puritanic school, lauded old Henry Bunting's "*Itinerarium Totius Sacræ Scripturæ*:" on this, the Doctor, who was not over fond of arithmetical minutiae in every trivial circumstance,—laughing at the minuteness of his observations, said, "What, you refer to that queer old writer, who measures the steps of patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, and states how many miles of ground they went over!" the mental, moral, and religious qualities of the Apostle, being of greater importance than the measurement of his steps. The following remarks will be deemed of value, as eliciting the Doctor's views on two or three points.

P.—"Is there sufficient ground in any of the writings of St. Paul, for the censure indulged in by St. Jerome, and others, of inelegance and obscurity, and of the Apostle's ignorance of the more elegant Greek?"

M.—"Blackwall, (in his *Vindication of the Sacred Classics*,) Elsner, Bos, Raphelius, and others, have not only illustrated with great beauty, but defended with uncommon force, the writings of the Apostle against such insinuations, preferred mostly by sceptics, or persons imperfectly acquainted with the Greek language."

* A section of this paper, 4to, ruled for text, notes, marginal references, &c., is preserved by the biographer as a curiosity, among other relics belonging to the Commentator—showing a portion of the ground on which he planted so many rare thoughts.

E.—"Might not the scholarship of the Apostle be inferred from his reference to different uninspired authors? Take, for instance, Acts xviii. 28; 1 Cor. xv. 33; Titus i. 12."

P.—"These might possibly have been quotations, which, like passages from Shakespeare, Milton, and others, had passed from mind to mind, and become familiar to others than general readers."

E.—"Bishop Bull's remark on, 'Bring with thee the books that I left at Troas,' seems very natural, viz., that it is evident, that Paul read other books than the Bible, and that, from his frequent use of Platonic phrases, he was well acquainted with the writings of their philosophers."

Dr. C.—"His style, allusions, and quotations, go in support of the fact, that he had read the best Greek writers; and he was evidently master of the three great languages spoken among the only people who deserved the name of nations,—languages, which, notwithstanding the cultivation of society, have maintained their rank through successive ages, thus proving their decisive superiority over all the languages of the world; I refer to the Hebrew, and its prevailing dialect, the Chaldaic-Syriac; to the Greek and the Latin. The city in which he was born, forms no objection to this opinion—Tarsus being not only the rival of Alexandria, but of Rome and of Athens, in the arts and sciences: and one of the very writers whose language he quotes—(Aratus,) was a Cilician, a countryman of his own. The words, *του γαρ και γενοϋς εϋμεν*, *We are also his offspring*, are to be found literatim in the *Phænomena* of Aratus; and although the sentiment is to be met with in the Hymn of Cleanthes,* yet, as Aratus flourished about 300 years before the Apostle, and Cleanthes 240, it is not unlikely that the latter borrowed from the former; the Apostle in all likelihood, being perfectly acquainted with both: his range of reading being implied in the expression—'your own poets,' referring not to poets exclusively born at Athens, but to Grecian poets, generally, Aratus and Cleanthes being among the most popular. The Apostle's natural powers were not only extraordinary, but his education, as we learn both from his historian and his writings, was at once liberal and profound."

M.—"May not something of his character for universal knowledge be also inferred from the remark of Festus to him, on his speech before Agrippa, 'Much learning (*πολλα γραμματα*, reading of many books) hath made thee mad?'"

E.—"That, taken in connection with what the Doctor has stated, respecting his animated address to the Athenians, in which he showed that he was no stranger to their poets, is sufficiently decisive—that he not

* This Hymn was translated into English verse, by Gilbert West, in his *Odes of Pindar*, &c. A critic has remarked, in reference to this Hymn, that an intelligent reader may be surprised to find "Such just sentiments of duty in a heathen, and so much poetry in a philosopher."

only had the credit of being a general reader, but incidentally maintained what others directly awarded to him. Nor is it too much to say, (for his mental character would lead to it, being more metaphysical than poetical,) that he was acquainted not only with the poets, but with the writings of the philosophers and historians both of Greece and Rome, which necessarily familiarised him with the principles and customs, the laws and manners, of distant ages and nations, as well as with the distinguished characters and public transactions in each. To which of the Greek writers are we to give the credit of 'Evil communications corrupt good manners?'"

Dr. C.—"There are many of them, as Æschylus and Diodorus Siculus, in whose writings not only the sentiment, but nearly the same words are found; and there is a proverb among the Rabbins which bears a strong resemblance to it; but the general opinion is, that it was taken from the comedy of 'Thais,' by Menander,* which is lost: on examination it will be found to make a perfect Iambic verse."

M.—"Are we correct in attributing to Epimenides the Apostle's quotation in his epistle to Titus—'One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said, The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies?'"

Dr. C.—"The writings themselves cannot now be appealed to for the fact, because not extant; but on the testimony of St. Jerome, Socrates, Nicephorus, and others, the words are taken from a work of Epimenides on 'Oracles,' and they evidently form an hexameter verse."

P.—"How comes it, that the Apostle, an inspired man, gives to this heathen the honour of a prophet?"

Dr. C.—"Several prophecies are attributed to him by Diogenes Laertius, Plato, and others; the latter designating him *a divine man* (*αὐτὸς θεῖος*); while Cicero gave him the credit of foretelling future events. The Cretans, for a period of between five and six hundred years before the Apostle wrote, had deemed him a prophet; and as such, on his death, according to Plutarch, rendered him divine honours. The Apostle, therefore, only intimates that he was reputed such by the Cretans. It may be added, that *vates* and *poeta*, were synonymous among the Romans—*prophet* and *poet*."

E.—"To return to the objection with which the remarks started; friend P., who, as all are aware, is no unbeliever, will find few object to the sentiment of a gentleman in high repute in the republic of letters,—that, 'The Apostle Paul's wisdom did not seek after the beauties of language, but the beauties of language offered themselves, and attended on his wisdom.'"

M.—"If his preaching bore any resemblance to his writings, he must,

* Menander drowned himself 293 years before the incarnation of our Lord. Some of his fragments have been published in English by Joseph Wharton, Francis Hawkes, and George Colman; the latter in his Translations of the Comedies of Terence.

agreeably to the sentiments of those who have paid the closest attention to the subject, and are most capable of forming an estimate of his general strain, have been unusually serious, solid, argumentative, tender, pathetic, experimental, spiritual, and heavenly—evangelically practical, and practically evangelical.”

Some remarks were then made on the real ability of several of the ancients, as exemplified in their writings, and the great difference between an enlightened and an unenlightened author, with the advantage of the one over the other; the Doctor closing with,—“In some of the old writers, we have a spark of life in a continent of mud:” particularising the Venerable Bede, who was the first man in England to translate a part of the Bible into our language—then Saxon, but who was, certainly, more remarkable for piety than for intellect, as, “a weak-minded man,—believing down every absurdity, and so resembling a river emptying itself into the sea.”

SECTION III.

1814.

In the spring of 1814, the Doctor, in consequence of several spasmodic attacks induced by intense labour, felt his health more seriously injured than usual, and was anxious to diminish, if possible, the amount of work which pressed upon him; but instead of that, he had forwarded to his residence several chests of manuscripts, by Miss Sharp, granddaughter of the primate of that name, and niece of the excellent Granville Sharp, comprising collections belonging to the Archbishop himself, to Bishop Chandler, and to Dr. Mangey, containing notes and criticisms on antiquities, languages, and the works of the Greek writers. Through these he waded with invincible patience and perseverance; and after arranging them, and setting aside collections for the British Museum, the libraries belonging to the dioceses of Durham, York, &c., he found himself amply repaid by meeting with some papers which threw considerable light on the “Wesley Family;” and of which he afterwards availed himself. The death of Dr. Coke, too, which gave an impetus to missionary enterprise and feeling, and became a powerful argument in favour of public meetings, necessarily brought with it an accession of toil.

At the Conference of this year, held in Bristol, he was elected President for the second time; its sittings were distinguished, in addition to ordinary business, by a vote of thanks to “the Preachers of the

Leeds, Halifax, York, Sheffield, Cornwall, and Newcastle Districts, who had been concerned in the formation of Methodist Missionary Societies,"—together "with the members and friends of the said Societies;"—a recommendation of "the plan of Classical Education, originally drawn up by Mr. Wesley, for the use of Kingswood School," and to be forthwith "revived and adopted;"—and an "Address to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent," expressive of loyal affection to the person, family, and Government of the Sovereign, gratitude for religious privileges, and for "the restoration of peace to the nations of Europe," closing with an "entreaty that his Royal Highness would be pleased to use his utmost endeavours to prevent the threatened revival of the African Slave Trade," as well as "secure the immediate and universal abolition of that most inhuman and unchristian traffic."

On the subject of the proposed address to the Prince Regent, Dr. Clarke's opinion was at variance with that of the Conference; he had given it his best consideration, and the result was, that he deemed it would not be proper.

1st. Because the Methodists had not been reduced to the necessity of carrying their complaints to the throne; consequently, the Prince had not been petitioned in reference to any measures of relief. •

2nd. As the Prince took no part at all in the business, (nor was it necessary he should do so,) and gave the royal assent to the bill in question, just as he did to others, (for there was no marked peculiarity in his assenting in the present one), it did not appear to him that an address of thanks was at all called for; and as the Doctor was ever most sensitive upon the point of the Methodists putting themselves prominently forward, and courting the attention of Government, or inviting the eye of the country, so he felt, that silence on the occasion was the most proper course: he was of opinion, also, that the act was not so much an *indulgence*, as a fair and honest desert; for, in conversing with a friend, he observed, "we have been, are now, and I trust shall be, for ever liege subjects, conscientiously attached to our king and country, and consequently having a right to claim the protection of the laws; a protection which, in many cases, has been shamelessly withheld from us, not only by Government, but by the sub-executors of the law;" and with this view of the subject before him, he felt that the Methodists had no more than their right; indeed, that in strict justice, there were arrears not yet paid off.

On another point, also, he felt delicately; and with fine tact, his mind distinguished between the pure Christian simplicity of acknowledging God as the Giver of all good, and of bringing human instrumentality too prominently on the foreground. He was thrillingly sensitive, also, in reference to the *person* to whom the proposed address was to be presented. "Had our beloved sovereign the reins of government in his

own hand," he observed to the above-mentioned friend, "I should feel very differently; I might then wish to seize the present as an opportunity of telling him, how much we revered and loved him, and how amply he had redeemed the pledge he gave to his people on his accession to the throne; and how, in consequence, he had conciliated the affections of all his subjects; and how he had recommended and illustrated, by his own example, the whole code of political, moral, and domestic duties;" but the person in this case, he felt, rendered the address from the Conference, as the Wesleyan organ, improper; and the majority of our readers will, no doubt, be of the Doctor's opinion.

In connection with this Conference a subject may be referred to, which, though in the estimation of some it may appear of trivial importance, proves the Doctor's abiding hostility to what he deemed pernicious; and which, while it shows his inflexible adherence to rule, contains a fine moral: it is alluded to the more readily, as the person who underwent the examination in reference to it, has ceased to live among men.

The candidates for free admission into the ministry, among the Wesleyans, are ranged before the President, and examined on various points of doctrine and discipline. Among other matters it is required of them that they should not indulge in the use of tobacco, in any form whatever. Among the young men now claiming for admission, was one whom the Doctor knew to be an immoderate smoker, and whom, as he entertained a high opinion of him, he was resolved, if possible, to rescue from the pernicious and objectionable habit. The question was proposed—

Dr. Clarke.—"Do you use tobacco in any form, brother?"

Candidate.—"A little, Sir."

Dr. C.—"You must give it up."

Cand.—"I use it for the sake of health, Sir."

Dr. C.—"Our rule is against it, and I cannot admit you, unless you will give it up."

Cand.—"Well, Sir, I will try to give it up."

Dr. C.—"An attempt will do nothing, unless persevered in."

Cand.—"I think it hard, Sir, where health requires it."

Dr. C.—"Our rule knows no exceptions; and I would not, in the situation in which I am placed, admit my own father—no not an angel from heaven, without the pledge of total abandonment. You can take time to consider it; do nothing rashly; if, after you have thought upon it a day or two, or another year, you think you can conscientiously give the pledge, you can then be received."

Here the candidate began to consider it a serious affair, as he was not prepared to resign his place in the body, or to be put back on trial.

Cand.—"Well, Sir, I feel inclined to relinquish it."

Dr. C.—"Do you solemnly promise it?"

Cand.—"I do, Sir."

Dr. C.—"Express yourself clearly, brother.—Am I to understand that you will bind yourself to give it up *now*—only for a short period, and be at liberty to resume it? There is no mental reservation, is there?"

Cand.—"I cannot say, Sir, what circumstances of health, &c., might occur to call for it; but I intend it at present."

Dr. C.—"On these terms, I will not receive you. You can make the experiment for twelve months; and then, if you think you can subscribe to the requirement, you can come forward for full admission into the work."

Cand.—Pausing—somewhat chagrined—and perceiving the case to deepen in serious effect,—“Well, then, Sir, I solemnly promise to give it up."

Dr. C.—"For ever?"

Cand.—"Yes, by the help of God, not to resume it."*

Adverting to the subject some time after this, the Doctor remarked, "How brother —— could relapse immediately into the habit of smoking, is a subject I do not like to dwell upon. I examined him con-

* A more smart and humorous examination than this took place at a subsequent period, at City Road.

Dr. Clarke.—"Do you take tobacco in any form, brother?"

1st Candidate.—"Yes, Sir, I take a pipe now and then."

Dr. C.—"Give it up."

1st Cand.—"I should be very glad to give it up, Sir, but my medical man recommended it to me."

Dr. C.—Playfully—"Give my love to him, and tell him he is a dirty fellow."

1st Cand.—"When I take a pipe, it always costs me a day's illness."

Dr. C.—"If you have the *punishment* with the *sin*, and a *medical gentleman* recommends it, you will have to go on a little longer." To another;—

Dr. C.—"Do you take tobacco in any form, brother?"

2nd Cand.—(Somewhat pertly) "I take a little snuff, Sir."

Dr. C.—"Give it up."

2nd Cand.—"I will give it up, Sir, if the Conference require me."

Dr. C.—"I am the Conference, Sir, while I am seated here, and I order you to give it up."

2nd Cand.—A good deal toned down by the Doctor's authoritative air, and handing out a small box, about the size of the first joint of his thumb—"That serves me some months, Sir."

Dr. C.—"Hand it this way; as it is so *small*, it can be no great cross to give it up."

The Doctor met with a more hazardous subject, in the case of a preacher who had long been in the itinerant work. The late Mr. D. Isaac was lodging at the same house with him one Conference, and after dinner, stepped into the garden to enjoy his pipe. The Doctor followed shortly after, and having been seen by Mr. Isaac through the opening leaves, the latter popped the pipe into the centre of a thick gooseberry bush. But the fumes of the tobacco prevailed over the fragrance of the sweetest of Flora's children; and the Doctor coming up to Mr. Isaac, who appeared to be demurely gazing on the beauties of nature, jocosely said, "What, you are ashamed of your idol?" "No, Sir," returned Daniel, who was resolved to brave it out, and at once disarm his assailant, "I have only hid it to avoid giving offence to a weak brother;" leaving the Doctor the choice of applying the remark either to himself, or another gentleman at no great distance. This was said so much in keeping with the native character of Mr. Isaac, that the Doctor could not refrain from smiling at the wit and presence of mind displayed; both of which placed, for the moment, the extinguisher on the pipe.

scientifically, as in the presence of God, and would not pass him without a solemn promise, which he gave,—I fully believe, in the fear of God ; and yet, he is again a slave to it,—can sit up till 12 o'clock at night, or later, with Mr. ———, of ———, and next day regret that time was so short, and wish for another night's enjoyment of his '*rich conversation.*'" A friend remarked,—“For a man to make the solemn pledge, he did, and deliberately to break it, was to lie before God.” “Why no,” returned the Doctor, “perhaps not. Some of the candidates who have given the most solemn promise to relinquish smoking, have afterwards experienced inconvenience, and unpleasant sensations arising from the absence of the accustomed stimulus, &c. ; have worked themselves into a persuasion that the thing was necessary to health, and assisted their studies ; and that though *man* had wished them to give it up, yet God did not require it—that they had even done wrong in making the promise, by removing from themselves a provision in nature which God had supplied for their benefit,—and that they were absolutely injuring themselves by yielding to the restriction. All this, I say, is possible, and I thus endeavour to go with them : but what I object to is this—the Conference refuses to admit a man, (referring to another case,) because he cannot conscientiously subscribe to the notions of a few individuals on a point of theology, which a Christian man may either believe, or not, without injury to his faith, piety, or usefulness, and which was never till now urged as a test of candidateship for the ministry ; and yet will compel persons to subscribe to a rule on smoking and snuffing, and allow them to violate it without rebuke or monition. When latitude is given, in cases which seem to involve principle and conscience, and the most stringent impositions are observed in others which seem to involve neither, we may then take up the language of an old Scotch minister and exclaim,—‘I hae seen an end o’ all perfakshun.’” The Doctor loved consistency.

The questions proposed in the foregoing examination, are still submitted to candidates for the ministry among the Wesleyan body. It is not the writer's purpose to enter into the merits of the case here, as bearing upon the physical and mental health of the individual ; but few persons would entertain a doubt as to the expediency of an attempt, on the part of the Conference, to abolish the practice of smoking in the case of those who are to hold the office, and sustain the responsibilities of ministers in the church ; the habit, generally speaking, is a mere indulgence, and the inconvenience resulting from its abandonment would consist more in the difficulty of self-denial, than in any injury to the health or spirits ; the arguments used against it, if they have any force at all, apply with peculiar emphasis to Christian ministers : time with them is precious ; and although midnight lucubrations are not to be commended, even on the plea of redeeming time, yet to devote the hours of evening to

the pipe, and to be shrouded and obfuscated in fumes of tobacco, while the books lie dimly seen in the dreaminess of the sublimed, or nearly unconscious, student, is indeed an evil, least to be tolerated in expounders of the oracles of God! But while the duty of those who have the solemn and important responsibility of laying down requirements for admission to the Christian ministry, is on this point clearly ascertained, it would surely be well, precisely to define the nature of the pledge to be taken, and to be especially careful that those who have the authority to propose it, give no opportunity, in their own conduct, for supposing that the test is merely formal; and that while it bears upon the practice of the individual *under* examination, has no particular reference to his duty *after* examination: many a good rule has fallen into desuetude through this very cause; for, if the legislator be not scrupulous as to the practice of his own laws, neither can he, with any show of justice complain, if they meet little respect from those for whose behoof they were framed. If Conference be itself enveloped in the perfumes of the narcotic weed, how can it expect to irradiate the minds of candidates on the necessity of abstinence from the indulgence of the pipe? and if, as it now and then befalls a reverend questioner on the subject of *snuff-taking*, he apply the pulverised weed to his nose, while he proposes the test from his lips, how can it be expected that the answer will contain no mental reservation, regarding in its issues the practice of the unconscious examiner? Consistency on this point is a great desideratum in the body of Wesleyan ministers; and should any feel inclined to blame the conduct of the young candidate, above referred to, who violated the promise made, touching his determination to relinquish smoking, let him call to mind the searching rebuke of our Lord, to the accusers of the erring woman in the Gospel:—"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."*

Toward the close of the year, the first public Missionary Meeting was held among the Wesleyans in the metropolis, in accordance with similar ones which had been convened at Leeds, York, Hull, Halifax, Sheffield, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, &c., in order to raise supplies for the support of the Missionary cause. On this occasion Dr. Clarke took the chair, and delivered an appropriate address, which, at the request of the meeting, was published in a separate form; and afterwards in his "*Miscellaneous Works*," vol. xiii., p. 19—39. The article is entitled, "*A Short Account of the Introduction of the Gospel into the British Isles; and the obligations of Britons to make known its salvation to every region of the earth; in an address delivered in the Chapel, City Road, London, on Thursday*

* Not only many of the preachers, all of whom have passed through the ordeal, have returned to the pipe, and become inveterate smokers, but even the Presidents are not unfrequently found among non-abstainers;—say, John Gaulter with his *pipe* and Jabez Bunting with his *snuff-box*—the latter, after his *pledge*, refusing to deny himself in Committees of Examination.

evening, December 1, 1814, at the formation of a Missionary Society, among the people called Methodists, in that City:" with this motto, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased," Dan. xii. 4. The whole shows extensive reading, and a thorough knowledge of the subject proposed.* About the same time he finished a paper on "The Spread of Biblical Knowledge," and sent it to the "Editor of the *Methodist Magazine*," published it also in the same volume of his "Miscellaneous Works," and which pairs admirably with the "Address." It opens with, "The British and Foreign Bible Society have realised, in reference to the habitable globe, in a moral sense, what Archimedes vainly wished in a physical sense: *Δος μου στῶ*, he said, *καὶ τὸν κόσμον κινήσω*. 'Give me a place to stand on, and I shall move the world.' Following the mechanical ideas of this great mathematician, I am authorised to state, that the providence of God has become a station, on which the vast lever of the British and Foreign Bible Society has been erected, and worked by a few individuals. They have been enabled, by the good hand of God upon them, to move the whole habitable globe. We, who live in this favoured day, have seen this institution, as the angel in the apocalypse, 'flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell upon the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people.' Our forefathers longed to see this day; they did anticipate the glorious era, for God himself had foretold it; and their hearts rejoiced in the lapse of ages that were bringing forward those auspicious times, and the *talía sæcla currite*! 'Roll onward, ye glorious times!' was modified into ten thousand prayers. It is enough; God has given the commandment; and the nations of the earth have opened their hearts to receive the word of life." Another article followed, with an amount of condensed information, rarely to be met with in the same compass, entitled, "The Necessity and Existence of Missions, proved from Prophecy, Precept, and Testimony; together with an Historical Account of the earliest and Chief Missions employed by God and Man to establish them:"† published also, in the volume with the above. He never lost the feeling of early days, when he preached from house to house, with the Hymn-book as the ground-work of his evangelical lispsings, as though, at that time, the Bible was too profound a text-book for one so young:

* The biographer possesses the copy with the Doctor's last corrections, dated "May 6, 1821," which, for the gratification of the reader, may be stated to be that of which the piece in his "Miscellaneous Works," is a correct copy.

† This piece was entitled by the Doctor, in the MS., but afterwards altered by the Rev. J. B. B. C., "Means used by God and Man to Spread the Knowledge of the Gospel of Christ throughout the Earth." In the "Remarks," towards the close, the Doctor had a particular, which stood in the order of "3d." to which was appended, "Then *Human Learning* was resorted to as a *substitute* for this unction: but there were no conversions under this ministry." This was crossed out by the same pen which had altered the other, but was restored by the Editor of the Doctor's "Miscellaneous Works," as a subject not to be blinked.

his whole soul was imbued with the missionary spirit, and steeped in the sublimities of heaven—ever panting after the salvation of the world!

Wherever help was needed, and he had the power and opportunity to impart it, Dr. Clarke waited not for an invitation; but modestly and prudently stepped forward,—the same in reference to the individual, as to the mass. Hearing one day of the illness of an aged disciple of Christ, and other duties preventing the possibility of a visit, he immediately addressed a sympathising note to him: “It was not with a small degree of concern that I heard this morning, by Mr. Myles, that you were very ill, and not likely to recover. I should have been glad to have seen you, but fearing that you might be called to glory, before I could reach your house, I choose, by this paper, to talk a little with you, to tell you that I love you; and to tell you, what I trust you gloriously feel, that God loves you. He has long continued you an useful member of his Church; and has put honour upon you by employing you in his work. If he be now determined to remove you from your *labour*, it must be to your eternal *rest*. I do not wish you to look at anything you have done or suffered for God, as any *recommendation* to his favour: much less, as the *price* of his glory: you have been better taught. You know that you have redemption only through his blood; and that whatever you have done and suffered in his cause, it has only been through his own grace strengthening you: for without him you could do nothing. But as being a child of God, by faith in Christ Jesus, you have a *right* to look for an *inheritance* among the saints in light: for if *sons*, then *heirs*. Claim every promise of God as your own; fear not your adversary; Jesus will bruise him under your feet; he knows that you are feeble, but he has not brought the poor Israelite so far through the wilderness, to leave him now to perish in the desert.”

Heavily taxed as was his time in the metropolis, and little as he had to spare for occasional sermons, yet such was the importunity of the people in different parts of the Connexion, that he was obliged to yield himself up to their entreaties, and take upon himself the extra labour of opening chapels, &c. One occasion, about this time, is still vivid in the writer's recollection—the opening of the Holbeck Chapel, Leeds. The Doctor's text was, 2 Peter i. 4, &c. Several ministers of different denominations were present; among whom, as men of distinguished eminence, may be noticed the Revs. James Parsons, of York, and R. W. (now Doctor) Hamilton, of Leeds. Adverting to the term “*lust*,” Dr. Clarke remarked, that at the time of the translation of the regularly authorised version of the Scriptures, it was employed in a less offensive sense than at present—simply signifying *desire*, and supported the rendering by a quotation from Spenser's “Shepherd's Calendar,” for July, in the Eclogue of Thomalin and Morrel:

“ If thee *lust* to holden chat
 With seely shepherd’s swain,
 Come down, and hear the little what—
 That Thomalin would sain.”*

In the course of his sermon, he took an opportunity of delivering a somewhat severe philippic against the heartless, unsubstantial, tinselled, flimsy discourses, prevalent in some quarters; and which were ill-calculated either to instruct or impress the hearts of an auditory,—designating the method described as a kind of “*namby pamby* mode of preaching.” While at dinner, at Mr. Ripley’s, the celebrated William Dawson, being one of the party, said, in his usual pleasant way, directing his conversation to the Doctor, “There was one form of expression in your sermon, Dr. Clarke, which I should like to hear more fully explained,—it was ‘*namby pamby* :’ what are we to understand by ‘*namby pamby* preaching?’” The Doctor, who was seated before some whipped cream, which rose in a pyramidal form, crowned with comfits of different colours, took up a knife, and dexterously sweeping it through the middle, without in the least disfiguring the article, said, on laying down the knife,—“That is what I mean by *namby pamby* preaching: it makes no impression:” subjoining with pleasantry, “Do not be alarmed; it is perfectly classical,—it is a term employed by Dean Swift! The preaching to which I referred, bears the same relation to that which I should like to see everywhere established, as the whipped cream bears to the roast beef at the head of the table. The Doctor knew to whom he was addressing himself; and this was just adapted to the taste and genius of Dawson.

It was near the same time, too, that he opened the Wesleyan Chapel at Bingley; on which occasion he was generously and respectfully entertained at the residence of General Sir John Byng.

The case was rare, in these excursions, in which he would allow any one, above the capacity of a servant, to act the part of a porter by carrying his luggage, when he could conveniently take it himself. Mr. Pilter, on one occasion, requested to be allowed to carry a bag for him; no, returned the Doctor, “Let every horse carry its own harness.”

He met, in his travels, with Henry Taylor, of North Shields, formerly a local preacher in the Wesleyan Connexion; but then one of the Society of Friends, and a person of great respectability. They were both in the coach, but not personally known to each other. Conversation was free and varied, though chiefly religious. Turning upon Methodism, Mr. Taylor observed, “Of all the preachers, in John Wesley’s society, I would like to see and converse with Adam Clarke.” The Doctor, afraid lest the good man should in some way commit himself, and so occasion unpleasant feeling, immediately observed, “You need not go far to see him, as you have the man before you.” Seldom as it is that the Friends betray any-

* The Sermon was afterwards published in 1830; see Sermons, vol. iii., p. 12, 8vo.

thing like emotion, Mr. Taylor evinced no ordinary feeling of pleasure ; and something of the spirit of brotherhood was felt and cherished on both sides.

The unexampled success which attended the appeals made by Dr. Clarke, to the benevolence of the public, occasioned, of course, frequent solicitations for such valuable services : but the largest benevolence may sometimes be overtaxed ; and he became at length completely uneasy of a description of service to which, at the best, he had always felt a strong aversion ; and which nothing but a still stronger sense of duty could have induced him to perform. Conversing with a friend on the subject, he said,—“ I am never backward to take my due proportion of labour in any charitable collection among us ; but I do not like to be the packhorse of every charity. Last Sabbath they saddled me with a charity sermon, at City Road, for a work for which I had preached a little before at Spital-fields ; to-morrow I must go out of my place to preach for the Sunday-schools at Southwark : wherever I go they are sure to have a collection ; so that my friends, or the strangers who come to hear me, are constantly *taken in* ; this has now become nearly intolerable. I have been persuaded for the last twenty years, that none of our charities should be in debt : God calls us to expend no more in this way than his providence puts into our hands. What do we think of an individual who runs into debt, in order to give to the poor ? Why, that he is either a *bad* man, or a *mad* man. We should have done with this work ; it can be no more innocent in a society than in an individual.”

In some cases he was not a little annoyed with the selections of hymns for Sunday School Anniversaries. When requested to preach on one of these occasions in Lancashire,* he had the pieces put into his hand, which were to be sung ; one of which contained a versification of the 99th verse of the cxix. Psalm—“ I have more understanding than all my teachers ; ” which was headed with, “ To be sung by the children.” He very properly reprehended the teachers for putting such language into the mouths of the children, and would not allow it to be sung ; stating, that however suitable the words might be for David, they were unfit for them ; and that what was fit for wisdom, age, and experience, was often out of place with childhood. There were certain prejudices and prepossessions, too, which he could not surmount. He refused pressing and repeated invitations to preach in another town in Lancashire, assigning as a reason, the circumstance of the Wesleyans having sold an old chapel for a theatre, which was to be replaced by a new one. Without entering into the merits of the case, the bare act itself is rather revolting to the puritanic character of Wesleyanism.

Of all the sermons preached in the Wesleyan body, of an occasional character, *trial* sermons, so called, were the most repulsive to his feelings.

* Bridgewater Street, Manchester.

A young man, who had belonged to another religious community, having been appointed to preach one of these sermons before a district committee, the Doctor observed to one of the Irish brethren, "You are too much like Noah's ark, in this instance; taking in both clean and unclean: I would not have admitted one of these *runners*, either on this, or the other side of the water. As for trial sermons, I hate them; they are no proper criterion by which to judge of a man's fitness or unfitness for the work. Mr. Wesley never observed anything of the kind, except occasionally, when a man was accidentally, or otherwise, thrown near London, when he himself was there. He simply questioned those who knew him, and in whose judgment he could confide, respecting the man's piety, talents, and usefulness; and if satisfied, sent him to a circuit. There was one man, who thought he had a call to preach, and whom Mr. Wesley heard: on the latter leaving the chapel, he was asked by Mr. Pawson what he thought of him as a preacher, when he briefly replied, 'He aims at nothing.' Had Mr. Wesley seen any object that the man had *out* of him on the people, and anything *in* him, however awkwardly delivered, but which, in the course of time, was likely to be useful, he would have borne with him, and engaged him in the work of the ministry. Dr. Coke, in his zeal, was too lax in taking young men out into the missionary field; and when objections were made to the objects of his choice, he would have literally shouted out in the Conference, and charged the brethren with suppressing the spirit of prophecy, when some of them, in fact, had not a prophecy for the people." A young person present, with some flippancy, accompanied by a touch of contempt, and an air of superiority, inquired of the Doctor to what *batch* the preacher belonged who was appointed to preach before the district committee; when, to check such pertness, he asked in return, "Do you know what a 'batch' is?" On perceiving something like hesitancy, he proceeded; "I will tell you: it is a *patch* of cloth sewed upon another piece—and denotes to *mend*." The last word was delivered with its appropriate and emphatic meaning. The Rev. D. M'Nicol, who had been at the place a little before, was eulogised as a preacher. "When David came first to me," said the Doctor, "he committed all his sermons to memory, and read them out of his heart to the people; but I told him he must be broken of that: and on giving up his *memoriter* sermons, he became a much better and more effective preacher."

On the subject of memory, he remarked: "The more I consider the faculty, the more I am inclined to fall in with the system of Father Malbranche;—that in early life, an idea passes over the mind, and leaves its trace upon the brain—just like a snail, (by way of illustration,) passing over the ground, and leaving its trace—line after line, filling as they proceed, and becoming smaller, shorter, and fainter as age advances. I have a distinct recollection of what I was taught and conversant with in

youth ; but for some years back, though things have been accumulating, their impression is less strong and distinct. We must look to our schools," continued he, "for churches ; good impressions received there seldom fail ; for if the subjects of them go out of the way, they will continue to follow them—even to the gallows." A steady friend of Sunday-schools being present—having waited upon the Doctor to request his aid, by preaching and making a collection—availed himself of the last sentence to hitch in a remark in favour of his plea for help, by relating the case of a young lad, who, about that time, had been accessory to the murder of an excellent man, a teacher in a Sunday-school, whom the biographer had, as a hearer, a short time before the fatal catastrophe took place. The boy had also been a scholar in one of the schools with which the gentleman himself was connected ; he closed his narrative with a confirmation of the Doctor's remark on the permanency of early impressions, by stating the fact, that he had visited the youth in the condemned cell, when his early instructions came to his aid—he became deeply penitent—and furnished ground of hope that he had obtained mercy before he reached the place of execution. Some uneasiness having been manifested in the school in question, and the gentleman being about to enter upon the subject, with a view to show the real state of the case, the Doctor observed, "Do not let me hear of anything bad, or I shall be unable to preach : I never like to enter into long details about schools ; few preachers are able to manage them, and, I believe, I am one of these ; they only set the people reasoning, when they ought to be set a giving ; for the latter, a single sentence is all that is necessary, comprised in about half-a-dozen lines. The men and women who teach in these schools, give, in the sacrifices they make, much more than others do by their pounds ; for neither themselves nor the children can come at their full quota of instruction, under God, as they are not, in common with others, under the Gospel." Then, in reference to the state of the funds, to which allusion had been made, he proceeded, in a strain similar to that which distinguished his address to his friend, "It is not right to go, (in expenditure,) beyond the income of any school, in hope, that, through some incidental fit of charity, people may be induced to give. We ought to trust to no one in this way ; there is a common fund of benevolence, on which we may draw, and we should never go beyond reasonable expectation. To run into debt, in the expectation of some remarkable impulse, is a piece of impudence and presumption : it is in effect putting God's providence into *debt*, and we have no right to do this : God never does a work in any Church, without providing the means of support ; and let us not go beyond."

Though a little shy of public exhibitions, without which some men find it difficult to live, yet he would have courted a little ordinary work, rather than indulge the greater pain of idleness. Spending a few days with a friend, at a distance, he observed, "I have no notion of eating the

bread of idleness here, for a week together ; I should like to do something for it in the neighbourhood : ” adding, “ if the preachers were to ask me, I think I should have no objection to preach.” To this it was responded, “ Publicity should be given to it.” “ No,” replied the Doctor ; “ I will have no publicity given to it ; I only wish to have the man’s congregation whose place it is to occupy the pulpit ; and then (turning to Mr. P., who had just entered the room) I shall see how you are liked at home.”

Dr. Clarke was appointed to preach in City Road Chapel, Sunday, January 22nd, 1815 ; and took for his subject, “ The Christian Race.” This, though exceedingly appropriate, was not selected for the occasion ; but, as usual, came in the regular course of reading. The text was 1 Cor. ix. 24—27 ; and after elucidating and enforcing the most prominent expressions employed by the Apostle, and the customs to which allusion was made, he closed with one observation upon the whole, on the necessity of earnestness in religion. “ Exercise,” said he, “ seems to be so necessary to the life of man, that he cannot exist comfortably without it. In coming along the streets this morning, and seeing the people running, I said, Here is an useful lesson : if they do not run they must freeze ; and we also shall freeze, brethren, if we do not continue to exercise ourselves in faith and prayer. I cannot conceive how a man can preserve the consolations of God’s Spirit, unless he be active. If we do not run, we freeze. When I see you careless, and not putting forth the strength God has given, I inquire, Are you warm ? are you healthy ? have you a vigorous appetite ? And so it is in religion : do you enjoy the salvation of God ? if not, it is because you are careless : you are not running to keep yourselves warm. Jesus went about doing good, and the Spirit of Jesus lives in those who go about doing good. I would give very little for that religion which does not lead men to labour, in order to bring glory to God, and good to their fellow-creatures. If we look to the conclusion, we shall see the necessity of exercising ourselves in this way : ‘ Lest,’ says the Apostle, ‘ I should be a cast-away.’ ”

It was somewhere about this time, that he became acquainted with Mr. Boyd, an excellent Greek scholar ; and translator of “ Select Passages of St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and St. Basil,”—“ Select Poems of Synesius and Gregory Nazianzen,”—“ The Agamemnon of Æschylus,” &c. With this gentleman the Doctor had some correspondence on the Greek Article : the views of the former may be seen in an Essay, with its Postscript, at the close of the Doctor’s Commentary on the Epistles to the Ephesians and to Titus. The *divine*, as well as the scholar, was taxed in the Doctor, and he wrote to Mr. Boyd, after this, by way of settling a disputed point, on the Infinite Merit of Christ’s Sacrifice.

The following letter from Dr. Clarke, to his confidential friend and relative, Mr. Butterworth, will exhibit an important and interesting

scene, as well as place Mr. Boyd in an advantageous point of view before the eye of at least the Wesleyan reader.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—Yesterday was an ordeal to me without the slightest previous notice or intimation. When we began our District Meeting, I found myself called upon to answer certain inquiries respecting my soundness in the faith. Mr. —, rose and stated the most serious objections to my Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans; and especially to the extract made from Dr. Taylor: he spake for about half an hour, and was followed, on the same line, by nine others: they all treated me, of course, with respect; but augured the most awful consequences from the work, entreated me to “call it in,” to “abolish it from the copies still unsold, and to write another preface.” I said little, save that I was fully satisfied that none of the objections they stated lay fairly against the extracts made, however they might lie against Dr. Taylor’s scheme in general; that I was perfectly willing to give any reasonable explanation, but, that they must have very shallow minds, who, after having read in different parts, the strong and new explanations and demonstrations, which I had given of the doctrines of Christianity, could accuse me of heterodoxy. They unanimously agreed that I was sound in faith, in every respect; but that Key! that Key!! Upon the whole, I perceived, that had the same things been written by myself, they would have been all sound and fair; but the name of Dr. Taylor, against whom Mr. W——, wrote, has blasted all. I know that this work has done much good: nor did I hear it could ever be suspected of harm until yesterday morning. Mr. Boyd, a thorough scholar, especially as a Grecian, and a rigid disciple of Calvin, has been converted by reading this very reprehensible thing; I scarcely recollect a recent event which has afforded me more satisfaction, than his communication of this fact to me. At different times Mr. Creighton has written to me on the subject of my comment on this epistle, and once said,—“The extract made from Dr. Taylor, and the manner in which you have executed your task, in reference to this epistle, excels all you have ever done in your life.” What am I to do? You may guess I am not a little pained.*

* The following letter will be acceptable to the Biblical student, and to the classical reader; it does equal credit to the learning and candour of the writer:—

MY DEAR MRS. ROWLEY,—Understanding that it is your intention to assist in publishing a life of your distinguished father, I have thought it would not be unacceptable if I wrote to you respecting a passage in the Acts, on which he, of course, commented. It is in the xiii. c. v. 48,—“And as many as were ordained to eternal life, believed.” Your father considers this passage to imply,—that as many as were inclined, or disposed to embrace the offer of eternal life, believed. When I was a young man, it appeared to me, that this passage was certainly Calvinistic, and that in his zeal against Calvinism he had gone too far; and I think I mentioned my opinion about it to various persons. It may be supposed that in the course of twenty-five years, I have acquired a little more critical knowledge, and more sound judgment; and I may also remark, that when a

He found it necessary to be more explicit in his views on the subject, and to defend himself against the prejudices of some of his brethren. "In my notes on the Epistle to the Romans," he remarked, "I have entered at large into a discussion on the subjects to which I have referred in the Epistle to the Galatians; and to set the subject in a clear point of view,

young man, I did not *critically* study the Scriptures much. It is now my decided opinion, that if I examine the passage *critically*, I cannot embrace the Calvinistic view. My reason is this,—If the author of the Acts had been speaking of God's eternal predestination, he would, undoubtedly, have used the Scripture phraseology: he would have employed the word *προωρισμενοι*, or at least *προτεταγμενοι*, but certainly not *τεταγμενοι*. Can any one produce a passage, wherein an eternal predestination is evidently spoken of; and yet the verb *τασσω* is employed? The passage, if quite literally translated, would stand thus,—“And they believed, as many as had been set in order, or drawn up in battle array for life eternal.” The metaphor is taken from a body of soldiers drawn up in order of battle.

Saint Chrysostom wrote, in the form of Homilies, large and luminous commentaries on various parts of the Holy Scriptures; and among them, on the Acts. As Greek was his native language, and as his writings abundantly evince that he was a great and consummate master of that language, and also had a great knowledge of the Scriptures, his interpretation of the words must surely be regarded with respect; I might say with reverence. His comment is as follows:—*Τοῦτ' ἐστίν, ἀφορισμενοὶ τῷ Θεῷ. Ἐντεῦθεν δεικνύσι, καὶ το μέγεθος τῆς προαιρέσεως, καὶ το τάχος τῆς ωφέλειας*—That is—set apart to God. From hence he shows both the greatness of the predilection, or preference, and the quickness of the benefit.

It is, I think, admitted by every scholar, that almost all of the New Testament was written originally in Greek. Assuredly it is very strange that neither St. Chrysostom, nor any other Greek father, ever stumbled on any of the Calvinistic tenets; and it is worthy of especial notice, that he who brought forward such tenets was not only a Latin writer, but a Latin, who disliked the Greek language, and knew but little of it. St. Augustine excogitated those doctrines, or at least doctrines similar to those, which were afterwards devised by Calvin.

I have often regretted that, on more points than one, unlearned men find their particular views more sanctioned in our translation of the New Testament than they are by the original; but let it be ever kept in mind, that with respect to Popery our version is correct and sound. In every passage of import, and wherein our translation differs from that of the Roman Catholic, ours is most decidedly correct. I speak as a scholar, not as a theologian. I say that ours is most decidedly correct. In two different works, I have commented on different parts of the Rhemish version, which are erroneously translated, and on the falsehoods the notes contain. There is, however, one passage on which I have not yet commented, and I am desirous of mentioning it here. In the 19th chap. of St. Matthew, v. 11, we read *Ὅπαντες χωροῦσι τὸν λόγον τοῦτον*. A truly critical Greek scholar will see at once, that these words cannot possibly have any meaning than one. All men are not capable of receiving; they are not able to receive: our translators, therefore, thus rendered them,—“All men cannot receive this saying.” If I were to say to a friend—how much does that pitcher hold? I should mean—how much is it capable of holding? My friend would understand what I meant, and would reply—it holds so much. If I spoke in Greek, I should use the verb *χωρῶ*. If you will refer to the 2nd chap. of St. John, v. 6, you will see a clear illustration of what I have just said; and that our version of the passage in St. Matthew is powerfully confirmed: in both places the same verb is used. As the Rhemish translation was made in the very infancy of Greek learning, and long before Greek criticism was born, I think it probable that the mis-translation was the result of mere ignorance; but what can we think of the men who, in this learned age, sanction and perpetuate the various errors of the Rhemish version? Is it possible that, in every instance, they can be profoundly ignorant of the true meaning of the original?

I remain, yours very sincerely,—H. S. BOYD.

I have made a copious extract from Dr. Taylor's Key to that epistle; and I have stated, that a consistent exposition of that epistle cannot be given but upon that plan.—I am still of the same opinion; it is by attending to the distinctions stated, which are most obvious to all unprejudiced persons, that we plainly see that the doctrines of *eternal, unconditional, reprobation and election*, and the *impossibility of falling finally from the grace of God*, have no foundation in the Epistle to the Romans. Dr. Taylor has shown that the phrases and expressions, on which these doctrines are founded, refer to national privileges, and those exclusive advantages which the Jews, as God's peculiar people, enjoyed, during the time in which that *peculiarity* was designed to last; and that it is doing violence to the sense, in which those expressions are generally used, to apply them to the support of such doctrines. In reference to this, I have quoted Dr. Taylor; and those illustrations of his which I have adopted, I have adopted on this ground; taking care never to pledge myself to any of his peculiar or heterodox opinions: and where I thought an expression might be misunderstood, I took care to guard it by a note or observation.—Now, I say, that it is in this sense I understand the quotations I have made; and in this sense alone these quotations *ought* to be understood; and my whole work sufficiently shows that Dr. Taylor's *peculiar* theological system makes no part of mine; that, on the doctrine of the fall of man, or original sin, the doctrine of the eternal deity of Jesus Christ, the doctrine of justification by faith in the atoning blood, and the doctrine of the inspiration and regenerating influence of the Holy Ghost, we stand on two points of a vast circle, in diametrical opposition to each other. Yet this most distinguishing difference cannot blind me against the excellences I find in the above work; nor can I meanly borrow from this or any other author, without acknowledging my obligation; nor could I suppress a *name*, (however obnoxious that might be, as associated with any heterodox system,) when I could mention it with deference and respect. Let this be my apology for quoting Dr. Taylor; and for the frequent use I have made of his industry and learning in my exposition of the Epistle to the Romans. If I have quoted, to illustrate the Sacred Writings, passages almost innumerable from Greek and Roman *heathens*, from Jewish talmudists and Rabbinical expositors, from the Koran, from Mahomedan writers, both Arabic and Persian, and from Brahminical Polytheists, and these illustrations have been well received by the Christian public, surely I may have liberty to use, in the same way, the works of a very learned man, and a most conscientious believer in the books of Divine revelation, however erroneous he may appear to be in certain doctrines which I myself deem of vital importance to the creed of an experimental Christian. Let it not be said, that, by thus largely quoting from his work, I tacitly recommend an Arian creed, or any part of that

system of theology peculiar to him and his party ; I no more do so, than the Indian matron, who, while she gives the nourishing rind of the cassava to her household, recommends them to drink the *poisonous* juice which she has previously expressed from it. After this declaration, it will be as disingenuous as unchristian for either friends or foes to attribute to me opinions which I never held ; or an indifference to those doctrines, which (*I speak as a fool*) stand in no work of the kind, in any language, so fully explained, fortified, and demonstrated, as they do in that before the reader. On such a mode of judgment and condemnation as that to which some resort, on matters of this kind, I might long ago have been reputed a Pagan, or a Mahommedan, because I have quoted heathen writers and the Koran. Paul might have been convicted of having abandoned his Jewish creed, or Christian faith, because he had quoted the heathen poets Aratus and Cleanthes. The man is entitled to my pity who refuses to take advantage of useful discoveries in the philosophical researches of Dr. Priestly, because Dr. Priestly, as a theologian, was not sound in the faith. I have made that use of Dr. Taylor which I have done of others ; and have reason to thank God that his *Key*, passing through several wards of a lock which appeared to me inextricable, has enabled me to bring forth and exhibit, in a fair and luminous point of view, objects and meanings, in the Epistle to the Romans, which, without that assistance, I had perhaps been unable to discover. Thus I have done with Dr. Taylor's works ; and thus I desire every intelligent reader to do with my own. When I was a child, I had for a lesson, the following words,—*Despise not advice even of the meanest ; the cackling of geese once saved the Roman state ;* and since I became a man, I have learned wisdom from that saying,—*Blessed are ye who sow beside All Waters ; that send forth thither the feet of the Ox and the Ass.*”

The person who led the way in this opposition, and spoke for “half an hour,” was Jabez Bunting, who had a hard struggle to pass through the strait gate of admission into the Itinerant Ministry, as noticed elsewhere, before the District Committee, in consequence of some heterodox notions which he entertained on the subject of BAPTISM : but the crooked are generally anxious to appear straight. He had travelled at this time only about sixteen years ; but he was desirous of appearing wise and orthodox—sought every fitting occasion to push himself forward, and demurely fixed his eye on the top of the tree. He had been nibbling at the subject some time in the social circle, trying quietly to enlist recruits for the premeditated attack, thus displaying his usual generalship, to cover himself from the fire that might ensue. Dr. Clarke's defence of himself placed him in a very humiliating position, and must—besides showing him his want of footing—have been anything but grateful to his feelings.

Dr. Clarke, finding his health gradually undermined, by his sedulous

attention to his Commentary, his duties as a preacher, and the part which he took in the management of various associations for literary, scientific, benevolent, and religious purposes, contemplated a change of residence, observing to Mrs. Clarke, "I must hide my head in the country, or it will shortly be hidden in the grave." Several of his friends, who had watched with solicitude his state of health, strongly seconded his views, and urged him to relinquish the greater part of his public pursuits; while public institutions, and especially the "British and Foreign Bible Society," entreated his continuance in the metropolis; the committee of the latter, on the first intimation, directing the Rev. John Owen, one of the secretaries, to state, that there was "a department in the business of the society, which no one but the Doctor was competent to direct;" that, "in that department the committee could work with him, or rather under him, but could do nothing without him;" particularising the Arabic, the Ethiopic, the Abyssinian, and the Syriac versions, in all which languages they stood pledged to the world for something which had not then been executed. The Doctor, in his answer to the members of the committee, stated, that they had sailed round the world, and knew well how to work their vessel in every sea; that even their enemies had been serviceable, by lighting up beacons in every place of danger, through which means they had been preserved from rocks, shoals, and quicksands; and that in this, the wrath of man had been compelled to praise God.

In the course of this summer, he made a tour,—not of pleasure, but of labour,—through Bristol, Cornwall, Exeter, Birmingham, Liverpool, and some other places, chiefly to promote the cause of Missions; a work in which he had taken a share also in the spring; having presided at the formation of Missionary Societies in Manchester, Spitalfields, &c. While at Birmingham, he preached, on Sunday, July 26, a sermon preparatory to the public meeting, which was to be convened for the purpose of forming a Missionary Society; the text was Isa. ix. 7; in discussing which he showed, with singular propriety, and evident effect on all present, the constant and certain increase of the kingdom of God on earth. Having reviewed former dispensations, and reminded the congregation, that the inhabitants of every succeeding age had enjoyed privileges superior to their immediate predecessors, he exhibited to their hopes and wishes, bright and animating prospects of future improvement. On the Monday forenoon, he preached in Cherry Street Chapel, on Colos. i. 27, 28. Here he gave a perspicuous and affecting statement of the leading doctrines of Christianity; which he proved by a process of reasoning at once powerful and convincing. The public meeting, as a testimony of the high approbation it entertained of this sermon, and of love to the truth, unanimously requested the Doctor to allow it to be printed. In the course of the public meeting, at which the Doctor presided, after one of the speakers had adverted to the Wesleyan Mission at Sierra Leone, he excited

considerable interest, by giving an account of a poor negro boy, who was brought from thence by one of the Missionaries; and whom he (the Doctor) had received into his own house. His daughters, he observed, had taught him to read and write; and he had at length succeeded in apprenticing him to a citizen of London: concluding with, “If he faithfully serve his time, we shall have the novel sight of one, who was once a *poor slave*, becoming free of one of the first cities in the world.”

It was not possible for the Doctor to visit Birmingham without recollecting early days, when, on his way to Kingswood School, in 1782, he was kindly entertained by Joseph, brother to Mr. John Brettell: the good man was now reduced in circumstances; the change touched the Doctor tenderly, who sat and conversed with him—administering the consolations of religion. His sympathies were easily awakened: as he was returning he saw a little dirty child weeping by the side of a puddle; when, with a parent’s feeling, he took it up, saying, as he carried it across, what, to it, seemed an impassable gulph, “I will help thee, my poor child!” Infancy and age, with all the stages between, found help from him, when help was required.

At Plymouth Dock, as at Birmingham, grateful recollections were awakened. He preached on, “What must I do to be saved?” Acts xvi. 30, and was two hours in delivering the discourse. Most of the ministers in the town were present on the occasion, and followed him into the house of the resident preacher; not only to pay their respects to him, but to request the publication of the sermon: one, a rigid Calvinist, stating that he would take two hundred copies for his congregation;—the pastor of a Baptist congregation, offering to take two hundred and fifty copies for his;—a third, two hundred copies;—and a fourth, five hundred: but he informed them, that he neither had outline nor notes written upon it, and that such were his engagements, he had no time to spare for the work.* With this journey, and its attendant toil, he was

* At the close of the year, when removed from the bustle of the city, he found time to pen his thoughts on the subject; the sermon bearing date, “Millbrook, Dec. 25, 1815.” The original title of the Sermon, in its separate form, was,—“The Doctrine of Salvation by Faith; or, An Answer to the important Question, ‘What must I do to be saved?’ by Adam Clarke;” with the following mottoes:—

“Father, thy word is past; man shall find grace;
And shall not grace find means?—
Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, HE none can bring.
Behold ME then; ME for him, life for life,
I offer.”—*Parad. Lost*, b. III., l. 227.

Μία ἐστὶν ἡ ὁδὸς δικαιοῦσα, ἡ διὰ πίστεως.

Æcumen.

It was first published separately, by Butterworth and Son,—then in his “Sermons,” vol. III. p. 234, 8vo;—and lastly, in his “Miscellaneous Works,” vol. VII. p. 120. He informs his readers, in an “Advertisement,” that he sought truth of every description, especially religious truth; that for more than half a century he had been in pursuit of it, and had neglected no means to attain it; that he had watched with the ancients, and laboured with the moderns; that he had searched the Scriptures, and prayed for the succours of the Spirit of wisdom; that he had made himself acquainted with the

much exhausted ; having “travelled,” in his own language, “both day and night.”

He reached London in the former part of June, and contemplated his removal, necessary as it was, with no small degree of solicitude. He observed to his friend, Mr. Boyd, in a letter, that he should leave London with regret ; and could not think of forming new friendships. His old friend, Wm. Marriott, Esq., was at this time declining in health ; and entered the world of spirits on the 15th of the month following. Being requested by the family to preach a sermon on occasion of his death, he remarked, “You must not expect from me anything in the form of a Funeral Sermon ; I shall never preach one while my name is Adam ; whatever you furnish me with to read, I will most cheerfully and affectionately do it ; and should anything worthy of remark occur to me, I will make it. I told your brother so yesterday : as I am now getting ready for Conference, I cannot possibly spare the time to-morrow, which your note requires ; if I knew the time precisely you would be at the chapel, I would endeavour to meet you there : do not send any coach for me.” At the close of the sermon, which was preached in City Road Chapel, July 23rd, the Doctor echoed the same sentiment :—“You will expect something more in this service : you have heard lately of the death of an eminent member of this society—Mr. Marriott. I happened to be the only preacher that saw him in his illness : you perhaps expected a funeral sermon, but I never preach funeral sermons,—I never will. I have attempted to do it, but did not please ; and, therefore, determined never to do it again.” Then followed the account of Mr. Marriott’s last moments.

Conversing with a friend on the necessity of a country retreat, to which allusion has been made, he observed, “I have made up my mind, if God will open me a way, to leave this distracting place ; to get out of the way even of a turnpike road, that I may get as much out of every passing hour as I can. I ought to have no work at present, but the Commentary ; for none can comprehend the trouble, and often anguish, which the writing of these notes costs me ; and what adds to the perplexity is, the multitude of little things to which, almost incessantly, my attention is demanded ; and to which, while remaining in town, I must attend.”

Agreeably with the resolution thus prudently made, Dr. Clarke purchased an estate, in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, to which he repaired with his family, in the autumn of 1815.

One little incident may be noticed in connection with the alteration of the house at Millbrook, which was the name of his new residence, and which, had it not been for his Protestant heresies, would have gone a long way towards canonizing him as a Romish saint. While the painter was

religious systems ; that he had examined, with diligence and candour, creeds, catechisms, confessions of faith, and bodies of divinity ; and that he had turned from all to the Bible, which he had read carefully, with intense study and fervent prayer.

engaged in graining the staircase walls in imitation of stone, he found that the person who preceded him, had painted in a number of dark and light stones, and that, by mere accident, the dark ones formed a large cross on the principal side which faced the entrance of the hall-door. The Doctor and the painter viewing the wall, and each at the same time perceiving the cross,—“I must put it out,” said the latter. “No,” said the Doctor, “I like the cross.” “Yes,” returned the painter, “but you will be taken for a Catholic priest, to have that facing the entrance of your house; I must put it out.” “Oh, no!” exclaimed the Doctor, “keep it in, keep it in, Milne; I love the cross. Oh, yes! I glory in the cross of Christ.” That he was not ashamed of the cross, was evident, from the fact of his having expressed these sentiments before a number of workmen, and with an enthusiasm worthy of the subject; and yet, in the midst of a Roman Catholic population, as was the case around Millbrook, the circumstance was open to misconstruction by those who were accustomed to look at the sign, instead of the thing signified.

The Doctor’s library, of which more will be said in a future page, was large and well-arranged. Pointing to a few MS. volumes, he said to a friend one day, “These are worth more than seven hundred pounds.” The order for which he was almost proverbial, entered into his library. The biographer had occasion to consult some works one evening, and left them on a sideboard in the dining-room, to be ready in the morning for further consultation. A little before the family retired, the Doctor, who had been in his study, entered the room; and, on seeing the books closed, inquired, “Have you done with those books, Everett?” On replying, that they were laid aside for the following morning, he piled one upon another, and, taking them up, said,—“I never like a book of mine to sleep out of its own bed;” and passed on to the library with his load, prohibiting all interference in assisting him to carry them. Another friend, being about to sit down with the family to breakfast one morning, was thus accosted by the Doctor,—“You are wanted in my study.” Mr. Strachan immediately arose, proceeded to the study; then to the library; but found no person there, as he expected: on returning, he asked, “Who wants me, Sir? I find no one there.” “Did you not see a book on the library table, which insisted on again being put in its proper place?” Mr. S. had left it there; and in this way the Doctor taught him order; and, the more permanently to impress him, he sent him off, pleasantly withal, just as he was about to seat himself at breakfast. He took as much delight in gazing on the collective mass, as on the order in which they were placed. On the former subject, he observed, “When a Methodist Preacher begins to tire in seeing a number of books around him, he should be hung up to dry.”

Duty and order were twins in his conception: he deemed that the one, properly attended to, generally resulted in the other. The writer was with him one day at the house of Mr. Tomkins, a banker, who asked

one of the members of the family for his "Key," meaning the key of the iron safe, of which each partner kept a separate one; so that it could not be opened but in the presence, and with the mutual consent of the whole. The Doctor remarked on this, that when he was commissioned by Government to examine the MS. library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, formerly belonging to Archbishop Parker, he found that the treasures were secured by three different locks, with so many different keys, kept by three curators, who had to be present before access could be obtained to the documents. He proceeded,—“I was shown into a room, and told that any document which I might want, would be regularly brought to me. My wants, however, became so numerous, that one of the curators stated, that, in order to save trouble, he had obtained the keys belonging to his colleagues, and would regularly supply me: and so it is, that good things get abused, in consequence of persons not attending to their duty.”

His general plan was, to rise in the winter at five—in summer, at four o'clock in the morning. The bell rung at eight for family worship; breakfast followed; he then retired to his laboratory of thought; he dined at one; took nothing again until supper, which followed immediately after evening prayer; he always retired to rest precisely at ten o'clock.

The conversation turning on poetry, he said, “Beautiful versification is lost in hymns; the sense is that which is chiefly necessary.” He then sung the first stanza of—“Stand the Omnipotent decree,” with all the apparent indifference of a person ignorant both of music and verse, with no small share of effect, for the purpose of showing how both might be, and actually were murdered, by the generality of worshippers. Though he was not altogether deficient in the music of poetry, his inclination led him much more to its sense than either to its music or its beauty. Quoting a couplet, in which he found—“health, peace, and competence,” he remarked, “I was so pleased with the fulness and variety of thought which the three words contained, that I took them for a text once, and preached from them; defining each term, and showing, under Christian feeling, their sufficiency, &c.”

His definitions were frequently sought by the biographer. Taking up Parkhurst's Hebrew Lexicon, and pointing to אהל *ahel*, a tent, the Doctor's attention was directed to it; when he was asked what he thought of the opinion which some critics entertained, who concluded Noah's tent to be a *tabernacle*, or *place of worship*? he replied, that he had no doubt that tabernacles were in use, if not among the antediluvians, at least in early times; that the tabernacle in the wilderness was a substitute for these, as the temple was a substitute for the tabernacle, and Christ was a substitute for the temple, who himself becomes both Lord and Temple, and receives all true worshippers; but that Noah went into a place of worship to roll himself, he very much doubted; and would not publish such an opinion, with his name to it, for five pounds. Though the Doctor

awarded to Parkhurst all due praise, he was far more partial to Leigh as a critic. In answer to an observation on the difficulty of obtaining good copies or rare editions of works in the country, he stated, "I sought for Cruden's Concordance several years before I met with a copy."

Reverting to Scripture characters, he said, "I have not written ill of any man; nor will I, if I can do otherwise: to many I have given a lift where I could. The more rigid of the Calvinists do not like me, because I have abridged their liberty of dealing out damnation to others, while they believe themselves to be safe; and they know they are safe, because they do not believe their own doctrine."

After some remarks on Reason, he put a Sermon into the hand of the biographer, which he had purchased among some other tracts, enjoining a perusal. The title was,—"*Ἡ Λογικὴ Λατρεία*. Or a sermon proving that Reason is to be our Guide in the Choice in our Religion; and that nothing ought to be admitted, as an Article of Faith, which is Repugnant to the Common Principles of Reason, or Unintelligible to the Human Understanding. London: printed for J. Roberts, near the Oxford Arms, in Warwick Lane, 1716." 12mo. pp. 18. No name being prefixed to the sermon, the author was unknown: but what had impressed the Doctor so favourably with it was, the fact of his having written a Sermon on the Province, &c., of Reason, only two or three months before he himself had read it, and the striking coincidence between them, both as to thought and the process of reasoning employed. He put the same sermon into the hand of Mr. Drew, the author of an "Essay on the Soul," together with his own MS., and once thought of appending the printed one to his, and publishing both. But this he never carried into execution; and this is the more to be regretted, as the subject is one of no ordinary importance: for though it has not been lost sight of by theological writers, it requires no ordinary degree of delicacy, discrimination, and firmness in the handling. Part of the title of the printed sermon is somewhat startling, and requires the author's reasonings and elucidations to render it every way satisfactory.*

* Without professing to state the precise views of either the Doctor, or the anonymous author, a few remarks may not be impertinent.—With some persons the ear is open only to the voice of reason; and with them, the reason of God, the reason of man, and the reason of things,—all acceptations of the same word,—are often either ignorantly confounded, or artfully concealed; and, therefore, in arguing from one to another, indiscriminately employed. Instead of contemplating reason as a power of mind, variously possessed, and variously exerted, by different men, it is merely considered as a metaphysical faculty, whose sole employment is that of logic, without the most distant allusion to either. Nor does the idoliser of reason less err in the estimate he has formed of its capabilities, and the province in which it is destined to move; proceeding in his calculations and remarks, without reflecting, that, as a subject may either be viewed in a wrong aspect, or not be pursued to the utmost limits of its natural consequences, so there must, of necessity, be a right and a wrong reason, as well as a reason otherwise lamentably defective. The inference deduced from hence is, that if

Doctor Clarke was too well taught not to assign to reason its proper province, and to faith its proper exercise and object.

To the untiring constancy of Doctor Clarke's friendship, reference has already been made: even in cases of defection from God, he has been known to treat an old acquaintance with the tender considerations of former days: aware that there is a description of persons ever ready to avail themselves of this kindly feeling to excite prejudice, willingly confounding an act of courtesy with a habit of intimacy, the Doctor observed to one of these hypercritical (and hypocritical) carpers,—“I speak to Mr. —, and will still pay him attention: when he was walking to heaven, I endeavoured to keep him in the way; and now that he is

reason may be right or wrong in reference to truth, and differs in its degrees of strength and clearness in different men, it cannot, agreeably to some writers, be a sufficient guide in matters of religion.

It is not denied, that a final appeal is made to reason, in order to determine whether revelation itself be genuine or spurious; and that on the assumption of its Divine authority we are assisted by it, in reference to the teachings and requirements of the sacred volume, in doctrine and practice; but even in this case it has its assigned powers, and its prescribed limits, without which we should be unable to preserve a proper medium between vanity and enthusiasm, on the one hand, and scepticism and superstition on the other. Here it is that the very revelation, thus examined and received, comes in with its aid, (just as a friend may do who is admitted into our dwellings, and of whose integrity, importance, and good intentions, we have been convinced), not by assisting reason in its powers to discern, compare, combine, and analyse,—nor even by imparting any new ability for the work,—but by furnishing suitable materials to work upon; offering to its consideration truths which it could never have discovered by induction, and adding its own light to each particular subject; just in the way that day-break brings before the eye a variety of objects, which, till the dawning appear, are invisible to the beholder, though he might have exercised the organ of vision on a diversity of objects before, to which he might have been led by means of a lighted taper. The Divine Being, therefore, does not abolish reason, by which we are to understand the clear conviction of our faculties; but so far honours it, as his own gift, (as in the case of the eye just employed for illustration,) as to permit it to perform its proper work, by imparting a more lucid, a fuller, and more lively conviction of the truth of whatever is passing in review before it, than could otherwise be attained. But still it has its range and its bounds, beyond which, like the surges of the deep, it cannot go. There are heights to which it cannot soar; lengths to which it cannot reach; breadths to which it cannot extend; depths which it cannot fathom. After it has taken its soundings, and even attempted in its divings to reach “the deep things of God,” it is compelled to pause; and, looking downward to the profound still beneath, constrained to exclaim,—“O the depth!” The great mistake is, that reason attempts the work of faith; whereas reason, in contradistinction to faith, has only to attend to the evidence arising from the nature of things; faith having invariably to proceed on the authority of the testifier. A truth is sometimes a matter of faith only; and at others, both of faith and reason, though in widely different respects: the one, therefore, is neither to usurp the province, nor trench upon the bounds of the other.

Our attention is directed to the astonishing achievements of Archimedes, the amazing erudition of Grotius, the strength and perspicuity of Chillingworth, the profound observations of Locke, and the surprising discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton. And by whom, and for what purpose? By men who appear more solicitous to support the honour of reason, than to attend to the declarations of God; desirous of clothing it, rather than their Saviour, with something like the attributes of divinity; and to bring us to its footstool in the humble attitude of adorers. But we can present in our turn, by way of preserving a proper balance, a long list of subjects in which reason has been

going to hell, I will endeavour to keep him out of it." The Doctor was well aware, that, in sharing his bread and salt with a man, he was furnishing himself with an opportunity of doing him good, which fifty of those heartless ceremonies, denominated "morning calls," could not afford; and, therefore, following out the apostolic injunction, to restore the fallen disciple "in the spirit of meekness," he kept the poor delinquent in view; and knowing that he could not, as heretofore, company with him, he could still live for him, by drawing upon the influence of former friendship; he watched with earnest solicitude for some relentings of heart, by which, perchance, he might restore the man to the path of duty and happiness. Thus, the principle of friendship

busily employed for successive ages, and which are yet unexplored. While this exhibits the folly of implicitly adhering to such a guide,—a guide so defective, so susceptible of delusion,—it ought to moderate the pretensions of those men who are for bringing God himself to their bar, instead of going to his; taking the dimensions of infinite wisdom by the shallow and erring faculties of a finite mind; affecting, at the same time, to despise the lowly follower of Jesus, who marvels at nothing more than his own ignorance; and experiences no satisfaction, no consolation, equal to that which arises from faith in his sacrificial death.

Let the reader, if not weary with this digressive note,—though led to it by the subject of this memoir,—apply the remark to the doctrine of Christ's satisfaction, as conveyed to man in the expressive language of revelation, and constitute an inquiry into the province of reason, in the case—How far it can conduct us? where it is that its work commences, and where it terminates? The first discovery made by unassisted reason, is that of human guilt; a subject established on the testimony of the heathen, in the confessions and acknowledgments which they have invariably made of the crimes they have perpetrated. Having acquired this knowledge in the outset, the second discovery, naturally proceeding from the first, is, desert of punishment; to demonstrate which, no other evidence is requisite than the remorse and fear with which the consciences of the same people are repeatedly agonised. The third conclusion to which it

brought, by gradually proceeding from proof to presumption, is, a persuasion, that the Being against whom so many offences have been committed, and who is justly displeased because of those offences, may, nevertheless, be induced to yield to the entreaties of his creatures. To attest the truth of this, we might adduce every prayer that has been uttered by pagan lips, every temple he has erected, every altar before which he has bowed as a worshipper. Reason, however, stops not here: it is capable of advancing still further; and to give it all the honour due, (and that is not a little,) it may be further remarked, that the fourth point ascertained by it is, the necessity of satisfying Divine justice: a truth this, which is supported by every sacrifice, every burnt offering, every human victim, and every drop of blood which has flowed around the altar of the untutored savage. Thus far has reason proceeded in regions that have never been visited by Divine revelation; but further than this, it cannot go: here it comes to a breathless stand; all beyond is darkness that may be felt, deep as that which enwrapped the Egyptian, when a man was unable to see his fellow; nor can it, in the language of inspiration, even by "feeling after" it, grope its way to the cross of Christ. How plausible seever, therefore, these speculations may be, they form only, in the expressive language of a writer of the last century, a systematic body without a head: for no positive promise of pardon from God, can by possibility belong to them, either separately or in their associated character. The mystery of redemption belongs exclusively to God; for he only could reveal that, because only he could plan, and only he could execute that profound relief: and now that infallible wisdom has made it known, reason is in arms against it: and in cases, when not wholly socinianally averse to the doctrine, is absolutely absorbed in its depths, and requires all its submission to receive it as an article of faith.

was in him like the love of God; it penetrated and possessed the soul, ruling and swaying with an absolute sovereignty: and let the whited-wall and painted-sepulchre-pharisee of modern days, be told, that the very way to superadd callousness to indifference, is to turn the back upon a man, who, in the hour, has unhappily fallen by the power, of temptation; but who, had any sought to restore him in the spirit of Christian love, might have been timely delivered from the power of the tempter.

Though the Doctor was located at Millbrook, he took as great a share of pulpit labour as his strength, in conjunction with other duties, would allow. His frequent visits to the metropolis, in reference to the Record Commission, would not, even had he been favoured with physical energy, have permitted him to take the regular work of a circuit; but as the Government engagement had the sanction of Conference, the simple act of residence at Millbrook, could not subject him to the title of supernumerary, any more than did that of some of his brethren in London, who for a series of years were appointed to attend to the secular affairs of the Connexion; and, therefore, unable to take regular circuit duty. His attention to his estate had a beneficial influence on the health and spirits of Dr. Clarke: he had been in the neighbourhood previously to his permanent residence, and had found it necessary to expend considerable sums upon the land, ruthlessly exhausted by its former possessor; the grateful soil in time made its returns, the wilderness became a fruitful field, and Adam was thus beheld in his miniature Eden.

But though his habits had become so fixed, as to render it nearly impossible for him to settle down from the student into the farmer, yet the joyousness of boyish days, when he assisted to cultivate his father's little farm, often stole over him. The original and the intellectual, were associated with the power by which Coleridge defines genius to be distinguished, namely,—the ability to carry the freshness and feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood. His kindly feeling for the brute creation has been noticed: some years previously to the time of which we now write, he observed to a friend,—“My heart has often been distressed on witnessing the abuse of which the poor ass is the subject; should God ever give me a few acres of land, I am determined to make at least one ass happy:” accordingly, we find him directing his bailiff to purchase one, and to have it treated with proper care: a paddock was assigned to “Baudet,” as the ass was named, and often did the Doctor himself go to the field taking a quantity of corn with him. “We will never abuse her,” said he, addressing one of his family who stood watching the feeding process. “Woe to the man who could ill-use even an ass.”

As the scene around him improved in appearance by culture, he became enlivened, and would talk to an intimate friend now and then, (as though the pride of farming had come upon him,) on the subject

of poultry, cows, and other live-stock;—aye, with the apparent pleasurable feeling of Earl Spencer, Coke of Norfolk, or any other gentleman, famed for his skill in stock and agricultural experiments; a case not exciting much surprise, when we take into the account, as already intimated, early pursuits and the balm, and breeze, and health, and freedom of the country, compared with the noise, smoke, and cooped-up life of the city.

It was amusing to overhear a little of the colloquial with a pleasant friend, who, with his sparkling wit and cheerful temper, threw an air of sunshine on all around him; the one satisfied, if not pleased with his own, and the other disposed, by his roguery, to draw him off, and surprise him into something else.

The feelings of boyhood came over him, on other subjects than farming: “To-day,” said he, “it rained very hard, and having provided some fishing-tackle, I went down to the pond, and soon caught a dish of very fine perch and dace; two of the former, at least a pound weight each.”

As a specimen of the more serious and substantial in farming, the following letter to his brother-in-law, gives an interesting peep at the domestic circle at Millbrook, and of the opening success of his agricultural and other efforts: it embraces also a topic of deep interest,—the Bill on behalf of Children in the Manufactories, the success of which engaged the Doctor’s most benevolent feelings, and anxious hopes.

Millbrook.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—On my return from holding my District Meeting, in Manchester, I found your letter and all the notes safe. What you say concerning the unprofitableness of farms, &c., when compared with money in the funds, I most readily admit. I know too much of agriculture, and have too high a sense of the propriety of keeping everything in order, and in a high state of cultivation, to expect to gain much in this way: but what is gain,—what honour,—what abundance and luxury, in comparison of mental ease and bodily health! Here, so far as I can expect to be, in a state of trial, I am happy: and should be healthy also, if excessive labour did not so repeatedly prostrate my strength. Here, a handful of herbs, a few potatoes, and a drink from my own brook, are to me angel’s food: because, wherever I go, I see little else than God, and his noble instrument,—Nature,—perpetually at work. The land here, though excellent, was greatly exhausted; and nothing could be expected from it till put into a state of thorough repair: this I have endeavoured to do; and, though heavily expensive, it has been to me a pleasing labour; because I fully understand the business, and have exhibited plans of improvement which some of the first agriculturists here do not hesitate to copy: everything now begins to assume a pleasing

form, and a little more money and labour expended upon the estate will set my eye at ease. Here, then, we are happy, and want only a chapel on the premises, to leave nothing worthy of a wish behind. I have a Popish neighbourhood, and no place of worship near me; and many I know would come and hear, if we had a little chapel: my girls have been very useful in the neighbourhood: they have talked with the people, from house to house; explained the leading doctrines of Christianity; given away tracts, Testaments, and Bibles; are teaching adults to read; making various articles for the poor; and God has owned this: some are already awakened, and some brought to God; we have indeed laid ourselves out to be useful: the people feel it; and not a few have blessed God, because we have been brought to the place. A chapel that would hold three hundred would be sufficiently large: I will have it supplied by the Prescot preachers, and will have the prayers read in it. The poor people say,—“An you had a chapel, we would all go your road.” So that now, in the name of the blessed Trinity, I shall begin to build a house for God; and hope to take little rest till I have a tabernacle for the God of Jacob,—the God of Paul,—to dwell in! I am now going to order the bricks; and I hope to have the walls raised by the time Mrs. B. and yourself come to see us.

Concerning the projected Bill, in behalf of children in the manufactories, I have carried your papers both to Leeds and Manchester, and was surprised to find, except among the preachers, who rejoice in the principle of the Bill, a shyness to enter into the subject, or even to speak upon it. I could not comprehend this, until Wednesday last, when I dined with several manufacturers, who have in their employ twelve or fifteen thousand children. I spoke of the Bill, and of its most benevolent principle; and expressed my hope that it would take up the subject from the foundation, and that it would pass into a law. What was my astonishment to find all present against it: they spoke of it as a measure fraught with the deepest and most extensive mischief;—a measure, which had for its object the total abolition of Sunday-schools, religious instruction, the Sabbath-day, all Methodist and other such preaching; and which, if passed into a law, would be an antidote to all our religious blessings, and a wide-wasting curse: that they were prepared to prove by the most incontrovertible evidence, that the health and morals of the children in the manufactories, were beyond all comparison better than those who were out of them; that the temperature was just what agreed best with their health; and that they grew into more effective men and women than others. They added, that the very idea of being visited by the Government inspectors, was hateful to them. In a word, they are all determined to oppose the Bill, and give evidence against it. They were all intelligent men; and some of them both pious and humane. At this meeting I learned, also, that of twenty-three manufacturers. in the town

of Colne, twenty had failed; that the weavers in general could not get more than eight shillings per week, that there were then in Manchester itself, eighteen thousand persons out of employ, and that if things did not mend speedily, there would be a general rising in a few weeks. You may naturally suppose that these things were calculated to give me a heavy heart.

But it was the moral scene which was beginning to smile around, upon which the eye of the Doctor rested with the greatest benignity: the little chapel was now finished, and Divine service regularly performed in it. Nearly forty children, previously under no kind of moral culture, were collected into a Sunday-school; and who, after having been taught to read a little, were initiated into the meaning and importance of our admirable liturgy, and taught to repeat, with becoming reverence, the responses and other congregational parts of the service; those of them who evinced a talent that way, were taught, one evening in every week, a few plain tunes, which they soon learned to sing with propriety and tolerable correctness. The poor children, as soon as they perceived themselves to form a responsible portion of the congregation, became regular in their attendance, neat and cleanly in their appearance, and becomingly sober in their deportment. This improvement in their children could not fail to have its share of influence on the parents; the neighbourhood was principally Roman Catholic, and the inevitable consequence of the moral policy of that wretched system, was painfully illustrated in the stoical indifference with which, for some time, all attempt to instruct either the mind or the heart, was received; but as it is an axiom of universal application, that the heart of the parent is to be reached through his child, so the Millbrook family found it: the children were noticed and instructed; and the parents, persuaded by their little ones, came—at first, from curiosity, to listen—from this to inquire—to weep and to pray! Few, at first, in number, because timid of adventuring into a Methodist place of worship, the congregation increased as the moral courage of the hearers rose, from the acceptance of a few plain truths, made apprehensible to them; and in a short time, from among this once wretchedly benighted peasantry, a small Christian society arose, which was watched over with sedulous attention and patient perseverance. Two full services every Sabbath, besides one in the week, invited the devotions of the people; and though the regularly appointed ministers could give their labours only occasionally, (the intervals being supplied by the local brethren,) the interruptions to these visits had but the effect of enhancing their services, when they could be granted. Among those ministers the Rev. Phillip Garrett, a man of strong original mind, ready utterance, fervent zeal, and undoubted piety, was the universal favourite: he was, in the critical sense of the term, a popular preacher—the people's favourite. His

oratory might lack the grace and polish of the schools, but it had plenty of point ; it came from the heart, and it went straight to the heart : the bow drawn, sometimes at a venture, with the whole moral strength of the man, sent forth its roughly-headed arrow, piercing the very centre of some, till then, impenetrable heart ; and the tear might be observed rolling down the cheek of him, who, a short time before, had been a nuisance to his neighbour, and a pest to his family. “Broad is the road that leads to hell, my brethren, and you are all walking in it, and you will soon be there,” exclaimed this Boanerges ; “and do you know what sort of a place hell is?”—then followed a somewhat fervid description. “But what do I see there ! a poor wretch weary of his sins, while tears are falling from his eyes ; take courage man, Jesus Christ died to save just such as you ; cry,—‘God be merciful to me a sinner ;’ that will be enough, for you do not know how to pray ! God will hear you, and pardon you—but make haste—begin now—time is short—you may die even to-night—flee to Jesus Christ : he is the Saviour of sinners, and he is now, at this moment, waiting to pardon you !” Such was the rough rhetoric, wherewith Mr. Garrett addressed the poor ignorant people, who, with eyes and mouth open, were seeming, by every sense they possessed, to absorb every word he spoke : ornament of style, and grace of diction, might have been presented to them for ever, but they would have fallen as on the deaf, or on the dead !—but here, all which was necessary to salvation, was taught them, in language they immediately apprehended ; and much good resulted from these plain and affectionate warnings, invitations, and appeals.

SECTION IV.

1816.

IN the early part of 1816, the frost was long and intense, and a number of mariners who sailed out of the port of Liverpool were out of employ. Notwithstanding the provision made for them by the authorities and respectable inhabitants, there were several in a state of great destitution. Resolved to lend his quota of help, the Doctor sent to Liverpool for twenty-five of these brave fellows, some of whom had fought their country’s battles, and fed them for three weeks. Not having convenience to accommodate them with beds, a quantity of dry wheat straw was strewed on clean boarded floors, with an ample supply of blankets. During the day, they levelled a piece of ground to form a carriage-road to the house. One of them stood cook ; and as soon as meal-time arrived, the Doctor was sure to be present to see that they had enough.

The Doctor's benevolence was like the ocean—deep, pure, expansive, and yielding; it had its daily flowings and its ebbings; but whenever it seemed to retire within itself, it was only occasioned by the law of necessity: it returned with a kind of spring-tide power. One of these spring-tide feelings may be named:—He went to Manchester—while there, some poor Irish people heard of his visit, and assailed him with their complaints of wretchedness. Pat's tale of woe was too touching for the Doctor to resist; and forgetting the prudence which ought to be an attendant on charity, as well as feeling his nationality, he relieved himself of a considerable sum given by Mrs. Clarke for the purchase of various articles; and left her commission unfulfilled. "Money," he remarked, "never stays with me;" and then playfully subjoined, "I am sometimes called to book for it; but my answer is, 'Well, Mary dear, all I can say is, I have not spent it on myself.'" Speaking of charity, on another occasion, he said—(not, be it observed, in the language of self-adulation, but by way of incentive,) "it is rare, indeed, that I send a beggar away without giving him as much as will procure food for the day. I was amused lately with a person who solicited alms; he was low in stature, and had something on his feet that had been shoes once; on relieving him, I said, 'It is a pity to see you in that plight;' on which, the little fellow turned round, and said, 'Sir, I am in this state, while some of God's swine are riding in carriages;' then, with a stately step, strutted off." Some curious remarks would steal out from the Doctor himself now and then, when inward emotions were exhibited by external indications. "I do not very well like the appearance of that man," said he to the writer, respecting another person who had solicited alms; "he has a face drawn up by cross tempers, like the puckered heel of an ill-darned stocking." Then, as if he had been too severe, by way of softening matters, he added, "I sometimes find my own face puckered up, but on detecting it, I instantly say,—'It shall not be so.'"

The Wesleyan Mission to the East Indies had begun, ere this, to exhibit signs of success; and the brethren aware of the interest Dr. Clarke took in the spread of evangelical truth, forwarded several interesting communications to him; nor was he without joy of heart in learning from Mr. Toase, instances of the success of the labour bestowed on the French prisoners of war, in the river Medway, and elsewhere; some of them, on their deliverance from captivity, on the restoration of peace, and when embosomed in their own families, writing to England, and expressing with grateful emotions, the good they had received from Mr. Toase himself, and others. Success was invariably connected, in the Doctor's mind, with the honest and affectionate enforcement of truth. A reverend gentleman was congratulating himself on what he supposed to be the effect of his conduct on his ministry: "I have had the charge of a flock," said he to the Doctor, "now nearly forty years, and have had

nothing but peace and good neighbourhood among my parishioners during the whole of that time." The Doctor having some slight knowledge of the gentleman, and not altogether ignorant of his pulpit furniture, bluntly replied, for the purpose of making a deeper impression, "I am very sorry to hear it, for a ministry of such a date ought to have raised either God or the devil before now;" glancing at that view of the subject which our Lord has given us—"I came not to send peace, but a sword."

Notwithstanding the quiet of rural life, the Doctor, (like most persons long accustomed to the metropolis, where everything, however trivial, is within reach, and which only becomes important as its want is felt,) experienced a few occasional inconveniences; some of which, however, became sources of amusement rather than pain. One may be noticed:—His own razors being out of order, he desired his hairdresser to send him one; two were immediately sent, No. 1, and No. 2, in a case. The trial of the first was far from satisfactory; and the other was still worse: he, however, proceeded in the operation; and while hackling and scraping—the tears, meanwhile, rolling copiously down his cheeks, he gave utterance to the following homely, though amusing impromptu:—

" You may take number one,
And if that will not do,
You next, may go on,
And try number two;
To shave—if with neither—
Should be your mishap,
Then rectify either,
By using the strap."

The hairdresser had fortunately sent a strop with the razors. "For the last forty years," said the Doctor, "I have tried to understand the philosophy of dipping a razor into hot water, in order to give it a keener edge, and so make it cut more freely; but have been unable to comprehend it." Yet, though not altogether satisfied on the subject of which he professed ignorance, he had entered into it as far as many, and then rested in the enjoyment of a more agreeable operation; being the result of the fact he could not satisfactorily explain.*

The writer on looking at a portrait of Dr. Franklin, which was in the possession of Dr. Clarke, was led to offer some remarks on the execution; and these again led to the literary history of that celebrated man. "Dr. Franklin," said he, when speaking of emphatic words,

* It may be modestly suggested, that the philosophy of the above fact may be found in the ascertained principle of the expansion of bodies by heat; for though water cannot be so hot as to injure the temper of a razor, it does at the same time, cause the steel to expand; and it would seem that the principle philosophic, is dependent on this circumstance; the cutting atoms on the edge of the razor, are a little protruded by the heat, and the edge thus becomes a very perfectly fine saw, which the more keenly cuts up every obstacle in its way.

printed in the italic character, “regretted that there was not something in typography which would express, by the character employed for the occasion, the different degrees of force and emphasis which a writer wished to give to his meaning: this he considered a serious defect;” and so, also, it was judged to be by Dr. Clarke himself, who was more solicitous of meaning than style: hence the endless examples of it in his Notes, Sermons, and other writings. He was equally curious in his etymological remarks, and affinities of language. “I have observed,” said he, “among the simple, honest inhabitants of the county of Antrim and Londonderry, in Ireland, that the common name for the devil or Satan, is—The Sorrow: a good sense of the original word, ὁ πονηρός, the Wicked One, the Evil One, the Sorrow. He who is miserable himself, and whose aim is to make all others so. Where sin is, there is sorrow.” Then, adverting to sin and sinners, he said, “The sins of the wicked, in their immediate results, and future consequences, are, in their relations, like so many links in an immense chain, the last of which is fastened to the burning throne of the arch-fiend of hell.”

Though Dr. Clarke avoided the ornate, he was a foe to all carelessness. Some young men, as is usual, were examined previously to their being received into full connexion: one of these, on coming up to the table, dipped his pen into the ink, and then, finding he had taken up too much, shook his hand, and scattered it on the floor, to prevent blotting the paper. The Doctor, with a view to make a more permanent impression, as well as to instruct him in some other niceties, called him to him, and said,—“When you wish to shake the superfluous ink from the pen, (taking a clean one in his hand, and suiting the action to it,) take care to sprinkle it always on your own white neckerchief, where it will be seen, and be sure to be taken off.” The young man felt it, and so did others: the lesson intended was,—that carelessness in little things, will lead to neglect in matters of great moment.

He was especially anxious that a proper bias should be given to the mind in early life. This induced him to deliver a course of lectures to a select academy of young gentlemen; some of whom were intended for the church, some for the bar, and some for the army. After the delivery of one of them, several of the gentlemen begged to be favoured with the definitions and leading principles. To oblige them, the whole was drawn up and published under the title of,—“The Origin and End of Civil Government,” founded on Romans xiii. 1. In the delivery of this lecture he quoted no authorities; but poured forth his sentiments from the general knowledge he had of the principles of just government, and from his acquaintance with the civil constitution under which he had the happiness to live; to deal with which, he was the better qualified from the course of reading and study required by the Record Commission. All party politics were avoided; these he abhorred; and he steered equally

clear of these in his Discourse on "The Rights of God and Cæsar," on Matt. xxii. 15—21, in which are several topics capable of being incorporated in the former; and which, in all probability, would have occupied a space there, had not the occasion dictated the propriety of observing brevity.*

Though the Doctor was fully aware that the biographer was in the habit of preserving memoranda on literary subjects of general interest, which turned up in the course of conversation, and would playfully remark on what ought, and what ought not to be preserved; * yet, in reference to his extempore addresses, in the pulpit, he was extremely jealous; and dealt out, with an unsparing hand, some heavy blows against short-hand writers, who were in the habit of appropriating a minister's public discourses to their own private gain. He observed, "I was in a house once, in which the lady and her husband had, just before I entered, some unpleasant words with each other: it was like a heavy swell at sea between adverse tides, with one wave at the prow and another at the stern of the vessel; the swell continued, and at length Mrs. ——, addressing me, said, "My husband, Sir, has been employing a short-hand writer to take down your sermons, with a view to publish them after your death." This was permitted to pass, for the moment, with the simple statement, "No man can follow me, and I reprobate the act." Some time after this, observed the Doctor, "I asked the gentleman to show me the sermons; this he refused, except on condition that I promised to return them: this, I did; but on their being placed in my hand, a match might have been lighted at the man's face; and well might he redden, for I found arguments without conclusions, and conclusions without arguments. This," continued the Doctor, when the same subject was on the tapis, some years afterwards, on the publication of his Sermons, in three vols. 8vo—"this is the key to the prefatory remarks to my Discourses." Another gentleman, a very popular preacher, told the Doctor one day, that he had two or three of his sermons in MS., which had been taken down by one of his congregation. The Doctor said, "If any man had presented me with two sermons, stated to have been delivered by you, I should, before I had looked at them, have asked him—Does Mr. ——,

* Without, in the least, committing the Doctor to a Life by the biographer, or concluding that he was aware that a Memoir was contemplated, a word in self-defence, in addition to what has been stated, in the Preface to the first volume, may be allowed:—"There are some incidents in my life, Everett, which you may publish, if you please, when I am dead." Dr. Clarke, Tuesday, June 17, 1828.—On another occasion, having made a minute of an astronomical observation, "See, Doctor," said Mr. R., "what a packet of leaves Mr. E. has filled while journalising!" Dr. Clarke: "Mr. E. sows besides all waters, and brings the feet of the ox and the ass to them."—At another time, on priestly domination being named, and knowing the writer's abhorrence of it, the Doctor laughingly said, "Put that down, E.," and then, in the same jocose mood, he quoted Hudibras—

"'Tis owned he was a man of wit,
Yet many a foolish thing he writ."

know of this? has he seen them? does he acknowledge them to be his? has he had the opportunity of correcting them, and so, of preventing you from putting forth words not his own? If he could not have answered these questions in the affirmative, I should have immediately returned them without perusal." Mr. — looked abashed: and though on habits of intimacy before, and still on friendly terms, when accidentally thrown in each other's way, he never came to the house afterwards.* "My papers I purpose leaving to my sons: my letters are not worth publishing; they are mere letters of business. During one of the years of my presidency, I wrote three hundred connexional letters alone; but the interest of these died with the day." It is unnecessary to state, that this estimate of many of his letters is too low; and the writer possessing many scores of them, is able to form a pretty correct judgment on their merits.

On Boswell's "Life of Johnson" being named, he said, "Boswell's vanity is everywhere perceptible; yet he has preserved a great many useful things, which otherwise would have been lost." It was remarked by the biographer, in reply to this, that it was impossible not to have a pleasurable feeling in his association with such a man as Johnson; and that, though his admiration of his subject might lead him astray, his feeling was no other than that of every other historian, who attempts the life of an esteemed friend; and who, after all, is left with a discretionary power, as to the character of the materials which are to be employed for his work: should those materials be as ample as were Boswell's, it will not be matter of surprise to find friendship, which, like love, is very often without eyes, dealing out its "littleness." "But you will allow, Doctor," was continued, "that it is the best method of writing a life; and that the history of such men as Sir Isaac Newton, Boyle, La Place, and others of a higher order of intellect, would be highly beneficial to society; as in the case of Selden's 'Table Talk,' published by Milward, his amanuensis!"

Conversing one day in his study with his eldest daughter, the subject of biography was introduced; when she observed,—“There is no style of biography, I think, so generally interesting as that adopted by Boswell in his life of Dr. Johnson.”

Dr. C.—"In its application to great literary characters, and perhaps also to travellers, your observation is perfectly correct; and if Boswell had not hit upon that plan of noting down Dr. Johnson's conversation, the world would have known comparatively little of that great man."

A.—"But do you not think it would be the most agreeable and most natural way in which the facts of a life can be thrown together, in order to form a correct portrait? because, if you have the opinions and fulness of the subject, as given forth in his every-day remarks, you must necessarily feel yourself in company with him."

Dr. C.—"Why this would suppose mind to be constituted more

* The gentleman referred to was Dr. Raffles.

generally alike, than we really find it to be; in numerous instances, Boswell's plan would be impracticable: even in the case of Dr. Johnson it could not be fully carried out; he knew he was speaking for the public, and was, therefore, circumspect; thus, in some measure, it might be said of him, that, in the fulness of his sufficiency, he was in straits; he was ever on his guard, and spoke for the press; so, many of what were really the most natural points of character, could not be caught."

A.—"Boswell was not, it appears to me, a man of high intellectual endowments."

Dr. C.—"No; but he had a vast memory, and was almost a worshipper of Johnson: then he could follow him without weariness, indeed with perfect admiration, through all his changes of mind, as well as his caprices of temper: hence he was, in many respects, well-fitted for his work."

A.—"I have often wished you had some friend of this sort: there are so many important historical and literary facts, and so much curious incident you are continually telling, that it seems a great pity they should be lost, and very many of these are little known; most of the anecdotes, indeed, only to yourself."

Dr. C.—"Why, there would be this great difference between the cases of Dr. Johnson and my own,—I never could talk for the press: I could not bind myself down to the plan, which there is no doubt he kept in view, in all his conversations; especially when in the society of Boswell: yet there are many curious things which will be lost when I am gone; and many queer ones, too, will be buried with poor Adam."

In April of this year, Dr. Clarke went up to London, where he presided on the 25th, at the Annual Missionary Meeting, in City Road Chapel. He made a tour, too, through part of Lancashire, Westmoreland, Scotland, and Ireland, in the months of June and July, in company with some friends. The lakes and the mountains, especially Skiddaw and Helvelyn, among the latter, were objects of unusual interest; Kendal, Keswick, Penrith, Carlisle, Gretna Green, the birth-place of Burns, &c., all shared in his remarks. They proceeded to Port Patrick, in order to embark for Donaghadee, and arrived at Belfast on the 23rd of June. "His visit to Belfast," a friend remarked, who was present on the occasion, "was most seasonable. He attended our love-feast on the Lord's-day, and spoke his experience with great simplicity, testifying his happy enjoyment of salvation, by faith in the atonement and intercession of our Lord Jesus Christ—of which he felt assured, as well by rational demonstration, as by the witness of the Holy Spirit. On the evening of the same day he addressed an overflowing audience, from Luke vii. 20—23, setting forth, in the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power, the glory of Immanuel, God with us, as manifested to the Jewish nation, by the display of his miracles. Next day, we were

favoured with his company to breakfast, with a number of Christian friends, who were anxious to enjoy the privilege of his conversation." On leaving Belfast, the Doctor and his friends visited the scenes of early days, Glenarm, Coleraine, Port-Stuart, Garvah, Grove, Maghera, and other places, embraced mostly in the tour of 1811, with a few additional towns and villages. On leaving the north of Ireland, they proceeded to Dublin, where the Doctor attended the Irish Conference, at which he presided; and whose valuable services are the subject of eulogy in the "Address" of the Irish Conference for the year.

Some of the descriptions of the wretchedness of the Irish peasantry, whom the Doctor visited in the course of his journey, deeply affected the biographer, when he heard them narrated; especially the case of a beautiful young woman, about eighteen years of age, nursing her first child, in a hut with scarcely any furniture, a little fire on the mud floor, with the daylight shining through the walls, which, in the expressive language of the Doctor, "were run up without either sod, mud, or a single tablespoonful of lime, to knit the stones together, or keep out the cold;" and, also, the case of Nanny Morray, an old woman, who dwelt in the cleft of a rock, open to the sea, and dripping with wet, whose chief support was the milk of a goat; a drink of which she gave the visitors, and of which the Doctor was somewhat shy of partaking; having a prejudice, as he observed, against any milk but that which came from the udder of the cow. The driver of the vehicle, who was standing by, either out of jest, or from an idea that the cave was a suitable place for the concealment of such an article, asked, "Why don't ye giff the gintlemen some whisky?" Here the old woman cast a suspicious glance at the Doctor, who had his ink-bottle suspended at his breast, as though a little apprehensive of the presence of an excise officer. His kindness and bounty soon relieved her, while he felt grateful for the opportunity of imparting happiness to a fellow-creature passing her days in a place not fit for the lair even of a brute; without shoes or stockings, a damp bed, and the water oozing through the swamp on the pressure of the foot.

He was only a short time at home before he had to leave to attend the sittings of the English Conference, held in London. Here he accompanied the remains of his old friend, the Rev. Samuel Bradburn, to the grave, and read the funeral service on the occasion. His views of Mr. Bradburn, as an orator, have been already expressed. It may be added, and this is from the personal knowledge of the biographer, that the whole framework of Mr. Bradburn's person was noble and commanding: such was the flexibility of muscle which he possessed, that, like Garrick, he could have thrown the various emotions of the soul into every feature of his face: in addition to this advantage he brought to bear, in the more splendid and solemn passages of his discourses, a full, rich, mellow voice; the effect of which was frequently overwhelming. His genius, too, was of no ordinary

kind : as a speaker, he was what has been said of some writers, too full to be exact ; and, therefore, preferred throwing down his pearls in heaps before his auditory, rather than being at the pains of stringing them ; but then, it was here also that his danger lay ; as it occasionally pushed him to extravagance. If the sentiment be correct, that, in oratory, *Artis est celare artem*, he exhibited this quality in perfection. There was no appearance of affectation,—no smell of the lamp,—no rhetorical excursions or flourishes, to supply the place of argument ; he acted as a person who deems it better for a man, as a writer observes, who is doubtful of his pay, to take an ordinary silver piece with its due stamp upon it, than a gilded piece which may perchance contain a baser metal under it, and who prefers a well-favoured virtuous woman, though with a tawny complexion, before a besmeared and painted face. His eloquence, when at the highest pitch, left scarcely any room for reflection ; but addressed itself very often to the imagination and the affections, and at once captivated the heart, while his reasoning subdued the understanding. He scorned the beaten path, and was, as Goldsmith would express himself—though often to his hurt—“bravely eccentric.” And such is the destiny of men of superior powers, that their genius incessantly exposes them to be the butt of the envenomed darts of calumny and envy. Though Mr. Bradburn’s fine temper very often shielded him from severity, yet he shared the common fate of “greatness”—deserved or undeserved—and respecting which the poet of Nature exclaims:—

“ Millions of false eyes
Are struck upon thee ! Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings ! Thousand ’scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies.”

As life advanced, and eternity dawned upon him, he became more spiritual ; and realised the picture of Sir P. Sidney ;—“The great, in affliction, bear a countenance more princely than they are wont ; for it is the temper of the highest, like the palm-tree, to strive most upwards, when it is most burthened.”

Everything good and great in man was honoured by Dr. Clarke ; because of the source whence every good and perfect gift flows. Truth, therefore, in every form, received his homage, and was held with the tenacity of life. That he differed from some of his brethren, and ultimately with the Conference, when the controversy became a connexional matter, on one theological subject, at least, is a matter of notoriety ; and, though there is no disposition to enter either into the subtleties of the point in question, or into a detailed history of the debate, yet to pass it over in silence would argue either timidity on the part of the biographer, or unfaithfulness towards the subject of the memoir ; while, to enlarge

would only be the means of awakening a feeling, which, since it has been hushed to repose for several years, it would be injudicious to disturb. It will be readily perceived, that reference is here made to the doctrine of the ETERNAL SONSHIP of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Though the Doctor's view of the subject was published in 1813, it had excited little attention, (except with a very limited number in social life,) till 1815, when a somewhat covert attack was made upon him in the *Methodist Magazine*, in the shape of an eulogy upon Dr. Coke. When Mr. Benson threw open the door of that authorised periodical of the body to the opponents of Dr. Clarke, a host of writers rushed in, and kept up a running fire till 1819, when the Conference interfered. Some of the writers were but ill equipped for the fight, being more distinguished for their zeal than for acuteness or profundity; not knowing how much more honourable it is to the head, as well as to the heart, to be misled by eagerness in the pursuit of truth, than to be safe from blundering by contempt of it; but these sharpshooters seemed quite blinded to the fact, that the mind must be in a state insusceptible of knowledge, when there is rather an eagerness felt to detect a possible fallacy, than a sincere wish to discover how much truth there is in a man's arguments. The ready admission of these papers gave great offence to many, some of whom were not altogether friendly to the Doctor's views; several addresses were forwarded to the latter, from Salford, and other societies, some of which were as annoying to him as the attacks: for being a lover of peace, he dreaded anything like angry feeling settling in the breasts of any of the people. Several pamphlets were* also published on both sides, but especially against the view contained in the Doctor's Notes. With the exception of two or three, they expired with the day. The Conference, as stated, took up the subject, and drew out of it a test for candidateship to the ministry; maintaining the view opposed to that of the Doctor as its own. The latter stated his opinions in his Notes on Luke i. 35,—confirmed them in Acts xiii. 32, and Hebrews i. 5,—and defended them at the close of the second chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

A conversation which Dr. Clarke had with Mr. Wesley on the subject, supports the view taken of it by the Wesleyan Conference. "On the doctrine of the Eternal Sonship of the Divine Nature of Christ," he observed, "I once had the privilege of conversing with Mr. John Wesley, about three years before his death: he read from a book, in which I had written it, the argument against this doctrine; which now stands in the note on Luke i. 35. He did not attempt to reply to it; but allowed, that, on the ground on which I had taken it, the argument was conclusive. I observed, that the proper essential Divinity of Jesus Christ appeared to me to be absolutely necessary to the whole Christian scheme, and to the faith of penitent sinners and saints; that it was of the utmost importance to set it in the clearest and strongest light;

and that, with my present conviction, I could not credit it, if I must receive the common doctrine of the Sonship of the Divine nature of our Lord. He mentioned two eminent divines who were of the same opinion; and added, that the eternal Sonship of Christ had been a doctrine very generally received in the Christian church: and he believed no one had ever expressed it better than his brother Samuel had done in the following lines:—

‘ From Thee in one eternal now,
Thy Son, Thy offspring flow’d;
And everlasting Father thou,
As everlasting God.’

He added not a word on the subject, nor ever after mentioned it to me, though after that we had many interviews. But it is necessary to mention his own note on the text that had given rise to these observations; which shows that he held the doctrine as commonly received, when he wrote that note: it is as follows—‘*Thou art my Son! God of God, Light of Light. This day have I begotten Thee; I have begotten Thee from eternity, which, by its unalterable permanency of duration, is one continued unsuccessive day.*’ Leaving the point in dispute out of the question, this is most beautifully expressed; and I know not that this great man ever altered his opinion. However necessary this view of the subject may appear to me, I do not presume to say that others, in order to be saved, must see it in the same light: on such a point, it is necessary that every man should be clear in his own mind, and satisfied in his own conscience. Any opinion of mine, my readers are at perfect liberty to receive or reject. I never claimed infallibility; I say with St. Augustin, ‘*Errare possum; hæreticus esse nolo.*’ Refined Arians, with some of whom I am personally acquainted, are quite willing to receive all that can be said of the dignity and glory of Christ’s nature, provided we admit the doctrine of the eternal Sonship, and omit the word ‘unoriginated;’ which I have used in my demonstration of the Godhead of the Saviour of men; but, as far as it respects myself, I can neither admit the one, nor omit the other. The proper essential Godhead of Christ lies deep at the foundation of my Christian creed; and I must sacrifice ten thousand forms of speech rather than sacrifice the thing. My opinion has not been formed on slight examination.”

The controversy, it may be observed, in which Dr. Clarke took no share, in any separate form, was chiefly confined to the Wesleyan body. One of the best papers on the subject, published in the Magazine, though not written professedly in reference to the dispute, was a brief extract from the *Biblical Magazine* of 1801, under the signature of GAIUS; and evidently the production of the Rev. Andrew Fuller.

Though copies of some of the addresses to the Doctor are in the possession of the biographer, together with their replies, and also the

letters which passed between him and the President of the Conference of 1819, with lengthened conversations on the subject; it would be difficult for even a friend to give the feelings of the inner-man on this occasion, and still more difficult for a stranger to trace the links composing the chain which held Dr. Clarke bound to the Wesleyan body, in the midst of what he felt to be persecutions,* when such a host was arrayed against him: it was not accident,—nor was it rule,—nor even the influence of long and early association. We must look for the profound reason in the force of those high moral principles which actuated his whole conduct—that exalted tone of feeling which led him to abide, through evil report, and good report, by that religious sect which had been the object of his deliberate choice, and which, in itself, he believed to be the most useful of the numerous sections into which the church was divided. Indeed, upon one occasion, being unusually pained by an unworthy attack made upon him, he observed to his eldest daughter,—“Well, thank God, this is not Methodism, but its abuse: they bring their horse and foot into the field against me. Had I been without influence, and without a morsel of bread, I should have been sacrificed; to destroy the former they have for years been publishing incessantly calumnies. Through God’s mercy I stood—most of their darts fell short of their mark;—the rest flew over my head;” and then, with deepened emotion, he added,—“For nearly fifty years I have lived only for the support and credit of Methodism; myself and my interests, the Searcher of hearts knows, were never objects of my attention. I came into the Connexion with an upright heart, and one dominant principle; and, by the help of God, I will retain both to the end.” Here, then, was the sublime secret of his strength; it enabled him to endure and rise above all, and to act toward the many as he carried himself toward the individual: he heaped coals of fire upon their heads, by embracing every opportunity of doing them service; a method which never fails, provided there be any emotion left upon which kindness can be exercised.

Upon being elected the third time to the presidential chair, he examined the young men on the subject, who were to be received into full connexion, and discharged his duty with the greatest fidelity and affection; saying,—“I must examine you on the subject of the Eternal Sonship of Jesus Christ; and, in this, I shall be honest: as a private individual, I hold a different opinion to that of the body; but I have nothing to do with it here: it is my place to examine you Methodistically, and as President of the Conference; and although I cannot condemn you in my private capacity, yet, as President, I neither can nor will pass any one of you, unless you are Methodistic in your creed: the Conference may pass you, but I cannot.” He added, “I feel for you all, as if you were my own children: I deeply sympathise with you.” On

* See Appendix, No. 2, “Treatment of Dr. A. Clarke.”

finding them all correct, and passing them, he said,—“I would not go through what I have suffered the last two days on your account, for a great deal: now, I am free and satisfied.”

In the midst of all, however, the Doctor became increasingly popular; and the *Methodist Magazine* itself was made the vehicle of eulogy: “To a young preacher, who signs himself—‘An earnest Inquirer after Truth,’ we recommend a careful perusal of Wesley’s, Fletcher’s, and Sellon’s works; together with the Commentaries of Coke, Benson, and Clarke.” See 1816, p. 788. It might have been deemed affectation for Mr. Benson, the editor, to have omitted himself.

In these Notes, not only are theological subjects placed luminously and forcibly before the Biblical student; but every available opportunity is embraced, for removing the ground from beneath the foot of the infidel. Speaking on this latter subject, in reference to Taylor, Carlisle, and others, he quoted that passage in the Psalms,—“He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh them to scorn; the Lord shall have them in derision:” and then remarked, “I say this with the flame of God’s eye upon my soul: He will laugh them to scorn, and He will hold them in derision; yes, if ever that passage was employed by the ever-blessed God, by way of taunt, it must be in such a case as this:” repeating, “‘He will laugh them to scorn.’” A person belonging to this school, accidentally met with the Doctor, when this position was laid down:—“That either the apostles misunderstood our Lord, or that we misunderstand them, when they attribute the redemption of the world to his sufferings and death.” The principal line of argument pursued by the Doctor was, of course, in favour of a proper understanding; in process of which, he answered the hackneyed objection brought against the justice of God, in punishing the innocent for the guilty;—an objection which courts support from the well-regulated laws of civil society, in which are found various enactments, and multitudinous provisions, in order to prevent the innocent from suffering for the guilty,—closing with the whole being foreign to all the principles both of justice and humanity. A believer in Divine revelation will find a solution of the difficulty in the fact of our Lord having been a volunteer in the cause of suffering: he had power to lay down his life, and power to take it up again; and in this we see the virtue and value of his sufferings. Had his sufferings been compulsory, then the objection would have some weight: but when he died, he did not die from necessity of condition, but dispensation of grace. “They spake of his decease, which he should accomplish at Jerusalem.” The word “accomplish” is not passive but active; denoting that death was not so much inflicted upon him, as suffered by him. But we are wandering from the Doctor: his writings, and especially a sermon on Luke xxiv. 46—48, in which he afterwards took up the subject, will be found to speak explicitly on this point.

Anxious to meet not only the wants of the heathen, but the rising and expansive spirit of benevolence at home, he continued to let himself out more freely than his physical strength, and other engagements, warranted, in attending Bible and Missionary Meetings. Some of the latter, at which the writer had the happiness of being present, as at Manchester, Liverpool, Warrington, &c., are still vividly present in the recollection, though thirty years have since then elapsed. At the first Missionary Meeting held in Liverpool, the Doctor presided: one of the speakers, who afterwards became very popular upon the platform, apologised for having to speak before him, alluding in a somewhat fulsome manner to his learning and titles, when the Doctor turned to him and said, "Sir, you have been pleased to allude to my titles, and to lay some stress upon them: you are welcome to the whole; they have never been worth sixpence to me." Previously to one of the meetings held at Warrington, he occupied the pulpit. The orator, in the strictest sense, was not there; and yet there was an oratory which was the preacher's own,—a something which never could have been acquired by art, enchanting to the hearer, and peculiar to himself: some of his etymological criticisms might not meet every mind—such especially as old prejudices required to be uprooted from; but his conceptions were always clear, the *lucidus ordo* was complete, and an unction attended the word throughout, which was striking and impressive; the whole place, to borrow the language of the upper regions, seemed celestialised, and the atmosphere itself appeared as though it had undergone a kind of chemical process, which enabled the audience to breathe of nothing but heaven!

Being appointed to preside at the Irish Conference of this year (1816,) he found it necessary, on account of the disturbed state of the Societies on the question of the Lord's Supper, to bring into exercise all the wisdom, experience, forbearance, and fortitude, he possessed, for the occasion; and owing to the important services he rendered, and the deep interest which the Societies had in the question, as to its final issue, as well as the fact of the struggle becoming, in all probability, a matter of history, it may be necessary to dwell upon the subject more at large. A letter of intimidation was sent into the Conference from Saurin, the Attorney-General, on the subject of Chapel Trusts, and a similar document embodying the threatenings of certain trustees. On these, the Doctor relieved the minds of the brethren from much anxiety, by entering into the connection which subsisted between the Irish and British Conference.* Several of the preachers, having administered the sacrament,

* In a letter from the Doctor, after the succeeding British Conference, he remarked to a friend; "So variously are your Chapels settled, that no case could be made out that could take in the several trusts in your deeds, leases, &c. You should not, therefore, have expected the English Conference to obtain you *any opinion* on this head. The matter is exceedingly short in law. Every trust is sacred; and as the trust, so will be the decision in any court . . . If, on the examination of your deeds, you find that

at the urgent request of the people, were arraigned at the bar of the Conference on a violation of its rule, and for that violation were reprehended; a full account of which may be seen in "A Biographical Narrative of Matthew Langtree, written by himself," he being one of the parties impeached. A pacific Committee, however, was appointed; and, though considerable difficulty was felt in coming to a conclusion, it was at length agreed by a majority, "That *something* must be done to meet the spiritual wants of our people, and it must be done *now*;"—a decision which must have taken off a considerable portion of the edge of the censure, since it admitted at once the *necessity* of a change, owing to which necessity the brethren were driven to the line of conduct which they pursued. A long debate succeeded, both on the trial and the report, in the course of which several of the preachers delivered their sentiments. Among the more prominent, were Messrs. Averell and Tobias, who were opposed to each other. Several petitions were lying on the table, requesting the administration of the Lord's Supper; and on the motion being called for, the votes *for* granting the prayer of the petitioners were sixty-two, against it twenty-six:—this majority being no small compliment to the brethren under censure,—apart, as it was, from premature administration, which involved the violation of rule.

The Doctor, through the whole of the debate,—one of the most important that had ever engaged the Irish Conference,—displayed the greatest fidelity and impartiality; and when the question was decided, he is said to have appeared even more than himself. In a speech of two hours' length, he, as Representative of the British Conference, addressed the brethren in the most impressive manner, at the close of which he received a unanimous vote of thanks. A mere outline of this address is all that can be admitted here. He observed,—

1. "Mr. Wesley had no plan, except that of *following the openings of Providence*: had he followed a plan, it would have been the creature of man, not of God. He acted as he believed God's Spirit dictated. Our doctrine is from the revelation of God. Mr. Wesley was a great instrument, in the hands of Providence, of reviving and spreading scriptural Christianity in the world; but it is from the Head of the Church, that our doctrines have, through him, been committed to us, and they go through our whole economy.

2. "Mr. Wesley, in following providence, and the order of God, was compelled to do many things opposed to his *prejudices*,—these, I well know, were of the high-church character. I have full evidence of this,

neither preaching in Church hours, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, &c., are *proscribed*; and that there are no conditions *specified* relative to such uses of the chapels, then no trustee can legally shut them up. A trustee can only plead *on a breach of the trust*: and he, as guardian, may interfere to prevent the premises from being *alienated* from their original purpose. Saurin, therefore, is not right: it is the trust clause, alone, that determines concerning the uses of the chapel."

from being in possession of the original papers sent by Mr. Wesley's father to Archbishop Sharp, and am well acquainted with the Wesley Family, and the education given to Mr. John Wesley. Besides, (pleasantly,) I was one of what was called Mr. Wesley's privy council, and am therefore well acquainted with his mind on the most important subjects. It was according to his great principle of action, that Mr. Wesley ordained Dr. Coke for America, as he did others for Scotland. He foresaw that the Methodists should be a GREAT PEOPLE, and therefore ordained several preachers to keep up the *spirit* of the Church of England: but providence never intended that any individual should be a successor to Mr. Wesley. When he died, Dr. Coke came to Dublin, to put himself at the head of the Irish Methodists, but he (Adam Clarke) being then in Dublin, opposed it, and dismissed the Doctor as fast as he came. On the same subject, there was, in England, a competition between Dr. Coke and Mr. Mather, which was over-ruled by the appointment of district meetings.

3. "With regard to the introduction of the ordinances, I believe it originated in the demands of the people—they urge them at the British Conference. By not attending to their earnest entreaties, we sacrificed the lovely Society at Chester; and for the same reasons was the church service, which Mr. Wesley appointed to be used at Whitefriar Street, laid aside at his death. I have been as much prejudiced as Adam Averell; but I had to submit to the force of truth. In England, we were pushed to the greatest extremities. In the Conference of 1792, the brethren were so perplexed, that, for the sake of peace, they agreed to decide the question by *lot*. That year they lost 300 members; the next year, they said, they could not proceed thus; and though they were surrounded by men who came to the Conference with good temper, but opposed to innovation, yet they agreed to the Plan of Pacification, and the consequences were blessed beyond their expectation."

4. Adverting, after this, to a reflection of Mr. Averell's on the religious state of the body, to the opportunities with which he had been favoured of becoming fully acquainted with the state of Methodism, compared with earlier times, and of course, his competency to judge of its spirituality and prosperity, he proceeded, "I have been twice President of the British Conference; I was so at the GRAND CLIMACTERICAL YEAR OF METHODISM, at which time all its great offices were in my hands. I had access to Government; knew its sentiments of Methodism, and had full evidence that it had not lost its character or influence. I have met more classes in my circuit than any other man, and have seen no loss of spirituality. I will not make invidious comparisons between the Methodists in England and Ireland; in both, they are the children of my God and Father; but this, I will say, from perfect acquaintance with the subject, that they have in England, comparatively, more grace, and more stability, since the introduction of the sacrament than before."

5. He concluded by refuting the calumny against the character of the preachers—from his own knowledge, and from the judgment of Government, stating,—“I have had access to the inmost archives of the State, where their characters were properly appreciated. I have had a particular conversation with Lord Sidmouth and Mr. Percival, in which they spoke most honourably of the utility of the Irish preachers in the time of the rebellion. It is well known they have been bulwarks to the church against the attacks of Popery, and other enemies,” &c.

A letter to a friend previously to the Conference, which it was scarcely proper to anticipate, will show his mind a little more fully on different points, and especially on the main question :—

MY DEAR BROTHER,—About ten minutes ago I received your letter, dated May 21, and had been, a little time before, resolving to write to you. The Dublin brethren did not honour me with their letter; but I saw that of the trustees and Mr. — in a friend's hand. I was not a little pained at both. Either the writers were ignorant of the *truth*, or they disguised it. If ignorant, they should not have written on the subject; if they knew better, they must answer it to God, and his injured cause.

I know Methodism better than any man in Ireland, and better than any correspondent the Dublin people can boast; and I can say that our having preaching in church hours, and the sacraments from the hands of our own preachers, have been marked by the most distinguished approbation of God. And I'll tell you what to these gentlemen seems to be a *secret*, that the Methodists in England are a thousand times more attached to the Church of England and her service, than they ever were before; and the method which we were before taking to drive them to the church, was driving them, as it is now doing the Methodists of Ireland, into dissenting congregations.

I am now one of the oldest preachers in the British connexion, and have had the principal concerns of this connexion before me, for between thirty and forty years; often, indeed, the administration of their weightiest concerns. I have been a medium of intercourse between them and the *Government*, and can say, that they never stood *so high* with Government, never so high with real churchmen, and were never so prosperous, as they are now. Far from there being a *wall* between us and our usefulness to the church, I can say that the wall which our own bigotry once raised, similar to that which foolish people are now raising among *you*, has been, by the goodness of God, levelled to the ground, and our usefulness to the church is greater than ever.

When we had no service in church hours, nor sacrament from our preachers, we *crept* on as we could. At length the people in many places clamoured, and we were obliged to grant the sacrament in a few cases, or lose the Societies: as more requested the same blessing, certain trustees,

who had got some good bigoted men to join them, cried out *innovation*, and were impious enough to predict (because of their caprices) the ruin of the work of God. We then, by lot, determined that the sacrament should not be administered for one year in any place. On this God frowned most fearfully : from the commencement of Methodism till that time, we had always been on the increase. In that awful year, and thank God there is only that one in the annals of Methodism, we not only gained none, but we decreased three hundred members ! The next year the sacrament was allowed, under certain restrictions, and we had four thousand of increase ; and from that day to the present, we have been increasing from four to ten or twelve thousand annually ! And let me tell those persons who pretend to be so very *wise* in this business, that Methodism has more *solidity*, more *consistency*, more rational *godliness*, and more of the life of God, than it ever had in former times. In the teeth of a false assertion contained in one of your circulars, I say, that owing to this vile bigotry, Methodism has made no proportionate progress in Ireland.

You have a body of holy and sensible men for your preachers ; and these men have had both their prayers and their labours hindered. For my own part, I have made up my mind never to witness the disgrace of my country, while it continues under the anti-christian yoke : this alone has caused me to refuse the honour done to me by my brethren. They have it now in their power to throw off this yoke ; if they do it, they will soon have such blessings as they never before experienced ; but let everything be done in the spirit of Christ.

The Doctor, who loved peace, and whose intention it was, as will have been seen, not to attend the Irish Conference, was overruled, and it was fortunate this was the case, from the manner in which the business of Conference was conducted. Remarking on his passage from Ireland to Holyhead, he said, "It was short but rough ; the sea wrought through the whole of the night, and it was very tempestuous ; nearly all on board were sick, except myself, who bore up pretty well ; we landed after four a.m."

The ultra party being dissatisfied with the decision of the Conference, and the brethren being pressed with various difficulties respecting the chapels, the Doctor was consulted ; and his closing paragraph on the subject of the Lord's Supper, may here be introduced : "My advice to you all is, look up to God, and keep close together ; never think of measuring back your steps to trustee-craft again. Give up the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper *when* you go to drink the new wine in the kingdom of God. Let neither fear nor flattery induce you to it *one moment* sooner. Had you had it twenty years ago, you would have been doubly more numerous and doubly more holy. God has broken your chain ; if you heal it, or suffer *others* to do so, you will have his curse and

not his blessing. If the genuine Methodists of Ireland stand fast in their fiery trial, God will make you both great and glorious:—Look for your help from Him: do not suppose that any man's money is necessary to the support of Christ's cause:—‘The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.’”

These religious dissensions occasioned him much pain of mind. “The conduct of these chapel-shutters,” said he, “is unchristian. To take away the chapels from the people, is to deprive them of the word; and to deprive the preachers, their wives, and their children of bread.” He gloried in the stand which English Preachers made against the Anti-Sacramentarians; and styled the plan adopted by the Irish dissentients, “The Starvation Plan;” bitterly complaining of the delay of the law-suit relative to the chapels, and expressing a hope that he would be preserved from Irish law. When the suit was gained, he trusted that it would be a salutary lesson to the persecutors.

There was a scrupulosity and nobility of soul in the Doctor, which in others—good men too—would have slumbered, though placed in similar circumstances. As he could not endure to eat the bread of idleness, so when even engaged in hard labour, he hesitated, and even refused to take anything, except for the identical work in which he was engaged. During the present appointment, his quarterage was sent to Millbrook; he however returned it, stating that he did not consider himself as having laboured for it, and therefore could not conscientiously take it. Though this may, and ought to tell its tale in certain quarters, still, it is our opinion that Dr. Clarke erred in this; for, in addition to his attending to the general interests of Methodism in the Connexional Committees, preaching occasional sermons, assisting in Missionary Meetings, &c., he was regularly stationed on the circuit by the Conference, and paid his monthly visits agreeably to previous arrangement and engagement, which, with his other labours, was as much as his health would admit. Let this be brought to bear upon the preachers who have young men appointed to assist them, and what will be the result? Let Dr. Bunting answer the question.

Though entirely indifferent to the current coin of the day, his eye shone out with more than usual brilliancy, on the sight of coins and medals of ancient date: he had one in his collection upon which he set a high value: it was a beautiful coin, bearing a representation of the head of our Lord; with this inscription—“JESUS OF NAZARETH—JEHOVAH AND MAN UNITED;” having one peculiarity, viz. that Jesus was written with the *ain*, which the Jews avoided, and which would have been to constitute him a Saviour, which they denied, holding him in utter abhorrence. He also had a Hebrew Medal, which he much prized, struck off apparently about the same time. His knowledge of coins was as curious, correct, and extensive, as his passion was strong: taking them on his way to History, as a key, which unlocked not a few of its secrets and its triumphs.

PART VI.

SECTION I.—1817.

"I call him a wise man, whose knowledge is rich and varied;—digested and combined;—and pervaded, through and through, by the light of the Spirit of God."—
Altered from DR. ARNOLD.

"From Sextus, and from the contemplation of his character, I learned what it was to live a life in harmony with Nature; and that seemliness and dignity of deportment, which ensured the profoundest reverence, at the very same time that his company was more winning than all the flattery in the world: of all his attractions he set the least value on the multiplicity of his literary acquirements."—Translated from M. ANTONINUS, by COLERIDGE.

"Not only—unlike many, who, in the 'warm beams and sunshine,' cast off their innocence, as the traveller, in the fable, his cloak—did he hold fast his integrity, but he manifested that weanedness from the world, and indifference to its trifling vanities, which must of necessity be enumerated among the surest proofs of godliness. The lowliness of his mind, instead of being diminished, seems to have been increased with the accumulation of honour; and riches, used by him with the moderation which is divinely enjoined, so far from being trusted in, gave frequency and solemnity to his anticipations of a final account."—WILLIAMS'S Life of SIR M. HALE.

It is curious to find, that while the zest with which Dr. Clarke pursued his different studies continued, and the affection which he had for different places, persons, and things, was retained and even augmented in its force, his antipathies gathered strength in the same way. Dining with a friend, at whose table a roast pig was the bottom dish, and being requested to say grace, he rose from his seat, and spreading abroad his hands invoked a general blessing; then, as if to save his credit for consistency, singling out the obnoxious article, added,—“And if thou, O Lord, canst bless under the gospel, what thou hast cursed under the law, bless also this pig.” It required no ordinary command of muscle to look grave on the occasion. The writer being assisted to a little ham by him, on another occasion, quietly asked, how he could help another to that which he deemed pernicious: “There is no law in this land,” he returned smartly, “to prevent a man from eating swine’s flesh should he be so disposed.”

In the course of 1817, he opened a Wesleyan chapel in Lichfield, which was the first place of worship of any magnitude the Methodists had in the town. It brought to his recollection earlier days, and “troubled times,” when, on the division occasioned by Mr. Kilham, he met in solemn conclave with Messrs. Mather, Pawson, Rogers, Dr. Coke, Bradburn, Moore, and T. Taylor, to deliberate on the affairs of the connexion. He

now had a private house to go to, instead of an inn, and was accompanied by Mrs. Clarke. The contrast produced a joyousness of heart, which made him next to playful in the social circle, while his state of mind fitted him more fully for entering into feelings of a literary character, in visiting the birth-place of Dr. Samuel Johnson,—a man, who, like himself, from not one of the most auspicious outsets in life, had worked his way up, through the strength of his own intellectual character, to some of the highest Alps in the republic of letters.

The good friends in Hull had long entertained an ardent desire to have a visit from the Doctor ; and in the December of 1817, he complied with their request. He was accompanied by a friend ; and while journeying toward the place, one of their subjects of conversation was, the circumstances in which those religious persons are placed, who are obliged to pursue their business by frequent journeys both by sea and land, in which all privacy is precluded ; and where, consequently, that daily walk which a Christian should observe towards his Maker, is often so unavoidably interrupted, that it is next to impossible to have a recollected mind, or a heart regularly turned to God by prayer and meditation. In discussing the subject they agreed, that to have a solemn form of well-chosen words, by which the mind could fully express itself in reference to its circumstances, without the labour of looking for suitable expressions, would be of great utility ;—and the third Collect for Grace, in the Liturgy of the Church of England, appeared to contain both the ideas and words, which, above all others, were best adapted to such occasions ; and in which every Christian heart could join. On this account, he termed the Collect, “The Traveller’s Prayer ;” and then formed the resolution, on the event of commanding sufficient time, to write a short discourse upon it, not only with the view of recommending such a suitable and comprehensive form for the purpose, but also to explain the import and force of each expression, that the person who should use it in such pilgrimage, might have the full benefit, by praying not only with the spirit, but with the understanding also. His purpose however, remained unfulfilled, till August, 1828, on his return from the Zetland Isles, in the circumnavigation of the entire group of which, the biographer had the pleasure of accompanying him. The fatigues of this voyage, and a long land journey, gave new vigour to his purpose ; and one day’s repose furnished him with an opportunity of composing this very useful and ingenious discourse.

While in Hull, he domiciled with Mr. Robert Garbutt ; and during his sojourn there, a native of Turkey, who could not render himself sufficiently intelligible in English, was introduced to him by some friends, who were anxious to know something of his personal history, and the object of his visit to England. The Doctor proposed some questions to him in the Persic and Arabic languages, but found him somewhat taciturn,—ascertaining sufficient, however, to understand, that a little pecuniary aid would

not be unacceptable.* The ministry of the Doctor was highly appreciated, and the collections made on the occasion, greatly aided the fund of the School. He had been in quest some time of the beautifully twisted horns of the NARWAL, commonly called the Sea-Unicorn—the *Monodon monoceros* of Linnæus, for the purpose of forming two posts for a bedstead, and was fortunate enough to secure one in the course of his visit. He left a commission with the writer to secure a fellow for it; but it was not till some years after he was laid at rest in the tomb, that the writer met with an entire bed, supported by a handsome pair, beautiful as the ivory from the tusk of the elephant, and nearly six feet in length, exclusive of the sockets;—a purchase preserved not only as a rarity, but in memory of him, who otherwise would have had the offer of it for acceptance.

Having to make a collection for the schools in Bridgewater Street Chapel, Manchester, he took occasion to animadvert on a practice which we consider to be, at least of very questionable utility: toward the close of the sermon he paused; and looking at the seats appropriated to the poor, observed, with evidently painful feeling,—“I am sorry to see the poor’s seats so comparatively unoccupied; and it will ever be so while you have that theatrical custom of taking money at the doors; you would have had a better collection without it: and I add, so long as this is done, you will never see Adam Clarke here again.” He was extremely tender of the poor, and was jealous of any encroachment upon their freedom—a freedom chartered by God himself: “The poor have the gospel preached unto them.”

In the month of February, 1818, the Doctor proceeded to Oxford, in company with Mrs. Clarke and two friends, in order to fulfil his promise of taking a part in the opening services of a new Wesleyan chapel in that city. When within a couple of stages of its destination, a young lady rode up to the coach attended by her servant, and begged to know, as it was raining, whether she could be accommodated with a seat; although the vehicle had its full complement, the party cheerfully acquiesced in the lady’s wish, who was soon comfortably seated between the two gentlemen, and opposite to the Doctor and Mrs. Clarke. Finding the company communicative, she felt disposed to improve the

* The Mohamedan’s taciturnity seemed to arise from timidity and distrust, lest he should let out more than was compatible with personal safety; being totally ignorant of the character of the Doctor, and the designs of the persons who introduced him to his notice; and besides, his language was not the pure Arabic, but rather of a mixed character. To this corruption the Doctor refers to his son-in-law, Mr. Hook, in another case: “Any book written in the African Nusk, like that which you have forwarded for my inspection, can easily be read by any European who understands the Arabic. But I know from long experience, that the African Mohamedans have scarcely any works among them worthy notice. The Koran, some lives and sayings of their saints, a very few Tareechs, and some works on Judicial Astrology, are the chief I have ever seen from that quarter: and they are the worst writers of Arabic in the world. To form a collection of such MSS., would never defray the cost and trouble of making it.”

opportunity, and having ascertained they were all going to Oxford, and likely to remain a few days there, she told them she was going to attend the opening services of the new Wesleyan chapel, although not herself a Wesleyan, and importuned them, as they might not be favoured with such an opportunity again, to go and hear the celebrated ministers who were engaged for the occasion; "but especially," she added, looking across at the Doctor, "I should like you, Sir, and your lady, to hear the celebrated Dr. Adam Clarke; I do not know that gentleman myself, and have understood that he is by no means so eloquent an orator as Mr. Watson; indeed, that he is, in his style of preaching, a very plain man; yet he is a man highly distinguished for learning, and other great attainments, and I dare say will preach a most excellent sermon, therefore I should much wish you to hear him." By this time the Doctor's friends were nearly convulsed with irrepressible mirth; upon perceiving which, she said,—“Gentlemen, you may make yourselves merry if you please, but I am at a loss to know what portion of my conversation can possibly have created so much levity; I do not believe either of *you* will go, but I think (bowing courteously to her opposite neighbours) this lady and gentleman will;—may I not hope, madam, I have prevailed with you?” Mrs. Clarke said, “I think you will see us both there; and will you promise, if we comply with your wish, that you will come and speak to me at the conclusion of the service?”—the thing was agreed, and the conversation then turned upon the days in which the Papal persecutions consigned men to the stake for their religious faith. “Ah, yes!” ejaculated the young lady, “these were indeed times of trial! I wonder whether *we* could burn for our religion. You know of course, Sir,” addressing the Doctor, “that Oxford claims two celebrated martyrs.” The travellers were now in the renowned seat of learning; and once more reminding Mrs. Clarke of her promise, they shook hands and separated. The next day found Mrs. Clarke and Miss —, side by side, (though of course accidentally) in the new chapel, and the two friends seated just behind them; she bowed to Mrs. Clarke, thanked her for coming, and said,—“but indeed, from the behaviour of your friends yesterday, I certainly did not expect they would have been here.” At length Dr. Clarke ascended the pulpit stairs;—let the condition of Miss — be imagined: she looked at Mrs. Clarke in speechless agony, and unutterable dismay, for a second, then burst into tears and said,—“That was too bad Mrs. Clarke, too bad!” But the poor girl's trials on the occasion, did not end here: Mr. Watson, having heard the affair narrated with great glee by the Doctor's friends at a dinner table, related it to a large party who took tea at the house in which he was entertained on the occasion; expatiating with considerable naïveté upon the singularity of the case, and the probable feeling of the young lady on recognising the Doctor in the pulpit: he was listened

to, of course, with great delight by the major part of the company ;—but one sat there, who was mute as the skeleton of the Egyptian feast—it was the heroine of the tale! Dr. Clarke hearing of this, wrote an affectionate letter to her, fearing lest the adventure should have an unhappy effect upon her ingenuous mind; and as in the interim, he had learned her history and family connections, gave her a kind invitation to Heydon Hall; an invitation accepted during a visit paid by the writer to the same hospitable mansion, when an opportunity was afforded of having the entire narrative, fresh and glowing from the lips of Miss C—— herself.

The Doctor's opening sermon on the Thursday forenoon, was remarkably plain and simple, and only about half an hour in length. This might be partly accounted for, from the circumstance of having had his mind somewhat disconcerted by the singers; who, in opposition to an expressed wish, resolved to sing a piece before the sermon. The next evening, however, (Friday the 10th,) he amply compensated: the discourse, on the testimony of the Rev. Daniel Walton, a very competent judge, being one of the most extraordinary he had ever heard the Doctor deliver: his first text was selected from the Epistle to the Hebrews, the second from Psalm lxxxix. 15, 16.

One, of a party invited to meet the Doctor while in Oxford, and who was a preacher, was an incorrigible smoker. This gentleman stole downstairs to enjoy himself, placing the pipe-head and his mouth, as much within the range of the fire-place as the heat would allow, in order to prevent the tobacco fumes from ascending to the higher part of the house. But the Doctor's scent was too keen on this subject to admit of escape; and like a vision, he soon stood in the kitchen revealed before the eye of the reverend gentleman. "Brother A.," said he, "you are killing yourself; my father killed himself with smoking." Though taken by surprise at first, Mr. A. soon rallied, and finding that a little hardihood would serve his purpose better than timidity or confession, he replied,— "We are opposed to each other on this subject, Dr. Clarke: the pipe does me good, and my father died of constipation of the bowels because he could not learn to smoke."

This year the Chapel Fund was instituted, which is one illustration among many others, of the varied movements to which the system of the Wesleyan body is propelled by the principle of Christianity, to bear on the outfield population. This fund Dr. Clarke justly classed "among the many improvements which have been made of late years in the external economy of Methodism." His sentiments,—that "it is a great charity to build chapels for the accommodation of the poor," may be subscribed to, with equal cordiality. It would be a serious omission, while adverting to this subject, not to name his valuable "Letter on the General Chapel Fund," in which the principle is not only ably discussed,

but through which the fund itself was essentially aided. He had a strong feeling against mere ornament; and to show his contempt of some ornamental plaster-work around the aperture made for the chain of the chandelier in the centre of the ceiling, which was not in keeping with the other part of the erection, he inquired significantly, turning his eye upward, "Why have they placed those glorified cabbage leaves there?" He considered Methodism infinitely more honoured by the aggregate amount and influence of the more humble structures, in dissolute and wretched neighbourhoods, than by her costlier temples.

Being asked his opinion of the Toleration Act, as passed about this time, and being interested for his native country, he remarked,—“In looking into that Act, I am surprised to find there is nothing in it, referring directly to Ireland; though I think, in the way of implication, the 9th and 10th articles will apply.” Not being satisfied with it, he consulted a professional gentleman, stating his own opinion of these two articles. The legal gentleman coincided with his interpretation, as presumptive evidence that the Act was intended to include the United Kingdom; only, reminding him, that the Act stated that in “cases of infringement penalties could be sued for, only in the courts of England and Wales.” The opinion which the Doctor stated to the biographer, and which may be of service another day, is as follows:—

“The Acts repealed by the last Toleration Act did not extend to Ireland, but to England, and Wales, and Berwick only. Had they extended to Ireland, an argument, though perhaps not a good one, might have been supported in favour of the last statute, that it was meant and intended to include, and did include, Ireland.”

“The other statutes which the last Act proposed to amend, did not include Ireland, and there should have been probably a specific enactment to bring her under the protection of that Act, or the amendments may be considered as limited to the places which were protected by the Acts amended by the last statute.”

“The Church of England upon the Union with Ireland, became the Church of the United Kingdom; and therefore, calling her by that name in a statute passed since the Union, is not I fear sufficient, to give a jurisdiction under the Toleration Act to Ireland, and the protecting a person fully employed as a minister in any part of the United Kingdom was perhaps meant to preserve itinerant preachers from the militia. Suppose a case: A person qualifies in England, and the Conference sends him to Ireland or to Scotland, he would, in either country, be exempt from the militia, even admitting that the statute does not apply in its general tenor to either country. Upon the whole, though under the impression of doubt, I am inclined to think that a statute should be obtained to amend the last with respect to Ireland.”

The Doctor added, “This opinion is of consequence, as a similar

omission has attended the Marriage Act, which has occasioned some of our preachers in Ireland to conclude, that they have no authority to solemnise the marriage rite in that country, between those who have a ticket, or *take out*—a ticket to denote they belong to the Society. If, therefore, the Toleration Act does not extend to Ireland, those marriages are at least doubtful.”

Though Dr. Clarke knew Mr. William Dawson before this, by character and name, yet it was not till now they had the pleasure of enjoying each other's society; first, in the city of Chester, at a Missionary Meeting, and next at Liverpool, on a similar occasion. They both preached. Mr. Dawson, as a “tiller of the ground,” represented the heathen world under the notion of a field; and the Baptists, Moravians, Calvinists, &c., as engaged in cultivating the great moral waste. The Doctor was much pleased with the freshness, force, and ingenuity displayed. They travelled between Chester and Liverpool, in a post-chaise, in company with a friend who had lost a leg, and who, in consequence of the vehicle not being exactly adapted to the bulk of three such personages, aided by its jostling, permitted on first starting—of course unintentionally—its unfeeling substitute to play off a few rubbers against the Doctor's more sensitive shin,—there was less disposition for free conversation at first, than the social arm-chair would have admitted. However, as Mr. Dawson observed to the writer, they were soon indulged with some fine gleams of sunshine; and the Doctor advertng to the cultivators of the foreign waste in his speech, pleasantly remarked—showing at the same time, his strong general redemption principles,—“If I found a Calvinistic field in heaven, I should pass by it, and go to some other.” In travelling the eighteen miles, the Doctor forgot his shins and his wedgings at least two-thirds of the way, being so much delighted with the conversation of his companion; and the next morning accosted a friend, who came to meet him thus:—“Your friend Mr. Dawson and myself talked all the way to Liverpool yesterday evening, and what an astonishing mind the man has! He assigned reasons constantly for everything he had done.” Shortly after this, Mr. Dawson again met with him in the city of Bristol, when he was much struck with a statement by the Doctor, namely, “That he had examined the religion of the Hindoos, the Mahomedans, &c. &c., but in all the different religions which had passed in review before him, CHRISTIANITY was the *only* one that staked its *credit* for *pardon* on *present belief*.”

In the month of May, the Doctor was requested to visit the Metropolis, in order to preach two of the annual sermons in aid of the funds of the Wesleyan Foreign Missions, and attend the public meeting. While on the platform, he received a letter from Sir Alexander Johnstone, then within sight of land, on his return from the island of Ceylon; and in about half an hour another note was handed to him from the same

gentleman, stating his actual arrival, and adding a wish to see him as soon as possible. On the following day he had an interview with Sir Alexander, who informed him that he had brought with him two of the high priests of Budhoo, who had left their country for England, to be instructed in the truths of Christianity. Two days after this, the Doctor received them from on board the vessel at Blackwall. The name of the one was Munhi Rat'hana, Teerunanxi, was twenty-seven years of age, and had been high priest eight years: the other bore the name of Dherma Rama, was twenty-five years old, and had been between six and seven years in the priesthood, for which both had been educated from their youth. They were cousins-german, and exceedingly interesting both as to person and intellect. As a full account of them, as to their lineage, person, character, studies, progress in knowledge, &c., is to be found in Dr. Clarke's "*Miscellaneous Works*," vol. xii. pp. 18—79, it is unnecessary to enlarge beyond a few remarks.

It will be proper, however, as Sir Alexander Johnstone is introduced into the history, to go back to Dr. Clarke's first acquaintance with that gentleman, which took place in the year 1812, previously to Sir Alexander's second visit to Ceylon, when he was appointed supreme judge. This gentleman, ever anxious for the political, moral, and religious improvement of the natives, to whom, in the order of Providence, he was appointed to administer justice, applied to the Doctor, then residing in London, to know if he could recommend to him two intelligent, pious young men, who would be willing to go to that part of India, and become schoolmasters, catechists, and teachers, in order to diffuse the knowledge of unadulterated Christianity, among a million and a half of British subjects, degraded by heathenism and superstitious darkness; and who, weary of their delusions, would be glad to receive the truth; not having, in fact, one prejudice against the Christian religion. Dr. Clarke promised to inquire; and, accordingly, did so at the ensuing Conference. The late Dr. Coke, having perhaps as much of the spirit of a missionary as any man since the apostolic age, volunteered his services to conduct a mission to continental India. Dr. Clarke pleaded strongly for the propriety of attempting the Christianisation of the island of Ceylon, as the first step, showing that it might in all probability be the key to continental India. The Conference agreed to the proposal with the greatest unanimity, and adopted the measure by appointing Messrs. Lynch, Erskine, Harvard, Squance, Ault, Clough, and McKenny, to proceed to India under the direction of Dr. Coke; one of the missionaries was to be left at the Cape, one at Java, and five to proceed to Ceylon. They sailed, as previously noticed, in 1814; Mr. McKenny went to the Cape, but the way to Java not yet appearing sufficiently open, neither of the brethren was left there. Dr. Coke died on his passage; the other six reached in safety the island of Ceylon, where they were received in the

most humane and Christian manner by the constituted authorities, and by several well-disposed persons at Colombo, and elsewhere. They saw, however, that little good could be expected to result from their labours, till they had acquired a knowledge of the vernacular tongues of the island, and they first attempted Cingalese. In this they made such proficiency that in a comparatively short time, they were enabled, by the assistance of some learned natives and others, to translate the whole New Testament into that language. This translation got into the hands of the two Cingalese priests in question, who having naturally curious and inquiring minds, read it with care and attention, and were deeply impressed with the character of our blessed Lord, and were from his history led to contemplate him as the most wise and benevolent of beings. Their attention thus roused, they inquired and sought deeper still into the truths of our holy religion; and in proportion to their inquiry, so was their reliance shaken in their belief of Budhooism. Still, however, they could not see—for they mutually examined and perused this translation of our Testament together—how they could, without subjecting themselves to privations and hardships, make any profession of their growing attachment to Christianity while in their own temple; but the desire to know it yet more fully induced them to wish to visit that happy country, in which they knew it was the established religion, and of which they had formed the highest conceptions. Hearing that Sir A. Johnstone was about to return to Europe, on account of his lady's health, they agreed to request him to allow them to accompany him to England. Previously to this, they had no personal acquaintance with that gentleman; but they knew the excellency and philanthropy of his character; and as were their views of him, so was his conduct towards them: he treated them with respect and tenderness. On their arrival in England, Sir Alexander was at a loss how to dispose of them, in order that they might attain the end for which they had undertaken so long and wearying a voyage, and communicated his anxieties to Dr. Clarke, whose counsel he solicited. The Doctor observed, "I think our Missionary Committee will take them; but if not, I will do honour to their motives, trust in the Lord, and take the whole burden upon myself." Sir Alexander rejoiced, and said, "You shall not bear the burden alone;" and it was agreed that the Doctor should lay the subject before the Missionary Committee. This was accordingly done: the committee heard the Doctor at great length on a number of topics connected with the history, religion, and object of the priests. The issue was, the committee agreed to take them, be at the expense of their support, and by an unanimous vote placed them under the care of the Doctor, who offered his gratuitous services. They arrived at Millbrook on the 16th of the month in company with their friend—Dr. Clarke, who was destined to be their preceptor.

After living in the family twenty-two months, they were baptised by the Doctor in Brunswick Chapel, Liverpool, March 12, 1820, being Sunday. Though the ceremony was kept as private as possible, the chapel was crowded to excess. The Doctor, after an interesting address, went regularly through the whole service for the baptism of adults. To the respective questions, the young men, though deeply affected, answered clearly, distinctly, and with much animation. This done, they both knelt down, and were baptised in the name of the Holy Trinity, water being thrice poured upon their heads; that is, once on the mention of each of the Divine names. The elder earnestly requested to have the name of his Christian instructor added and prefixed to his own; and was accordingly baptised Adam, Sree Goonah, Munhi Rat'hana; his sponsors were Thomas Kaye and John Forshaw, Esqs., and Mrs. Forshaw. The younger, wishing to take the name of his patron, the Hon. Sir Alexander Johnstone, was baptised Alexander Dherma Rama; his sponsors were, the Rev. Robert Newton, William Comer, Esq., and Mrs. W. Comer. The Doctor, after this, addressed the sponsors, and then, in the most solemn and impressive manner, taking the priests successively by the hand, said, "By this baptism administered to you in the name of the most holy Trinity, and by the suffrages of this congregation, I admit you into the Christian Church." There were few in the congregation who were not in tears; and what was remarkable, long as the service was, and cold as was the season, not so much as a cough seemed to be heard; the whole mass of the congregation being so engaged in the sacred worship as to absorb their animal feelings, and to suspend all personal considerations; it was the stillness of intense feeling, and a feeling too, which few would forget, and which would never be remembered but with the liveliest emotions of gratitude and joy.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was then administered to many hundreds of persons, the priests and their sponsors occupying the first table. This was a most solemn scene: Dr. Clarke, evidently indisposed before he began, had now been employed upwards of two hours without intermission, and appeared much exhausted; but when he came to administer the sacred elements to the newly-baptised strangers, his feelings completely overpowered him, and he found it difficult for some time to proceed; the tears flowed down the cheeks of the new Christians, and a deep and universal sobbing plainly told the heartfelt interest all took in the solemn scene before them; a scene whose novelty was only exceeded by its sacredness. Alexander Dherma Rama, who had long through fear of death been subject to bondage, had, during this service, his fears removed, saying, "Oh! I no fear to die now; if I die I go straight to the kingdom of God." Adam Munhi Rat'hana, on returning to his room, prostrated himself on the floor, and spent a long time in tears, prayer, and praise. Both expressed themselves as powerfully affected, and "feeling

more happy, and their hearts more light, than they had ever experienced in their lives."

In addition to the account published of them in the twelfth volume of the Doctor's Miscellaneous Works, some idea may be formed of the difficulty he had in communicating correct views of God to them, by a reference to his sermon on "St. Paul's Metaphysics," founded on Rom. i. 20, vol. vii., p. 383. Yet they were intelligent men. The Doctor used to call them his "lovely young fellows," (to the writer,)—"black but comely;" and observed, that they were "as docile as spaniels." He bore testimony to their intense thirst after knowledge, and considered them well instructed in the literature of their country, having been educated not only in their maternal language, but also in the Patois Portuguese, the Pali, the Tamul, and the Sanscrit. The Doctor wrote for them, and subsequently published, his "Clavis Biblica."

Shortly after their baptism, it was resolved they should return to their native country; and as Sir Richard Ottley was about to sail for Ceylon, as judge, it was deemed advisable that the priests should enjoy the advantage of his company on their passage home. In the latter end of April, Doctor and Mrs. Clarke went up to town, accompanied by the two priests. Previously to leaving Millbrook, the feelings of the priests increased in intensity as the time of their departure drew near: they wept and deplored the necessity of their return; visited each accustomed haunt, bidding it adieu; and then went into every room of the house. Dr. Clarke, after this, took them into the study, where, kneeling down, he commended them with much earnestness to God. This concluded, and covering their faces with their hands, in deep agony of spirit, they stepped into the chaise which was to convey them from a scene so endeared. The Doctor wrote a certificate strongly commendatory of diligence, acquirements, and character, "To all whom it [might] concern," dated, May 7th, 1820. Another was written by the direction of Lord Bathurst, signed, "Henry Goulbourn," and dated, "Colonial Office, May 6th." On their arrival at Gravesend, Alexander Dherma Rama wrote to the Doctor; and again from Deal on the 22nd of the same month. The following letter supplies a short account of their voyage:—

Colombo, Dec. 19th, 1821.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Here I am comfortable and happy; however I will tell you my good generally: Since we sailed from England we have every Sunday had prayers, and sometimes had a sermon; every morning and evening we have met in Sir Richard Ottley's cabin to read the Bible and pray; indeed, sometimes, some of the other passengers have joined. We have three Sundays had the Lord's Supper; indeed my mind sometimes rejoices concerning my soul.

Every day Judge Ottley order us to go to him for our improvement;

indeed, by his teaching, we have got great knowledge—also, he is very kind to us. Your book teaches us great knowledge: he talks to us out of it, and my mind is greatly satisfied with him all the time. I now better understand what you wrote to us in your little book, (*Clavis Biblica*,*) and I am now sorrowful in my mind, when I read your excellent teaching, seeing my great danger of everlasting death; but I have often, after reading, much satisfaction in my mind: you have done great kindness to me, and I feel much as I can for your sake.

On the 30th of October we arrived at Colombo; the governor very kind to me, and put me under the Rev. Dr. S——, who came from England, colonial chaplain; with him I study Christian religion, and I hope, in a very short time, to be able to preach the salvation of Jesus Christ. When I was with you, I told you I wish to have some power to preach the Gospel to heathen people; my wish, I thank God, he has done for me, and I have now exceeding happiness in receiving this great blessing, and in seeing my welfare in this respect. My dear father, I will never forget you: you cut me some of your hair, and when I think of you I take it in my hand, and seeing that, my mind is full of sorrow, wanting you. Hereafter I hope you send me your likeness; what you have done for me makes me feel highly, and my daily prayer is for you and your family.

I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

To Dr. Adam Clarke.

ADAM MUNHI RAT'HANA.

On landing, they were favourably received by the local government. The eldest was appointed a Government Proponent, or chaplain, with authority to preach the Gospel to his countrymen of his own caste, and to baptize and marry. The younger was made a Mohunderam, or inferior magistrate; and neither of them, up to Dec. 18, 1829, had evinced the slightest attachment to their former idolatry, but in everything relative to their religious profession, showed themselves to be sincere converts to Christianity.

One circumstance came to the Doctor's knowledge, which gave him great pain. A missionary, in whose house one of them was domesticated

* The title of this work, which has already been adverted to, is, "*Clavis Biblica*; or, a Compendium of Scriptural Knowledge: Containing a general view of the contents of the Old and New Testaments; the principles of Christianity derived from them, and the reasons on which they are founded: with directions how to read most profitably the Holy Bible. Originally drawn up for the instruction of two Teerunaxies, or High Priests, of Budheo, from the island of Ceylon. By Adam Clarke, LL.D., F.A.S., M.R.I.A., M.R.A.S., Member of the American Antiquarian Society, and Honorary Member of the Historical Society of New York." It was addressed to the President of the Conference; the Rev. Messrs. Joseph Taylor, Richard Watson, and John Burdsall, Missionary Secretaries; Joseph Butterworth, Esq., M.P., and the Rev. Geo. Marsden, General Treasurers; and all the gentlemen and ministers composing the General Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

for a certain period, treated him as a menial;* and the priest entering his presence on one occasion, with some degree of familiarity, was repulsed, and asked why he did not put off his shoes before he entered his apartment and his presence: "and this," remarked the Doctor, "by a man who was sent thither to destroy caste, and to a man who had been treated as one of my own family, who had dined at the same table with Sir Richard Ottley, and who had been treated with respect by the first gentlemen in this country." This Missionary was no other than *Elijah Hoole*, afterwards one of the Missionary Secretaries, whose name, like that of Jabez Bunting, was withheld in the first edition of the memoir, but since, together with the fact, published in "METHODISM AS IT IS."

The "Language Society" having been named, the Doctor observed, "It is a remarkable fact, that, with the exception of the Vulgate, &c., most of our modern translations are by the Heathen. The Missionaries, and others, have employed them; and not being masters of the language, have depended entirely on the heathen for a word in their language equivalent to the Greek. In this way, a great deal of Calvinism, and many improper readings, have been introduced, which will have an important bearing on the creed of the people for whom the translations have been made. In one instance, a member of the Society noticed the term *stinginess*, which had been employed for a word which referred to a directly opposite principle."

Passing on to the Christian ministry, "There is," said he, "a great deal of fictitious character among the ministers of the present day. Formerly it was not so. The men with whom I associated in early life, were of sterling make. But now, they are aping Mr. — and Mr. —. A young lad came to my house—a preacher; I asked him to pray: if I had not known, I should have thought it was Mr. †—. His voice and his sentences were perfectly of the — school: and the imitation was so complete, that it descended even to the reading of a note and the winking of the eyes. It was Mr. — everywhere,—before and behind. The young men, especially, are quite a different race from their fathers: they are stiffened up, and cut out by reading, study, and mimicry, till there is very little genuine natural character left. I abhor all aping,—I care not who the man is."

Another subject which engaged his attention at this time, in connection with the Sunday Schools, is worthy of serious consideration: it is taken up in a letter to the Rev. J. Entwisle, who had pressed him to preach some occasional sermons at Sheffield.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Last evening I returned from an excursion of more than 200 miles, which I made to preach for Sunday Schools. I went off afflicted with lumbago, and brought it back with me; on my

* Elijah Hoole.

† J. Bunting.

return, I began seriously to reflect upon my conduct, and to examine whether there were most of wisdom or folly in it. I thought, there was a time, when Sunday Schools were not well established, and but little known; and then extraordinary exertions were necessary to prove their utility to the public; the case is now widely altered;—these schools are established and well known; and their importance universally acknowledged: these extraordinary exertions are, therefore, no longer necessary; and every school should be so organised as to render them useless, and it must be so if we wish to secure their permanency—for whatever is forced is unnatural, and whatever is unnatural cannot be permanent. I concluded, that I had possibly been doing evil rather than good, by encouraging that species of unnecessary exertion, and preventing the people from having recourse to those more natural and regular means which would induce them to proportion their expenditure to their regular income, and not take those incautious steps by which they burthen themselves, and cripple a good work, depending upon the fortuitous influence of some strange preacher, who it was hoped would succeed in exciting the people to give more than they were wont to do, or, perhaps, could be well justified in doing. After thinking a great deal upon this subject, I could not help concluding, that, at best, I was acting no wise part; and that nothing could vindicate the steps taken but the opportunity of preaching Christ crucified where he could not be heard of, but which case could not occur in our connexion. Most seriously do I think, that these things should be left in every place to the preachers on the spot; and that this is the only way to bring them to a regular plan, and secure their permanency; for, I repeat it, this forcing work will not answer the end much longer, and should be immediately abandoned. In the Missionary cause, labours of this kind may ever be useful; because the necessity of the measure cannot be known but by accounts received from heathen nations, of the great want of the Gospel, and the wretchedness of the inhabitants; and these should, by the ministers of Christ, be brought, at least once a year, before the Christian public, to excite their commiseration and charity.

Though I should be glad to see the friends at Sheffield, yet I cannot believe that my going is at all necessary upon this occasion, while such men as yourself and coadjutors are there—men whom we are accustomed to call from their circuits to preach for such charities in other places! Besides I have several Missionary Meetings to attend in April, and believe it will be hardly possible for me to get through the whole: this will sufficiently plead my excuse with my good friends in Sheffield. I hear of nothing strange in the Connexion.

I am, yours affectionately,—A. CLARKE.

One little incident, characteristic of the Doctor's kindness and condescension, while at Millbrook, should not pass unnoticed. Some of the

colliers, who were members of the Wesleyan Society, observed, that they had to rise at four o'clock in the morning to go to their employment, and expressed a fear lest they should not be up in time. The Doctor quietly remarked, "I will pledge my word, you will be ready in time for your work." The next morning, precisely at four o'clock, the Doctor was unexpectedly at the doors of the poor men in his neighbourhood, rousing them from their slumbers; a practice which he continued for some time. Overwhelmed with gratitude, but unable to requite him for such attention, they thought they must nevertheless meet it in some small way. Having heard that he was sometimes feverish in a morning, and dry and parched in the mouth, they concluded that an apple would be very cooling: and, accordingly, at their bidding, their children were wont to steal out early in the morning, walk through the wet grass, and pluck two or three apples with the dew upon them, and take them to the study window, which, when the gentle tap was given, was presently opened by the Doctor, who, with a view to relieve the parents from a sense of obligation, as well as to encourage emotions of gratitude, received the boon; the children tripping off with buoyant step delighted by his acceptance of their offerings.

From the Conference of 1817 to that of 1819, the Doctor's name stood on the Minutes for Liverpool; and there he took the share of labour allotted to him in connection with the other preachers. It was in the year of the last date, that things were assuming a threatening aspect in Ireland. He observed on the subject, "The times do not appear auspicious; and I am afraid, that the measures which our Government are now pursuing, will make all worse; as the lower classes, which are the numerical bulk, and physical strength of the kingdom, appear to have lost all confidence in their rulers. Nothing is done to soothe these discontented spirits; and, I am sure, it is perfectly possible to draw the cord too tight. But complaint is useless: they think these strong coercive measures are the best; and they may answer the end for a time, but they will have a re-action; for so it has been, in such circumstances, in the history of every nation in the world. Strong coercive measures, founded on petty occasions, are not the characteristics of a magnanimous Government, but of a feeble and timid one. How far these observations apply to our present administration, I leave others to decide." This subject he dwells on more minutely in a letter to his brother-in-law, Mr. Butterworth.

MY DEAR BROTHER B.,—It is true "we seldom hear from one another;" this I have often deplored, because I have frequently needed your counsel, and would have asked it, but that I feared coming upon you at a time when you might be borne down with business and fatigue, and my application would only add to the grievance. The contents of your letter are grievous—but to me not new. I seldom meddle with public

affairs: God has not made me a ruler of the people; but I see much distress, and hear of more, and I must be utterly unworthy the name of Christian, if my eye and ear did not affect my heart. The three great interests in the nation are in a state of the most afflictive distress—I mean the mercantile; the agricultural; and the manufacturing interests; and which is the least hopeless case I can scarcely tell from anything within my own view. I have seen failures here to the amount of nearly two millions of money in the course of a single week! and failures too, where none were ever suspected. The exorbitant assessed taxes, and the poor-rates, are draining the vital blood of the agricultural interests; for, as our manufacturers have comparatively fallen, and as our commerce has become crippled, there is neither money nor employment for the poor and the mechanic; and the farmer, who is obliged to cultivate his land, and has paid a high price for labour, &c., cannot sell the ample produce of his fields for one-half of the money it has cost him; and, consequently, cannot meet the demands of tax-gatherers, the claims of the poor-rate, and the rent of the landlord. The agricultural interest can never live, unless every farm produce three rents: one, of course, goes to the landlord, one for taxes and maintenance of the stock, and one to the support of the family. But the taxes and rates alone, take more than one rent; and as the produce sells so much below its value, there is little left for the family, the stock, and the expensive contingencies which invariably occur. My own estate is one of the best of its size in this country; in its cultivation, science and economy walk hand in hand; now, such is the depreciation of the produce of the fields, owing to the scarcity of money resulting from the failure of trade, that, had I to meet the demands of a landlord and the interest of stock, after paying taxes and rates, I am satisfied I could not meet those demands, out of the produce of the soil, with 2s. 8d. in the pound! Now, if this be my state, what must the state of others be in the same circumstances, and without my advantages? But enough of this—you tell me, there are some schemes at least in embryo, for the help of the poor. I am glad of this; for, though I consider all such as necessarily partial in their operation, and inefficient in reference to the mass of the people, yet they must do public and general good from this circumstance,—The people see, from such exertions, that their distresses are known, felt, and commiserated; and this excites their hopes, inspires public confidence, and prevents despair. Howsoever local the application of relief may be, the beneficial impression will be general; especially if men high in office, and connected with Government, will take an ostensible and decided part in such benevolent endeavours. Had I authority and means, I could do much; but I have done what I could: the poor have not been able to get clothes: in God's mercy to them, the winter has been mild—I have bought blankets, shirting, flannel, &c. &c., and clothed many a naked individual, and helped not a few families: this

has removed wretchedness from the poor of my own immediate neighbourhood, and I have contrived labour for several who were wholly unemployed: I have also answered many an objection, and quieted many a murmur against Government. May God help us! for inefficient must be all the help of man, to remove the aggregate of these evils. I am now on my road to Yorkshire, but will send you the laws of St. Lucius as soon as I return,—it is an excellent work. Is Mrs. B. better?

Yours affectionately,—A. CLARKE.

Tact is necessary to meet private as well as public hostility and grievances, and will sometimes silence clamour, when force would only aggravate the feeling it was designed to tranquillise. Apply this to religious persecution. "I was in company," said the Doctor, "where the subject of persecution was introduced; when a person present, to whom I was a stranger, told us, that his mode of acting, when he fell among the enemies of religion, was this:—When anything was said against the Methodists and the people of God, he immediately gave the person who said it, to understand, that he was one of them, and then desired to know what he had to allege against them; for, as he had joined them from a persuasion, that they were the people of God, if they were not so he should be glad to be undeceived. He generally found that this was sufficient to silence these men." The Doctor added, on this fact, "In the presence of the decided Christian, the sinner is awed and confounded."

It was in the course of this year, 1819,—having previously more than once tried to disengage himself from it,—that he resigned his office as Sub-Commissioner of the Public Records; and having freed himself from it, he proceeded with greater regularity and rapidity with his Commentary; taking an occasional preaching excursion at the urgent request of his friends, for the benefit of the church and its funds. One of these excursions was taken in the autumn of the year, when he went into Cornwall, and preached respectively at Hayle, Helston, Redruth, Falmouth, Truro, St. Austell, and Dock. At St. Austell, the timbers in the gallery being too short, it was found they had started out from the walls, through the immense pressure upon them, which shook it to its centre—being left supported only by its pillars. Though great terror and confusion spread through the congregation, the Doctor, who, in all probability, would have been one of the first victims, preserved his presence of mind, and his post, and no one was hurt. From thence he proceeded to London, and preached in City Road Chapel the last Sunday in October. This journey, and its pulpit toil, had a painful effect upon his physical energies. His buoyancy of spirit, however, never forsook him, gleams of which are to be seen in the following remarks on his journey from London to Millbrook, to his son-in-law, Mr. Hook.

“Upon the whole, we get on as well as could be expected; but the roads were in such a condition, that we lost rather more than two whole hours; for we did not reach Prescot till almost nine at night. We then took a chaise, built all our luggage about us, and without us; and got to Millbrook a little before ten—where we found every one well; and we have not yet heard that anything has been wrong since we left home. We were well known all along the way; and though we had an immensity of luggage, yet we were not charged one penny. I did not wish to let kindness go unrewarded; and, therefore, gave to each of the guards 7s. 6d. Mother bore the journey very well: I was very weary: the Portuguese took a glass of rum with everything, and took snuff wholesale. He spoke French very well; and I, as well as I could. I have not spoken so much French for thirty-five years. Give our love to the lads. Thras’ vile bottle, as strong as a cobweb, containing the anti-flatulent liquor, broke, without any provocation, in mother’s work-bag, and ruined the whole navigation. How abominable to keep bottles that are too weak to carry their own fill of fluid!”

Being in London again at the close of the year, and not having an opportunity of seeing Mr. Butterworth at the time he wrote, he addressed him on a subject which will not quite coincide with the views of some of the Wesleyans in the present day, but to which they will do well to take heed, and would have done better, provided the same sentiments had imbued their minds.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—I have heard, since I came to town, that it is in contemplation to publish a newspaper among the Methodists. Had I not had this information from a quarter that puts its truth beyond doubt, I could not have believed it; as a measure more fraught with danger could not, in my apprehension, be projected or executed among us. We have, at present, a great deal too much of a political spirit; a spirit as distant from the spirit of the Gospel, as light is from darkness. Already I perceive a great tendency to political and party feeling; and a newspaper will determine the business, and divide those who may long continue one without such excitements. We are the friends of all, and the servants of all: when we take up a newspaper, we take up a determinate side; and, in effect, shut the doors against all those who may hold political opinions differing from our newspaper. I have seen this fatally exemplified in the ministry of those who were justly denominated “political preachers” among ourselves. I have known the democratic preachers divide the congregations and societies: I have seen the outrageously loyal do the same, and the flock of God has been scattered by both; but this was upon a limited scale: such preachers were not numerous, and being succeeded by men who preached nothing but the Gospel of Jesus Christ crucified, the divisions were soon healed; though not without loss on

both sides of much spiritual life, and scars and cicatrices, observable enough, of the wounds they had received. A newspaper among us will effect all these evils on a great scale: one party will think it too high; another will think it too low: disputations will arise, and spirituality and true religion be irreparably damaged. To talk of a newspaper without politics, and to talk of politics without taking a determined party side, is as absurd as it is universally contradicted by facts. We are too apt already to become incautious in our language, and to express sentiments, which, when properly examined and analysed, will appear to the dispassionate, as far from the spirit of the Constitution, as they are in the mode of their discussion, from the spirit of Methodism. As to the disgrace which would necessarily attach itself to our body from such a measure, I need say nothing, because it is sufficiently obvious. Whatever influence you have, I beseech you to use it in order to defeat this project: if it become serious, I will do what I can to prevent it. I shall feel it my duty to warn the Church of God against it; and then leave the issue to Him who is the head of all principality and power!

I write thus to you my opinion on the subject of the newspaper; you may make what use you please of it. I shall not attend the meeting to-day, as I do not wish to spend any time in making observations which would now be useless; and yet which, if there, I should probably feel myself obliged to make. Yours affectionately,—A. CLARKE.

One of the great evils attached to Jabez Bunting's character and proceedings was that of dabbling in newspapers, and Methodism suffered seriously in consequence of it; many of the evils specified by Dr. Clarke being the unhappy result.

In the early part of 1820, the Doctor made considerable accessions to his library and museum, but found himself cramped for want of shelves, cases for his mineral and other specimens, &c.; in the arrangement of which he was exceedingly orderly and scientific. Though all seemed fixed for life, and the estate was improving under his care, he felt the inconvenience of a remote residence from the metropolis, and more especially in reference to the printing of his Commentary: hence, he observed to a friend, "Were I sure of a proper place near London, I would think of looking out for a purchaser for Millbrook."

Though several of his preaching excursions were often painful to him, he met with little incidents of real life by the way, which he would have found it difficult to have foregone. He had been at Bolton Abbey, the property of the Duke of Devonshire, and was much pleased with the venerable ruin and the scenery around. From thence he proceeded to Birstal, near Leeds, to preach and attend a missionary meeting. At the close of his sermon in the morning, he inquired, "What has brought me here? I was never in this place before,—I know none of you,—I never

saw you as a people before:" then, turning round with benignant feeling to Mr. Hopkins, who sat behind him in the pulpit, he said, "I will tell you what brought me here—love to Robert Hopkins, whom I have known for nearly the last forty years, and between whom and myself, there has existed nothing but the purest friendship." Mr. Hopkins, a simple-hearted man, thrown off his balance by this unexpected personal appeal, started up, and, as if resolved to be even-handed with the preacher, exclaimed, "Bless God, we have had the best sermon we ever had in our lives!" The Doctor was dumb; he could proceed no further in the war of friendship; and turning to the Mission cause, which he found much more tenable for remark than the fire which burnt in the bosom of his friend, he made his appeal, and opened up the sluices of benevolence in the hearts of his audience. He was appointed to dine at the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood;—"No," said he, "if Robert Hopkins has only a potato and salt, I intend to dine with him, and from hence I will not move."—The tale of eccentricity is not yet closed.

Here the Doctor met, for the first time, the celebrated Samuel Hick, the "Village Blacksmith;" and related, with much of pleasantry, this his first interview. Samuel, with his usual openness and simplicity—his face covered with smiles, stepped quickly up to the Doctor,—shook hands with him—and, after a few words, artlessly proceeded:—"You can get through with preaching better than me: I cannot bear to be disturbed: I have but one idea, you see; and if I lose that, why, I then have no more to go to: but you, Sir, you have a many ideas; so that if you were to lose one, you could pick up another by the way, and go on with it." By "one idea," poor Samuel meant the leading thought on which he intended to dwell. While the relation assists the illustration of intellectual character, it shows also the desolation which sometimes appeared to himself, occasioned by a want of reading, when he turned his eye inward. On going to the public meeting the Doctor had to encounter the outbreaks of another of Nature's originals. Old John Phillips, of Osset, was present, and was called upon to speak. He was queer—quaint—imaginative—bold—often loud—taking every now and then his hearers by surprise. At first, the Doctor seemed scarcely to entertain common respect for him: he sat—listened—turned away the eye—then reluctantly brought it back again: John, at length, laid hold of him, and in a strain of pure impassioned eloquence, riveted him to the spot: the Doctor was like a child in his hand; he brightened up all at once—the eye dilated—the crystal tears rolled down his cheeks in succession—and the only opposite feeling left was, that he was compelled to leave the meeting before it concluded.

Mrs. Butterworth, Mrs. Clarke's youngest sister, died in the course of the month of June of this year, after a painful and lingering illness. On this occasion Dr. Clarke wrote a consolatory letter to Mr. Butterworth,

embodying in it a sketch of her character: to that letter, written some time after, the following refers, embracing another point or two for which it is chiefly introduced.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—I have made some alterations in the enclosed, and subjected it to a sort of arrangement, adding a line or two. Of her usefulness, I think something should be said: she certainly was very diligent and very useful. When I heard of her death, I wrote you a letter in which I gave a sketch of her character as it then occurred to me; will you have any objection to let me have that letter, and permit me to draw her character a little more at large that it may be published in the Magazine? I think this necessary: it is owing to you, to her, and to the society, to do this; and I have reasons for it, which you shall know some other time. You must have read to you the sermon on the “Rights of God and Cæsar;” it is not long, and may be read at a sitting. The other piece, which you have read, is not a sermon, but a lecture delivered to some young gentlemen: it contains, without party views, the essential principles of the British constitution, and of law itself. I think I know the principles of law and justice as well as most men; for if I am ignorant of these, I am ignorant of the whole system of science and theology. You have put in a note concerning “Questionable Details;” I venture to state, that there is not one aphorism of the whole, that admits of a question at all; each of which is an absolute demonstration on the principles laid down, or the facts referred to. The enclosed letter, which I received from one of our chief magistrates, relative to my lecture, you will be pleased with. I have another from a gentleman here, who, in the time of the disturbances, wrote an address to the people in favour of Government, which was dispersed in thousands: he also speaks in the highest terms of the lecture, and wishes it circulated over the whole empire. I think one should be sent to several of our principal men; and they will see in it a hair split, which it has not occurred to any of them to attempt. Yours affectionately,—A. CLARKE.

The Doctor had frequently been solicited to write a Life of Mr. Wesley, and as time advanced was importunately pressed to undertake and complete the work without delay.* In consequence of the appearance of Southey's Life of Wesley, solicitations crowded upon him, supported by a resolution of the Conference of this year, requesting him to write one “suited to the present time and circumstances.” Mr. Butterworth, the Doctor's brother-in-law, was among the most urgent, expressing his readiness to undertake the publication of it, on any terms he might propose, or to give him £500 for the copyright. The

* An allusion to these entreaties will be found, vol. i., pp. 282, 284, 345, in the first edition of the Memoir.

Doctor himself was strongly inclined to the work ; and, in his frankness, remarked to the biographer one day, "It has often appeared to me, that Mr. Wesley was more free and playful with me than with others, under an impression that I might possibly contemplate a Life of him ; he entered into various family and other affairs, and dwelt upon them, as if anxious to impress me, and give the most correct information. I have many things that have never been presented to the public, both with regard to John and Charles ; and if these collections were added to others, some additional light might be thrown on John's life and labours, for as yet we have no proper character of him : the men who have written of him, have not properly understood him. Charles was an enemy to lay preachers, and encouraged them, not so much for their work's sake, as under an impression that they might be stepping-stones to his brother and himself. John was not so : he valued the men, under God ;—employed and respected them—and considered them as an essential part of his system." The Doctor, on the vote of the Conference, wrote to Mr. Butterworth :

Liverpool, August 21, 1820.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER B.,—I should have written to you before now, but understanding that your eyes were bad, and that you were out of town for your health, I delayed it till the present. I am come in to go up the shore for my health, for the benefit of salt water.

You will have heard, that I have been requested, by a vote of the Conference, to write a Life of Mr. Wesley ; which, the vote stated, should be submitted to a committee of the preachers, who should report to the Conference, which should authenticate the work, &c. Now, if I undertake it at all, I cannot hope to do it tolerably, unless I have the concurrence of the body ; and, on this ground, I am satisfied with their having taken it up, as I have now a right to ask for, and expect materials, from every part of the Connexion ; and on no other ground could I do this without exciting jealousy. As to its being subjected to a committee of the Conference, I fear nothing : I believe I shall not write anything on that subject, that the great body will not approve ; but I think it would have been more creditable to themselves not to have mentioned this, because the public might be led to judge from it, that it must be a partial thing ; and perhaps some may go so far as to say, that it was written to serve the party, and not to display things as they were. I know the reviewers said of Mr. Hampson's and Messrs. Coke and Moore's Life, that the former was written "for Truth and the Public, and the latter for the Connexion ;" but possibly all this may be obviated without much difficulty : however, what I state, is merely my own impression on the general subject. When Southey's Life became a subject of discussion in the Conference, I spoke on the character of Mr. Wesley for about half an hour ; it was without pre-

meditation or design, but the effect was astonishing—many of the old men were in tears ; and I never met with more gratifying demonstrations of affection and respect than were shown afterwards. If there was a particle of jealousy, it was obliged to look out at a friendly eye, and there it was drowned in the tears which flowed for the character which was delineated. After all, I did not engage to undertake it : the Commentary is still a dead-weight upon my mind, and I cannot plod at it as formerly : my health gets soon impaired by close sitting, and my eyes get soon weary.

At my own request, Mr. Moore, who certainly knows more of Mr. Wesley than any other man living, was desired to assist by his counsel and communications, should I undertake it. All were desired to collect materials and anecdotes of original Methodism—its introduction into particular places, &c. If this be done, much valuable and new publishing matter may be collected and saved. Before I received your letter on this subject, which you may recollect was before Conference, two of my particular friends had urged the measure ; they thought Southey's *Life* a libel on Methodism, and that nothing but a genuine *Life* could counteract the evil. After all, I should like to do the work, and want only health and time. I should rejoice to get suggestions from any judicious hands : I know of none to whom I can look but you, and Mr. Ward : * see what you can do. When I see the way clearly, then I shall know whether I can walk in it. I know you feel a very deep concern in this business, and God has given you counsel and strength : I wish to vindicate the truth of God, and the character of one of the first of men.

Yours affectionately,—A. CLARKE.

Though the biographer differed in opinion from Dr. Clarke, on Southey's *Life* of Wesley, both as to its literary character, and its effect upon the public mind, yet fidelity binds him to give the following letter to Joseph Butterworth, Esq., which enters more fully into his views and feelings on the subject :—

Millbrook, Dec. 11, 1820.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER B.,—Your long-expected letter is come to hand : I could have wished that you had been more explicit and decisive in delivering your opinion. Your letter was broken open, and had affixed on it the royal arms, with the legend “Comptroller's Office.” Penny Post Office. Is it usual or proper to have the letters opened in this way, and then sent without any reason being given, or apology for such an infraction made on the rights of privacy and confidence ? If this be right, why then, there is no longer any security for the safety of private communications of any kind, even through the medium of a high

* John Ward, Esq., solicitor, Durham ; an exemplary Christian character,—a man of sound judgment, good taste, and extensive reading ;—one to whom the writer is deeply indebted for counsel and kindness in early life, when in the habit of visiting the paternal roof.

and extravagant postage system, or through that of the privileges of Parliament. As I waited for your answer, I have not written a single line of the Life; indeed I could not attempt it till Job was finished: for, whatever you or others may think, I could as soon serve two masters as carry on two such works consecutively. I have no courage to undertake the Life, and am weary of the Commentary; I have now finished the only remaining book that required any especial skill or knowledge. Of the Prophecies I know nothing, and will not expose my folly as others have done theirs, by writing on what I do not understand. Much might be said on the Psalms, but that must be nearly common-place; and I believe it is a Book which stands less in need of a comment than any other in the Bible; almost everybody understands it in a general way, so far as edification is concerned. Now as to the Life; if I had the same opinion of Southey's work which you have, I should deem it a totally superfluous work to offer another Life to the Public. But I am satisfied, such a work as has been called for, is absolutely necessary, because of the mistaken views created in the public mind by S——'s Life of Wesley. Even its literary merit is small; yet, were it candid, were it true, were it a fair representation—not an anamorphosis of facts—its want of literary merit might be easily passed by, and I should be the last to complain of it; but it is in most respects what it should not be. From its construction and tendency it must do evil;—not adventitiously but positively—of direction, and in course. Its grand object in reference to Mr. Wesley is, to show, that his ruling principle was ambition;—to the gratification of which he bent all his powers, exerted all his zeal, and employed all his diligence;—and that he was an enthusiast in the adoption of means to accomplish this end. If, then, as Mr. S—— everywhere states, his ambition was at the bottom of all his exertions,—that it was not only the *primum mobile*, but the *totum mobile* of all his conduct,—then he was, on Mr. S——'s showing, a hypocrite: one by whom God could not work; and consequently, all the religious effects, produced by his exertions, are only enthusiasm and delusion. There is no escape from this conclusion. I assert, that Mr. S——, in every page, directly or indirectly, studies to show, that Mr. Wesley acted, ever acted by enthusiasm,—through ambition; and if so, Mr. Wesley, considering the wondrous effects produced by his agency, can be considered in no other light than that, which, on Mr. S——'s principles, shows him to have been. Allow Mr. S——'s principles, and you must allow these; and if you allow his book to exist, then the above is the fair and legitimate conclusion. A man pretending, during the whole of a long life, to labour for the glory of God, and the good of the world,—working throughout the whole from the principle of ambition to the gratification of the passions it excites,—must have been a man, against whose influence the world should be put on its guard.

It is true, that from the turn Mr. S—— has given to this subject, and the warm colouring with which he has invested it, he shows, that the principles may be profitably used, and get a salutary state-direction; and the very people themselves, who act from these principles on their established system, may be pressed into the service of that worldly religion, which is used by the rulers of the earth, for the accomplishment of state purposes. Hence, several worldly men have read the *Life*, recommended it to others, seized on the principles by which such mighty works have, as they think, been done;—wish to put them into another channel, under another direction, in reference to another widely different end. These will not hesitate, from Mr. S——’s account, to extol Mr. Wesley as a wise man—a great man—one who did a vast deal of good, &c. &c.; and would wish, nay labour, to have his followers united to, and absorbed in, the ecclesiastical establishment of the country. Does one of these men exalt him as the man who was appointed by God to awaken a nation sleeping on the very verge of the gulph of perdition?—the man who demonstrated the fallen condition of the human race,—who asserted, defended, and enforced the doctrine of justification by faith, through the sacrificial death of Christ Jesus,—as the man who showed that true religion is Christ in us the hope of glory,—who maintained and proved, the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit,—and of salvation from all sin in this life? No, no! for in these lights Mr. S—— never sees. Moral good must, it is true, be respected; for decency of conduct is necessary to cover ambitious designs. On Mr. S——’s principles, no spiritual good was done by Mr. Wesley’s preaching, nor by that of his successors; all this is enthusiasm with Mr. S——. God is not, cannot be in such a work—for with Mr. S—— there is no such religion; there is no communion with God; there is no life of God in the soul of man, implied in Christianity; the pretence to it is enthusiasm: and hence, Mr. S—— extols those preachers most, whose labours were least distinguished by the conversion of sinners. See the all-speaking, all-overwhelming proof which he gives in selecting Mr. G. S——, * whom he exalts above all the preachers who had ever been associated with Mr. Wesley; and who, he says, never entered into the enthusiastic system!—a preacher whom you, and all who knew him, knew him to be a good and sensible man; was perhaps one of the least owned of God, in the public work. This exactly suited Mr. S——’s system, and this man is exalted beyond all the others, for the great purpose of pouring contempt on the spiritual work; and yet S——’s experience in the *Arminian Magazine*, for 1782, from which Mr. S—— took all he could know of him, is the most barren of all the original lives of the Methodist preachers; and gives account of only two years of his ministry, viz.:—1763—64. The latter years of his life, between twenty and thirty, he spent in London, as corrector of the press, and assistant in the concerns of the book-room, and

* George Storey.

had his regular station with the travelling and local-preachers; and during all this time, he was never distinguished for anything but his honest, blunt uprightness; and never appears to have been used in any particular way for the conversion of souls. This very man Mr. S—— picks out as the most eminent of the Methodist preachers, and who could never enter into the system of enthusiasm. You must surely see the reason of all this.

I have read Mr. Watson's observations; it is an excellent defence of Mr. Wesley and Methodism, against the calumnies of Mr. S——. With his personalities I have nothing to do. Mr. S—— deserved anything in this way; but such matters in controversy can never add any weight to an argument, and should be omitted: I should have been glad if Mr. Watson had left everything relative to the quondam political creed of Mr. S—— and his tergiversation out of his work. Still it is a complete refutation of the calumnies of Mr. S——, and a successful defence of Methodism and its doctrines against his aspersions; and should be dispersed by thousands through the Connexion, and through the nation, at the lowest possible price. It is personality I regret; because everything of this kind must be retorted; and then there is an end of fair discussion in order to find out truth. In such cases, the weight of the old adage should be felt on all sides: "He that resides in a glass house, should beware how he throws stones at the dwellings of neighbours."*

If I am not much mistaken, S——'s Life will be a source of injury to many in our Connexion: men of little religion, but strong in worldly prudence, will, on the show of S——'s bait, swallow the hook concealed in it. They will think, that it will be best for Methodism to put itself more particularly under the protection of the State; and wish us to sacrifice our Christian liberty in order to procure worldly respectability; and should we do what Mr. S—— and his friends advise, we should at once annihilate the discipline of our Society, our spiritual government of God's Church, and soon make shipwreck of the doctrines that are according to godliness. Even our loyal principles are pleaded against us, to show that we should make overtures to form the recommended coalition! Any attempts on our part to do this, would be the immediate cause of a division. The most holy part of the people would be faithful to their original calling, and set up for themselves, and soon be exposed to persecution, because their principles would be suspected of disloyalty. Some time ago, it was proposed to Government to direct the "bishops to ordain twenty-three of the travelling preachers; and from this condition, the whole body of Methodists would be brought into the vortex of the Church; twenty-three of the chief being ordained, would bring all the rest; and the people would necessarily follow their leaders. Our separate communion

* Mr. Watson's tergiversations are dwelt upon at some length in "Methodism as it Is," vol. i., p. 69, &c. The "retort" is without stint.

would be given up, allowing only the privilege of class-leading ; and by this the Church would gain such an acquisition of political strength, and the State likewise, that the dissenting opposition would be worthy of no regard, and soon dwindle into nothing." This scheme, after it had been submitted to the Archbishop of Canterbury, was laid before me ; and, although I was one of the twenty-three elected, I lifted up my voice against it, and denounced it. Were the time unfortunately come, in which the Methodists must either throw their whole weight into the national or dissenting scale,—did Providence clearly indicate, by circumstances, that it had placed us in this dilemma,—I believe, the great body would not long deliberate—it would, without hesitation, range its many thousands under the banner of the Established Church. But we are not in these circumstances—we are a middle party, existing independently of either, and capable of doing good to each ; and while we abide in our calling, sacrificing nothing to pomp or worldly influence, we shall continue to be what, by the grace of God, we are now—a respectable and useful people : in a word, the salt of God in the nations of the earth. I have received no communication from any quarter relative to the Life, but from the holy and venerable rector of St. Chad's, in Shrewsbury ; he has furnished me with all the letters that passed between himself and Mr. Wesley ; and some anecdotes of Dr. Annesly, by Samuel Wesley, sen., (father of John,) and of Mr. Wesley himself. I did not know that such things existed till he wrote and proffered these helps. In a long sheet of anecdotes written as small as Greek, which I received last night, you will not be displeased with the following note to myself :

"Shrewsbury, Dec. 8th, 1820.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The above are all the letters I ever received from Mr. Wesley ; I value them, I cannot tell you how highly. Glad shall I be if they will afford you any service. You are the fittest man upon earth to write his Life ; and I pray for grace, health, encouragement, and success. Well do I remember you, with Mr. Wesley, when I called upon that good man in Bristol between forty and fifty years since ; like myself you were then a young man—in this month I shall complete my 75th year. I remember also, how much I was taken with you : may our friendship be eternal ! I thank you for your letter, and hope the answer I return will be agreeable. I am reading S——'s Life of Wesley, which I wish had never appeared. I cannot see what other motive he could have had in writing it, besides getting money ; but I suppose his end will be accomplished. Shall I tell you a secret before we part ? I should wish to have my name, worthless as it is, to pass down the stream of time united to yours and Mr. Wesley's. Being once mentioned, if in the margin, will please and satisfy your admiring and affectionate friend. Begging your prayers, I am, my very dear Sir, your affectionate brother and servant,

"THOMAS STEADMAN."

Mr. Steadman and I met at Park Gate Ferry, in the year 1811, the first time since the year 1789; though both comparatively old and grey-headed, we at once recognised each other. Should it please God that I write this Life, his name shall stand prominently, not in the margin but in the text; and I shall think the page honoured where it stands. Mr. A. Knox was with him a long time, and gave him about thirty letters that passed between Mr. Wesley and him, and with them several important papers, and all in confidence. He tells me that he has written to him for permission to communicate the letters to me; if I get these they will be a treasure. I now come to thank you for the hints relative to the Life: they are excellent, and should be carefully attended to, by any one who undertakes this task. I would not, however, rank the speech to the poor people when penniless—(he was stepping into the chaise at City Road,)—in the imperfections of his character: from my perfect knowledge of him, I must conscientiously say, that he stands, in my opinion, at the head of the whole human race; and to maintain and prove this point I should feel little difficulty.

I am sorry, truly so, for the death of your brother Thomas; he was a man I greatly respected: if he has made his own will, there is little room to fear any litigation after his death. It is only the wills made by lawyers that are uncertain, confused, and dangerous. The law of words and phrases exists not in the law of wills; wherever the intention of the testator is expressed, all is safe; the law works at nothing but this. If I possessed millions, I would take care that no lawyer's pen should ever be used to express a purpose of my heart. In making a will, common sense is better than all the botherums and borums in the nation. The state of the country is every way bad: it is time our ministers should go about their business; they have been too long employed about that of the country, which they were never able to manage; whether better may be gotten, I cannot tell, but I believe the change would allay the ferment in the country. You know little of this in London; you cannot know it it is not fairly represented to you, and of it the king appears totally ignorant. We cannot get above 7s. 6d. for the best wheat, and we cannot bring a bushel of it to the market which has not cost us 12s.; let it fall in price as it may, the oppressive taxes still continue. If the agricultural interest of the nation sink, (and it is sinking as fast as it can,) what signifies the commerce of the nation, or its political relations? Not one rush. I know it is common for those who affect to be loyal to deny these things, or to gloss them over; and so would I, if I did not fear a lie: our great men may continue to despise the cry of fire, till the flaming roof falls in about their ears. I am endeavouring everywhere to preach patience, forbearance, and trust in God. It is a mercy that the people hear us. Our own we can keep quiet, because the religion of Christ has hold of their hearts.

I am sorry for the long and severe continuation of your affliction, and we have made it, and often still make it, a point of pleading in our prayers, that God may relieve you and spare your sight. I have no doubt that it is a nervous affection, and that rest and bracing of the whole system are essentially requisite to your recovery. I wish you would come to us for a month: I am sure we could make you comfortable. You know our family is small: only the big and little Mary and myself. Mary Anne will write your letters for you; and it may be, that under your direction, I might begin this *Life*. Our air is pure and healthful. *JOB*, you know, has been some time finished, and I hope it will be brought into circulation before Christmas: no part of the sacred writings has cost me so much trouble and anxiety as this: it is a poem at least as obscure as the *Cassandra* of *Lycophron*; the latter has never yet been understood, and probably not the former. All here send their love to you.

Yours affectionately,—A. CLARKE.

SECTION II.

1821.

THE political miasma which continued to hang over the public mind, occasioned unpleasant feeling in the Doctor. Addressing a friend, he observed, "A part of what you communicated caused me a very uneasy night, and deprived me of rest. I mean what refers to the public conduct of a certain person. I had drawn up a very strong, and loyal address to the king, which was passed unanimously by the Conference; but I must confess, had your information been received before that was adopted, I should have altered several expressions, though the principle and declaration of loyalty would have been precisely the same. As the case now stands, I am sorry for it—as such conduct has a most direct tendency to impair the loyal feeling of the nation;—at this time, we need nothing of this kind. The nation is becoming increasingly disaffected. The Methodist preachers, however, are all true men. It will pain you to hear, as it does me to relate, that this year, through what is called Radicalism, we have lost between 5,000 and 6,000 members. This is such a blow as we never had since we were a people."*

* What would the good Doctor have felt, if the "departing knell" of "ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND" had rung in his ear, as in the ears of others, in 1849,—when so many men, women, and children, were driven from the Wesleyan fold, not because of "Radicalism," but at the fiat of Jabez Bunting, who would have ousted himself, if he could,—and for no other cause, as shown in "*METHODISM AS IT IS*," than that of the *exposure*, by some unknown persons, of the evils resulting from his own policy and despotic acts. See Appendix, No. 3.

The Doctor, in speaking of disaffection and radicalism, threw his mind back upon different events, which, for some months, had greatly agitated the public mind, embracing the trial of the consort of George IV.,—the movements and trial of Mr. Hunt,—several public meetings convened by agitators,—the publication of infidel tracts by Carlisle, Taylor, and others,—the “Cato Street Conspiracy,” and arrests and trials for high treason. One thing may be named in passing: the Doctor’s connection with Government was generally known; but more might be taken for granted, of his knowledge and connection with other departments of public affairs, than was warranted. It is on the latter supposition, that the following circumstance is conjectured to have taken rise: he received a packet, enclosed in an envelope, directed to himself; and within that, another envelope, directed to the king and his ministers. In the note addressed to the Doctor, the writer expressed his belief, that he (the Doctor) was in some way connected with Government, and that he wished him to forward the enclosed immediately to the proper quarter, as it involved matters of vital importance to the State. The Doctor immediately wrote to Lord Sidmouth, saying he had just received the packet as directed,—that he knew not from whom it came, and was also ignorant of its contents; that it might be the ravings of a maniac, or something vexatious in its character, yet he had deemed it necessary to send it. His lordship wrote an immediate acknowledgment, thanking the Doctor for his promptitude and discretion; further stating, that whatever such things might contain, it was always well to forward them. Though thrown into his lordship’s society afterwards, the Doctor delicately avoided all reference to the packet: nor did Lord Sidmouth refer to it. The same week, the “Cato Street Conspiracy,”—one of the most diabolical on record, in a Christian state, was discovered; and the Doctor could scarcely resist the persuasion, that one of the conspirators had made the communication, and that the packet added to the information, of which Government was previously in possession from other quarters. Independently of all, the discovery and defeat of the design was a national blessing.

Though the loss of so many members from the Methodist Society at home was cause of regret, occasioned by the tumultuous upheavings of the maddened spirit of the times, the Doctor was encouraged by the pleasing aspect which religious affairs assumed abroad. One of the missionaries presented him with Patoc’s Portuguese Hymn-Book, and various facts relative to the Conformity of Asiatic Customs and Manners with those mentioned in the Bible; the latter of which were exceedingly useful to him in his biblical researches. He considered the Wesleyan Mission to the East, one of the most important the body had established. From information received, he found that the treatise which he had written for the instruction and confirmation of the Buddhist Priests, was translated

into the Singhalese language by the Rev. J. Calloway, and printed at the Wesleyan press.

In his correspondence with Archdeacon Wraugham, about this time, the Doctor informed him, that he had secured for him the set of Titles to Walton's Polyglott for which he wrote, and that he had succeeded in reference to the Titles (*fac-similies*) of the Paris Polyglott, which had been formed on a model, printed, and stained in close imitation of the original. For his own copy of the Paris Polyglott, he gave thirty guineas, and was charged fifteen guineas duty, exclusive of other expenses. The duty sat as heavy on the Doctor's mind, as it lay like an incubus on the free circulation of sacred literature. He wrote on the subject to Mr. Vansittart, under an impression of overcharge. But Mr. Vansittart informed him, that it was the fixed duty; never remitted to individuals, and only now and then to public bodies. He was pleased to find in a letter about this time, from the Rev. G. Townsend, (now Prebend of Durham,) that he was on the eve of publishing the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, arranged agreeably to chronological order; a work in which he rejoiced, and wished him the greatest success.

A person of some rhyming respectability requested the patronage of the Doctor for a work he was about to publish; when he was met at the threshold with,—“I rarely read poetry: what I read in early life did not profit me: poetry is a dangerous thing for imaginative beings.” This was somewhat discouraging. Another person, in whom he had more confidence, and whose subject he preferred, observed to him playfully, yet sincerely,—“I intend to dedicate the work I have in hand to you, Doctor.” “You may,” he facetiously replied, “dedicate your old shoe to me, if you please.”

Referring to the original defection of our nature, he remarked,—“The doctrine of original sin has been denied by many; while its opposers, as well as those who allow it, give the most unequivocal proof that they are subjects of its working. I have seen men impugn and defend it with an asperity of temper and coarseness of diction which afforded sufficient evidence of a fallen nature. A late writer on the subject has excelled in this way, and by his bad temper spoiled his works: he has published two books on the Scriptures, translating and commenting, both of which witness against him.” Then speaking of the odious nature of sin, and its contagious character, which is compared to leprosy, it led him to describe a case of leprosy which came under his own notice: “Such a deplorable object I never before beheld; the body, the arms, legs, &c., were terrific; every sort of association with this person was avoided, and life was an insupportable burthen; so that the patient was incessantly and earnestly entreating God to put an end to it! I believe death in any form would have been preferred by this unfortunate being to this life of suffering. This,” he added, “is descriptive of sin: the leprosy began

with a spot, hidden infection being the cause; for the spot itself was only the first evidence of the vicious principle within: and there is, in like manner, a contagion in human nature, an evil principle opposed to the truth and holiness of God. This is the grand hidden cause of transgression. It is a contagion from which no soul is free; it is propagated with the human species—no human being was ever born without it; it is the infection of our nature.” He always spoke strongly on the great facts of revealed truth.

Having been removed from Liverpool to Salford in Manchester, during the last Conference, in both of which districts he was chairman; the Salford friends felt happy in the appointment, while those on the Manchester side of the Irwell, were delighted in having him so near. To Mr. and Mrs. Brookes, of the latter place, he remarked,—“In all my visits to Manchester, for two years, I was entertained at your house; and I must say, that never in the whole course of my peregrinations through the wilderness, have I met with more affectionate attention than in your house,—where, if it were possible, I was even more than at home; and if ever a moment’s pain arose, it was on account of being treated far beyond not only my deserts, but beyond everything which the rights of hospitality, or even my relation to you as a messenger of the churches, entitled me to expect. As poor Dherma said to me when he left England,—‘I thank you for your great and glorious manner of goodness;’ so I may address you; and may the all-bountiful God, in whose name you received me, pay the debt I owe you! I regret now, that all the time I was in Manchester, I did not once visit Salford: for, now being in Salford, I cannot, with any show of propriety, visit Manchester; yet, I really must spend a day or two with you before I die, if possible; that I may once more be happy with you, and talk over old things. *JOB* is now finished, and a hard task I have found it;—far in difficulty beyond anything which had before engaged my thoughts.* If it do not please and profit, I shall sadly grudge time and pains. I have no spirit to begin any more of the Commentary. Such a work, done on my plan, requires more than the life of any human being.”

Being in London in the early part of February, 1821, and finding that Mr. Benson was dangerously ill, he paid him a visit; he was then near death. The Doctor, after praying with him, observed,—“You feel the power of those great truths which you have for so many years declared to us, and find you have not followed a cunningly devised fable.” Mr. B. answered, “No, no! my hope of salvation is by grace

* In a letter to the biographer about the same date, he remarked in a similar strain:—“This is the hardest task I ever undertook. I will venture to say, that no man, for these thousand years past, ever understood the Book,—and still, both the language and matter lie in darkness. The language is a mere compound—and may be termed Idumaico—Arabico—Hebraico—Chaldaico, &c. I have done my best on it, and have brought forth, to its illustration, all the knowledge and skill I possessed.”

through faith." He died Feb. 16, and was buried in the ground adjoining to the City Road Chapel, on Thursday, Feb. 22. Dr. Clarke delivered an impressive address to an immense concourse of people assembled on the occasion, in the course of which he gave a most honourable testimony to the deceased, as a sound scholar, a powerful preacher, and a profound theologian. In one sentence, he struck off the peculiar character of Mr. Benson as a preacher. "You have heard this man's terrible ministry," said he: intimating that it was terrible in itself—no man, for argument and application, having so firm, and so extensive a hold of the conscience as himself—leading his hearers to acknowledge him as a minister of God; and that it was terrible to such as might be induced to slight it—for having heard him, and yet, under his appeals, remained impenitent, it would be more tolerable for such, than for the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, in the day of doom. "You have heard this man's terrible ministry." If a fuller illustration of his meaning be necessary, it is to be found in a sentence employed in familiar conversation with the writer, some time after, and which may be borne out by Mr. Benson's Sermons on the second coming of Christ,—“He used to preach sermons enough to alarm hell, and frighten the devil.” The Doctor spoke the more strongly perhaps on this subject, from the great dissimilarity between Mr. Benson's ministry and his own,—the love of God being his favourite theme.

Though much pained by Mr. Benson's ready admission into the *Wesleyan Magazine*—urged on at the same time by Dr. Bunting and his party—of a number of papers, (many of them ill-argued,) against the Doctrine of the SONSHIP, yet he felt anxious, he remarked, “to pay him this last tribute of respect, that if there were anything in his heart contrary to love, it might go to the grave, and be entombed with the corpse which had just been deposited there.” Trivial as this may appear to some persons, it was of importance to the Christian, and showed anxiety to preserve all right within.

Knowing the Doctor's wish to possess whatever would tend to elucidate the Sacred Records, the biographer directed his attention to a review of Belzoni's "Narrative of the Operations and Recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Excavations in Egypt and Nubia, &c." Among other particulars, the following subject was especially dwelt upon:—"In a tomb, in the Vale of the Tombs of the Kings, he (Belzoni) found a number of figures and hieroglyphics sculptured in bas-relief and painted over, except in one chamber where the outlines only were given. The greatest care appeared to have been taken to have them accurate; as several sketches were observed on the walls in red lines, which had afterwards been traced with corrections in black; the stone seeming then to have been cut away from the side of the chamber all round the black lines, leaving the figure raised to the height of half an inch or more,

according to its size. A coat of whitewash was then passed over it, which was still so beautiful and clear, that the best white paper appeared yellowish when compared with it. The painter came next, and finished the figure in colours, which after more than 2,000 years retained all their original brilliancy. Among the numerous representations of figures in various positions, one group was singularly interesting, as describing the march of a triumphal procession, with three different sets of prisoners, evidently Jews, Ethiopians, and Persians. Here the Doctor's attention was riveted; when it was further observed, that the procession commenced with four red men with white kirtles, followed by a hawk-headed divinity; these were Egyptians, apparently released from captivity, and returning home under the protection of the national deity. Then followed four white men in striped and fringed kirtles, with black beards, and with a simple white fillet round the head; these being obviously Jews, and might be taken for the portraits of those, who, in more modern times, walked the streets of London. After these came three white men with smaller beards and curled whiskers, with double-spreading plumes on their heads, tattooed, and wearing robes or mantles spotted like the skins of wild beasts; these were Persians or Chaldeans. Lastly, followed four negroes with large ear-rings; and white petticoats supported by a belt over the shoulder; these being Ethiopians." It was to Dr. Young, however, that the public were indebted for the illustration of the subject, which heightened Dr. Clarke's interest in the relation; who observed,—“I was prejudiced against Belzoni, because I knew he had formerly exhibited himself on a stage: and was ready, when you named him, to ask, ‘Can any good thing come from such a Nazareth?’ You, however, convince me, that I may profit much by his researches.” Further attention being drawn to the subject, plates 6, 7, and 8, were specially noticed, as exhibiting the most remarkable feature in the embellishments of the Catacombs, and serving to elucidate, in a wonderful manner, a point of ancient history, which was the more interesting from the extraordinary coincidence of the same event being related in the Sacred Writings and by Herodotus. The plates contained the procession already noticed of native Egyptians, and of captive Ethiopians, Jews, and Persians, each distinctly and characteristically marked in feature, colour and dress; an event agreeing with the history of the times: for it was ascertained, from the great source of all authentic information relating to ancient history, (the Bible,) that Necho, the father of Psammis, carried on war against the Jews and Babylonians; and Herodotus noticed his expedition against the Ethiopians; so that the procession might very naturally be considered to represent descriptions of captives made in his wars. The history of Herodotus was then compared with 2 Chron. xxxv. 20—24; chap. xxxvi. 1—4. The Doctor regretted the Narrative had not been published before his Notes on Kings and Chronicles appeared. He was

reminded that the Notes on Jeremiah had still to be written, where, in chap. xxii. 11, 12, Shallum or Jehoahaz was mentioned; the very person led in chains to Egypt, and who possibly was present in the mind of the ancient artist, when he drew his figure on the wall—as the king was much more likely to animate his pencil than any of his subjects; and also, that the identical battle, noticed 2 Chron. xxxv. xxxvi. chapters, was referred to by Jeremiah, xlvi. 2, &c.; and which the figures were so well calculated to illustrate. The Doctor, in consequence of this, sent for Belzoni's narrative; but it was out of print, and the subject seems afterwards to have escaped his recollection.

In a correspondence between the present writer and Bigland, the author of *Letters on History*, some remarks were made on a passage in the Doctor's Notes on one of the Epistles to the Corinthians, which were communicated to him; to which the Doctor replied,—“I thank both Mr. Bigland and yourself for the critique. When I read it I could not believe that I had made the mistake—as I have in my mind, the map of these countries as perfectly as it is down anywhere on paper: nor could I be convinced till I referred to the places: the mistake, however, if properly ascertained by the compass bearings, will be found slighter than at first view may appear. You will find it is laid correctly down in my map postfixed to the Book of Acts. Such communications will always be acceptable to me, and of no mean use to my work.” No credit is here claimed by the biographer;—it is due alone to Mr. Bigland; but it is introduced to show the spirit of the Doctor.

The latter part of April, and nearly the whole of May, the Doctor was much indisposed; yet he fulfilled various pulpit engagements at Chester, Salford, Manchester, Kidderminster, Stourport, and Birmingham. On the completion of these he had, according to previous arrangement, to pay a visit to Ireland. Though Mr. and Mrs. Forshaw, of Liverpool, and Mr. J. Carne, of Penzance, had agreed to go with him, the family were unwilling that he should take the journey without one of its members; accordingly, his second son, Mr. Theoderet Clarke, accompanied him. One part of the plan was, to visit the scenes of his youth, and to spend a fortnight at Portstuart for the advantage of sea-bathing.

Though he coupled a journey of pleasure with his visit to his native country, yet it is doubtful whether he would have been induced to take it precisely at this time, had it not been for an engagement to open a new chapel in Abbey Street, Dublin. A few notes may be here introduced, without professing to follow him through the whole of his movements and remarks. The Doctor domiciled with Mr. Cooke, his brother-in-law, Ormond Quay.*

* Mr. Cooke was a Law Bookseller, and the brother of Mrs. Clarke; a member of the Wesleyan Society, and excelled most men in the literal fulfilment of the Apostolic injunction—“In everything give thanks.” Some years previously to this visit, his

The service in which he was engaged, commenced in Lower Abbey Street Chapel, June 3, at twelve o'clock in the forenoon. The chapel was crowded to excess. He refused to read Mr. Wesley's abridgement, and took the full Liturgy. Mr. Charles Mayne, brother of Judge Mayne, of the Irish Bench, and one of the three Benchers stationed in Dublin for the year, read the responses. The Doctor's text was Deut. iv. 7—9. The collection amounted to £140 0s. 2d. He was upon the whole pleased with the chapel; but expressed his disapprobation of the story over it, intended as a residence for a preacher, the chapel-keeper, and for the accommodation of classes. The following are some remarks made to Mr. Mackey, on his return to Dublin, June 17th:—

"We reached Belfast on Monday the 4th. Tuesday, 5th, we took the Derry mail, and passed through Antrim to Coleraine, at which latter place we slept. Wednesday and Thursday were spent at the Giant's Causeway, and along the coast. On Thursday evening, I preached at Coleraine. Friday, we went to Maghera, and Magherafelt, that I might again see my native cottage. But, alas, scarcely a vestige of it remained. Mr. Holdcroft, who accompanied me from Dublin, took, however, a sketch of what remained. We were more fortunate with respect to the School-house, to which I first trudged.* This stood in pristine style; and of this a sketch was taken. Of the companions of my youth, one survived who remembered me; another, whom I met, was going on crutches, and could not recollect me at all. I intended to have sought out two or three more, whom I heard were still living, but finding so much in the decay of nature in the one I had seen, I was unwilling to see any more of its ruins. My school-fellow, walking with crutches, reminded me that I also must be old. Got to Antrim about half-past nine,—stopped there about ten minutes, while the chaise was getting ready, and thence to Belfast by half-past twelve. I was in bed an hour and three-quarters; arose, took the day-mail at five, and got to Dublin at seven on Saturday evening."

This was posting indeed! But thus had he driven, and thus had he attained his eminence in the literary and religious world. He was never very partial, however, to the mode of conveyance in Ireland; and observed, that he liked those things the least, which had, what might be designated "tow traces."

He again preached in Abbey Street Chapel, June 10, at the same house took fire in the night, when himself and family were asleep. The good hand of God, however, preserved them unhurt, though they barely escaped in their night-clothes; all else falling a prey to the flames. On getting clear of the frightful element, and seeing all his family around him, he was so filled with gratitude, that he literally shouted for joy. He was a fine specimen of implicit confidence in the wisdom and goodness of God, and of obedience to his laws.

* Mr. Mackey, who had seen the antiquated building, observed to the writer, that the door had neither thumb-piece nor string to lift the latch; but a round hole into which the arm was introduced for the purpose of opening it.

hour as on the Sabbath preceding. His text was John xiv. 16, 17. This sermon, in the esteem of the best judges who heard it, far exceeded its predecessor. On both occasions, there were present Fellows of the University, Episcopalian and other ministers, several eminent lawyers, the Earl and Countess of Belvidere. A powerful impression was made on all classes of persons by this sermon.

Part of Monday was spent at Black Rock and Dunleary, in search of minerals. He was presented by his friend Mr. M., with an Irish diamond found in the county of Kerry, and a fine specimen of copper ore, brought from the Lakes of Killarney. To his friend, who presented them to him, he said,—“There are none of these studies, which I have not brought to bear on the Word of God, and employed to help me to explain it.” It was his intention after this to go with Mr. Carne to the mountains of Wicklow, and to spend a day or two in exploring the mines, and trying to collect what might be allied to the curious and the antique. This was communicated by a friend to Mr. Hodgins, whose father resided between the towns of Wicklow and Arklow, and had a good collection of minerals and antiques. But the project terminated with,—“I would gladly embrace the opportunity; but the excursion must be given up: Mr. Carne has to set off in the morning for Cornwall: if, however, a bargain can be made for any rarity, or a few good mineral specimens, I shall be glad to have them.” Several antiques being noticed; he observed, as in the case of mineralogy,—“Through the medium of these, I have been able to explain passages in the Bible, which I could not otherwise have understood.”

Mr. Cooke invited several friends to meet the Doctor at dinner; among whom was Dr. Paul Johnston, who had been on terms of friendship with Lorenzo Dow. Dr. Johnston generally assumed the garb and quietude of a Quaker, but was a Wesleyan in sentiment;—very benevolent, but touched with eccentricity—a constitutional fault.

Reference was made to the period when Dr. Clarke travelled in Dublin; and some points were elicited not yet dwelt upon, which it may be proper to notice. Previously to his appointment to the city, in 1790, Mr. Wesley had requested Mr. Myles to give the cup at White Friars Street Chapel; and had himself established service there at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the Sabbath. A violent clamour was raised against him for these two things, by the leading men. His conduct was much blamed, and his character vilified through the medium of the newspapers. Mr. Wesley deemed it proper to write some letters in his own defence, in which he repelled the imputations, and justified the procedure. Answers to these, as well as the letters themselves, were published, and are still extant. The ferment was not allayed when Dr. (then Mr.) Clarke was sent thither. Hoping to put an end to the “strife of tongues,” he discontinued the eleven o'clock service, which he afterwards regretted;

stating, on the present occasion,—“It is the only ecclesiastical sin of which I ever was guilty, and I have repented of it ever since. Had service been continued at that hour, there is no doubt it would have given permanency to Methodism in the metropolis, and would have led to the introduction of the system in other parts, long ago. The energies of the Methodists would have been employed in the accomplishment of their own work; and they would not have been mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, as they have long been, for other churches.” Belfast took the lead, in 1820, in establishing service in what are called “church hours.” Dublin adopted the same plan, a few months previously to the Doctor’s present visit; and the service in the new chapel was intended to be at the same hour. Some of the leading men in the society, in 1790, joined the Clonites;—so called from the town of Clones, in the county of Managhan,—who separated from the Wesleyan body, in 1816, because the Sacrament was allowed to be administered by the regular travelling preachers. These designated themselves “Primitive Wesleyan Methodists,” professing unalienable attachment to the Church of England. Several of the most respectable and influential of these, who were among the Doctor’s bitterest opponents at the period referred to, called to pay their respects, and press him to their tables. He quietly remarked, somewhat in the style of Johnson to Chesterfield, on their withdrawal,—“When I needed their friendship, it was not shown; but they would appear friendly now, when I need it not.” He consented, however, by way of showing that no hostile feeling was permitted to lodge within his breast, to take breakfast with one of them on the morning of embarkation.

Miss Cooke, one of the Doctor’s nieces, was added to the party, and they all sailed for England, June 14, and landed at Liverpool early in the morning of the 15th. It may be remarked, on closing this visit, that the Doctor, soon after his arrival in Dublin, presented a donation of five guineas to the trustees for the new chapel. Previously to his leaving, the trustees enclosed, in a letter, a £10-note, Irish currency,—in British, of course £9 4s. 7d., and gave it to him to meet his travelling expenses. Just on the point of leaving, he gave Mr. Mackey a letter for Mr. Tobias, which was not to be delivered till after he set sail for England. The letter was like the man: it contained four sovereigns;—having calculated that the balance would defray his expenses, and being resolved not to profit by the transaction. By looking at his subscription of £5 5s., we find that he took fivepence less than he gave.

About a month after his return to England, he was elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy; from the secretary of which, he received a polite letter, intimating that the society would be glad if he would furnish a paper,—leaving the subject to himself. With this request he was disposed to comply, and wrote to a friend to procure for him the “Trans-

actions" of the Society, that he might not trench upon ground already occupied. In the same month, he regained in loyalty what he might have lost by the appearance of radicalism across the Irish Channel, when he prayed for the Consort of George IV.; for on the day of His Majesty's coronation, his domestics, the labourers, together with their wives and children, were favoured with a holiday, and treated with roast beef, plum-pudding, and fruit; and, in addition to their day's wages, had silver and copper dealt out to them, according to their age, merits, and servitude;—the flag joyfully streaming in the wind from morning to evening over the whole.

It will be remembered, that about this time, 1821, the conduct of the queen, on the Continent, was made the subject of very free and unsparing discussion: several strange accounts were, through the medium of certain papers, so broadly affirmed, and, apparently, so well authenticated, that the Doctor, with many others, was induced to believe they must be true; and, indeed, expressed a wish to see the king divorced, in order that he might re-marry, have issue, and secure the succession in a direct and indisputable line. While the Ministry was instituting the necessary inquiries on the Continent, and the trial of the queen, which was to result in proofs of her guilt or innocence, was pending, the Doctor forbore to pray for her as queen; but when that business was ended, and he saw there was not one of the alleged facts proved against her, and, as he observed, "not anything in point of law or justice proved, that should affect the life of a dog;" and when afterwards she was acknowledged as queen by the Ministry—by both Houses of Parliament—and by the king himself, in his message to the lower House to make provision for her—then, to use his own language,—“I saw her innocence established as clear as the unclouded sun at noon-day; and, as they had now left her queen, and acknowledged her such, he should, from that time, by the help of God, pray for her in his public ministrations;” and so indeed he did, in all places where he was appointed to preach; not, however, without giving umbrage to some; though, in order to yield as much as he conscientiously could to what he considered blind or bigoted prejudice, he never mentioned any of her adjuncts,—nor even her name, but simply the title in the phraseology of our Liturgy,—“That it may please Thee to bless the queen and all the royal family.”* Upon one occasion of his reading this prayer, the person who acted in the capacity of clerk, adopted the singular and arrogant resolution of refusing to make the response; as though, as the Doctor expressed himself, under an evident feeling of annoyance, “the clerk and others who took his part, were better qualified to judge concerning the propriety of praying for the

* This gave great umbrage to Messrs. J. Bunting and R. Watson, whose hostile feeling to the queen continued, and who frowned upon the venerable Richard Burdsall, biographer, and others, who entertained the views, and pursued the course of Dr. Clarke.

queen than he was, who knew all the charges brought against her in the original matter ;—who had read every document on the subject, months before the public ever saw them.” “I well know,” he observed in a letter to a friend, “the law on the subject ; and that neither the king nor his council, nor the whole bench of bishops, has authority to expunge that prayer in the Liturgy while there is a person in the land legitimately sustaining the title of queen. A royal proclamation is no part of the laws of England, nor indeed has the force of any. For my own part, no human power could make me desist from what I deem my duty to God and my country : I am not the first to take this consistent and scriptural part, nor shall I be the last ; but while I live, and there is room for it, I shall act as I have done ;” then, referring to the novelty above set forth, he continued, in a tone of honest and manly indignation, in retrospection of the offered insult, “Was the mode of treatment, of which you were witness, last Sunday morning, such as it should have been to an old grey-headed minister of Jesus Christ ? was it proper behaviour to Adam Clarke, whose life has been spent in the closet and in painful research into the Book of God ; as well as into all points relative to the very subject in question, whether considered in a theological, ecclesiastical, or political relation ?” From this extract it appears, that the Doctor’s resolution of mind was not carried out without concern for the opinions and reflections of those about him ; for it will be seen, that he joined exquisite sensibility with undaunted firmness ; yet, however unpleasant or painful the struggle between the two might be, he never allowed the clear and cool decision of thought to be overwhelmed by the conflicting emotions of a tender heart !

Lord Sidmouth was at this time Secretary of State for the Home Department ; and on the visit of George IV., to Dublin, in the month of August, accompanied his Majesty. The royal visit being expected some time, the Irish Conference agreed to present an address to His Majesty on the occasion. Dr. Clarke being at the British Conference, wrote from thence to Lord Sidmouth in reference to this Address ; but dated his letter from White Friars Street, Dublin, and wished his lordship, with a view to prevent delay, to transmit his reply thither. Mr. Mayne took the letter to the Castle, and left it at his lordship’s office. In consequence of its being dated from White Friars Street, his lordship, supposing the Doctor to be there, immediately dispatched a messenger with an answer, begging to see him at the Lord Lieutenant’s residence in the Phoenix Park that evening at five o’clock, or at the Castle the next day. This being the case, Messrs. Tobias and Mayne waited on his lordship in the evening, the former explaining to his lordship, that the Doctor had given him authority to open any answer that might be returned. His lordship spoke in the most complimentary terms of the Doctor, and would have had great pleasure in seeing him, as he had not

seen him for some time. The Address was duly presented by his lordship, and graciously received : and Mr. Mayne, who refused to read the response, and whose refusal might be remotely mixed up with his Majesty's expected visit, was less disposed after this, to associate anything discordant with the political creed and feelings of his learned countryman.

Having been pressed to open a new chapel at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, the birth-place of the founder of Methodism, the Doctor acceded to the wishes of the friends, and proceeded thither, in company with Mrs. Clarke, about the middle of September, posting it a good part of the way. Mr. Atherton was their travelling companion, who had also engaged to take a part of the services, and was at that time one of the Doctor's colleagues in the Salford circuit. With the Doctor's predilection in favour of the curious and antique, every place of interest was examined with care,—the Church, its pulpit, its communion,—the Parsonage-house, erected by old Samuel Wesley, the Sycamore planted by his hand, his tombstone, &c. He gleaned a few anecdotes respecting the "Wesley Family," which he afterwards successfully employed in the publication under that title ; and bore off with him, on his departure, with a feeling of triumph, the parlour tongs, with other relics of Samuel Wesley. The Rev. — Nelson, Rector of Wroote and curate of Epworth, treated him with the greatest respect, and gave the fullest scope to every feeling of curiosity and every object of interest. As his visit was generally known, the people watched his progress through the villages, and where an opportunity was afforded, several thrust their hands into the chaise window, to shake hands with him. In one place, where the chaise stopped, he got out, entered a small house, took a piece of bread and a little milk, which were apparently in use with the family, knelt down and gave the people his blessing, not forgetting to leave a more substantial token of his benevolent feeling. They dined at Retford on their return ; and from thence to Nottingham, passed through part of Sherwood Forest. Here, early days stole over his feelings ; and, with astonishing recollection, freedom, precision, and humour, he went over the story of "Robin Hood" and his men, which he pictured forth in such vivid colours, that they seemed to constitute a part of the retinue, and to be mingling ever and anon with the ancient oaks by their side, whose sylvan ancestors furnished them with shelter both from their pursuers. and from the heat and the storm. In the course of their drive from Derby, through the vale of Matlock, and onward to Buxton, he was enchanted with the scenery, and rarely had his head within the chaise window, it being the first time he had travelled that way.

This visit imparted new vigour to his purposes to proceed with the history of the "Wesley Family," respecting which several letters passed between him and the present writer ; part of two of which, as they are somewhat explanatory of the position in which the Doctor stood, and

show that the failure of the Resolution of Conference being carried out, was no fault of his, may here be given.

MY DEAR EVERETT,—I have been a little puzzled to comprehend how a measure that was so earnestly and solemnly pressed upon me by the brethren at the last Conference, should have occupied so little of their attention since. The fact I believe to be this, that few like trouble; and to have complied with my desire, would have produced a little trouble, and obliged the brethren to go a little out of their common way, and this they did not like: and one probably thought he might be excused, as he supposed others would more than supply his lack of service. As this impression appears to have been general, I had therefore no communications. Now, indeed, they appear to be a little stirred up, for I have had four or five letters since the publication of mine in the Magazine. The most valuable documents which I have received, since that time, are some MSS. of Mr. Wesley, which had found their way into strange hands, and are now lent to me with much ceremony and restriction. But I shall submit to anything honest to get help.

I have got that long correspondence that passed between Mr. Wesley and a person signing himself "John Smith," supposed to have been Archbishop Secker. The Letters will, I fear, be of little service to me, as they are all written against and for the Witness of the Spirit. Never was Mr. Wesley so nearly matched in learning, temper, and logic.

I think I shall be able to bring to view several matters relative to the Wesley Family, which have never been before the public. But how shall I mention the fact of Mr. Wesley's father being in Lincoln Castle for debt, and there preaching, as he terms it, to his "brother jail-birds?" I have two of his letters written from that place of Durance vile! But do not mention this.*

Now, with respect to what you have been doing. It does not appear to me, that you could have pursued a more judicious and effective plan. It is by such means alone, the perishing originals of Methodism can be recovered and preserved. The first, relative to the old man, was within a few days of being irrecoverably lost.† With all my heart, I wish you had a travelling commission over the whole Connexion, that you might glean upon your present plan, everything recoverable. My "bread and cheese," I would cheerfully divide with you. In the course of the same year, he again introduced the subject:

* The whole case having since then been published by the Doctor himself, in the "Wesley Family," at once dissolves the bond of secrecy.

† The Doctor refers to the biographer's Histories of Methodism in Sheffield and Manchester, and the Vicinity of each, 8vo, and Papers forwarded for the History of the "Wesley Family." "The old man" referred to is George Wainwright, of Dore, near Sheffield, aged 107, whose likeness the writer sketched, on his last visit to the house, which likeness, with the portraits of others of patriarchal standing, were sketched in the same way, and engraved for the two Histories.

DEAR EVERETT,—As you have taken such an interest in the work which was given me to do, I feel it a sort of duty to afford you some information concerning my progress. But first, I have to return you thanks for the parcel, which, on my way to this place, [Stourport], I met with at Manchester. I have read a good part of your “History of Methodism in Sheffield;” and am going on with it. I feel much pleased with it; and wish you could go to London, Newcastle, and Bristol, and draw up a similar account. I am sorry that neither what you nor I have said on the subject, seems capable of awakening the Conference to its importance. I hope the petty puerile jealousies which at present operate against such works as these, will cease at least when our heads are laid low. As you are now the prisoner of the Lord in a certain sense, I think you should lay out your accounts to write all you can, to preserve the memorials of the work of the Lord. Our children’s children should not be ignorant of the rising of that little cloud, which has now covered the whole face of heaven, and is pouring out its fertilising contents on every corner of the land.

After Conference, I gave up my Commentary and every other study, and addressed myself with all the zeal of the warmest partisan, to write the history of the Wesley Family. I hoped the preachers would have brought to me a good harvest of particulars—but was sadly disappointed;—I got only a few letters. From other quarters, I received good materials. I applied personally to Mr. Moore, for the assistance which he was requested by the Conference to afford. His answer, I shall not soon forget;—“I shall be glad to see a Life of Mr. Wesley written by you; and shall give you any help I can in honour; but I will not let you have the use of the Papers of Mr. Wesley, confided to me.” I was not a little surprised. You know that Mr. Wesley’s Will, in reference to these Papers, ran thus:—“I give all my Papers to Dr. Whitehead, Dr. Coke, and Mr. Moore, to be published or burnt, as they see good.” When Dr. Whitehead had done with these Papers, he gave them to Mr. Pawson, to be delivered to Dr. Coke and Mr. Moore. Mr. Pawson burnt many hundreds, and many he gave away to his friends; the rest were sent to Mr. Moore. Now, these, according to the Will, should be burnt or published—if in being, (which they are,) they should be delivered to me, as they must now be the property of the Conference. If they be not all delivered to me, I will not write the Life, unless they be all published or all burnt. The moment he refused them, I said, “Sir, I will deliver up to you, all the original papers and collections in my possession, and you shall write the Life; and I will, besides, give you all the assistance in my power.” This was refused on the ground, that the Conference had appointed me to the work. I then thought I would divide the Wesley family into two parts;—the upper and the lower,—and write the history of the upper, and leave subsequent matters to the workings of Providence. I began, and have now, through the good hand of God upon me, written

distinct memoirs, 1.—Of Bartholomew Wesley, rector of Charmouth, Mr. Wesley's great grandfather. 2.—Of John Wesley, vicar of Whitchurch, Dorset, Mr. Wesley's grandfather. 3.—Of Mr. Matthew Wesley, surgeon, Mr. Wesley's grand-uncle. 4.—Of Mr. Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, Mr. Wesley's father. 5.—Of Dr. Annesley, Mr. Wesley's maternal grandfather. 6.—Of Samuel Annesley, merchant, Mr. Samuel Wesley's brother-in-law. 7.—Of Miss Eliza Annesley, afterwards Dunton, Dr. Annesley's daughter. 8.—Of Miss S. Annesley, afterwards Wesley, Mr. Wesley's mother. On these, I have written nearly 400 large, close quarto pages, and have brought out a number of facts and incidents of which the public and the Methodists know very little. My wife is transcribing them, and when done, I shall send them to the Book Committee to be disposed of as they think proper. These Lives contain the upper family: Samuel, John, and Charles, with their seven sisters, include the lower; and for all these, many original materials are already collected. But I shall not touch Mr. Wesley's history, unless I get the papers, or am sure that they, and all copies, are burnt. I have rescued many parts just in the way, and as near perdition as those you rescued from old Wainwright. But you see, I am to be thwarted in the work, which the Conference desired me, by a strong and solemn vote, to accomplish. I thank you for the three autograph letters, and doubly so for the permission to keep them.* Of Kezzy, I had no letter, till yours came to hand; that of Mrs. Wesley supplied an important date; and that of Martha (not Mrs. Wright, but Mrs. Hall) will connect with a new memoir of her Life, in which her conduct in reference to her sister Kezzy, jilted by Mr. Hall, will be set in a glorious light. With Mrs. Hall, I had the honour of being acquainted. I shall now take up Mr. Wesley's sisters, and his brother Samuel:—if I get the papers, John and Charles. —I believe Mr. Entwisle has many of the Wesley papers, which were given him by Mr. Pawson; but I need not ask them. I never had any misunderstanding with him, but I believe he never loved me:—if you could hint it to him, it might be well;—but I despair of any help from the — quarter.†

Your's affectionately,—A. CLARKE.

The history of the "Wesley Family," intimations of which have more than once crossed the path of the reader, was at length published by the Book-Room, in one volume, 8vo., the copywright of which edition the Doctor presented to the Connexion, and for which he received the "most cordial thanks of the Conference" of 1822. It was subsequently enlarged to twice its original size, and published in two thick 12mo. vols., in companionship with his "Miscellaneous Works," after his demise.

* The letters, and other papers, forwarded by the biographer to Dr. Clarke, were among those which fortunately escaped the fire lit up by Mr. Pawson.

† Mr. Entwisle was under the sole influence of Mr. Bunting, which at once banished all hope of help; an influence fatal, in many cases, to private friends, as well as to Methodism generally.

Having, in the course of the autumn, received various presents of game, from the Derby family, who had visited Millbrook, and manifested more than ordinary respect for himself and family, he occasionally transmitted a portion to London, accompanied with some unusually playful epistles, one of the least gay of which may here be subjoined:—

To John Wesley Clarke, Theodoret Samuel Clarke, James Hook, Eliza Hook, James Clarke Hook, John Logan Hook:—Dear Children:—Earl Derby has this day sent me two golden pheasants and a hare; which, with one consent, all join in presenting to you, and hope they will prove some of the best of their kind. We have no doubt, if you can make room, that you will invite Thrasyles and Adam to partake of the noble fare; and I hope Eliza will have two shares for dressing them, and James a share and a-half for house-room; and that the Bachelors will be obliged to find the wine as a tax on their celibacy.

Sarah Cooke set off on Thursday, and after having encountered a dreadful storm, they put back, after twenty-four hours, to Liverpool, all but a wreck. She sailed in the *Shamrock* yesterday morning,—weather good,—wind so-so.

The “Original Letters of John Wesley and his Friends,” published by Dr. Priestly, Birmingham, 1791, are sold by Johnson, St. Paul’s Churchyard. You may probably get a copy there for me. All send their hearty love to you, with dear John and Co.

Your affectionate Father,—A CLARKE.

Dr. Clarke, having reprinted a few copies of the Republican Preface to Walton’s Polyglott Bible, and also some Titles to the Paris Polyglott, as well as that of the London, Surgeon Blair informed his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex of the fact, who, in return, requested him to address the Doctor on the subject, and solicit a copy of the former, in order to perfect one in the possession of his Royal Highness. Some letters passed between T. J. Pettigrew, Esq., and the Doctor, at the instance of his Royal Highness: the copies were promptly forwarded, and the Doctor was pressed by his Royal Highness to call at Kensington Palace, on the event of his visiting the metropolis: he did so in the month of May, when he went up to London, to preach before the Missionary Society in Great Queen Street and City Road Chapels, and to assist at the Missionary Meeting. The collections after the two sermons, amounted to about £00, besides £250, which he had put into his hand by a friend the preceding Friday, which he presented to the meeting.

The Doctor, in his speech, combated the Popish error of withholding the Scriptures from the people, as urged in a pamphlet which had been published by a Roman Catholic priest, against the Bible Society; and

the opposite error, maintained by others, who deemed the Bible alone sufficient for the conversion of the world, without the preaching of the gospel. On quoting that passage,—“Is not my word a hammer, that breaketh the rock in pieces?” he observed, “We have the hammer, it is true; but we need the vigorous and divinely nerved arm to lift it, in order to dash the sinful, obdurate rock in pieces. The Bible and Missionary Societies must go hand in hand, and, if we send both, we have the world at command. God has opened all its great roads, and passages before us. On ordinary occasions, we might see the finger of the Lord,—on occasions a little more extraordinary, his hand,—but on occasions like these, we may, if I might so express myself, see his arm, in sending forth his word.” After descanting on other topics, he proceeded, “I once thought, how shall the world be converted? When I first felt a concern for immortal spirits, no nation confined my wishes, feelings, desires, prayers; but it seemed to be beyond calculation how the word of God could be sent to the different nations of the earth. I saw that its languages were so different, so numerous, so intricate, that it seemed scarcely possible. I read Bishop Wilkins with deep attention, and felt great interest in his attempts to form an universal language, but I found that his plan was only to form a philosophical one. I afterwards met with an attempt by another person. I took up that with interest, and was, as before, disappointed. But when I saw that God had inspired modern Missionaries with a peculiar aptitude for learning languages, and sent them to the East, I felt the Pentecostal times were about to be realised. I prayed for the life of Carey, and Marshman, and Ward, as for the life of a father, and was afraid lest every arrival should inform us that these great men had died in their work; but they are alive still. I saw a most promising Mission at Ceylon, rising exactly in the same way; the gift of tongues, in this sense, is given also there, and now the Word of God is widely circulated, and the kingdom of God is coming with rapidity and power.” Mr. Butterworth, who presided on the occasion, observed with grateful feeling, “that it was twenty-five years that month, since his excellent friend and brother, Dr. Clarke, gave him a note of Admission into the Methodist Society.” On the 14th of the same month, the Doctor preached and presided at a Missionary Meeting at Dudley; on the 23rd at Sheffield; and in November, took the chair at one in Salford, when a friend gave him £70, to present to the meeting; and another in the course of the same month, in Liverpool. His whole soul was imbued with a Missionary spirit.

The Duke of Sussex, having been apprised of his being in the city, sent an invitation to him to dine the next day at Kensington Palace. On his arrival at the Palace, he was received by his Royal Highness in his closet, and was conducted by himself through his library, when he was shown several curious and rare works. On his Royal Highness

proposing any question to the Doctor, which elicited remarks of a literary character, he requested his Librarian to make a memorandum of the same. After passing through the general library, the Doctor was next taken into what he termed his Royal Highness' "Sanctum Sanctorum," where his choice selection of rare works were properly classified and shelved: "There," said his Royal Highness, pointing to a certain part of the shelves, "There is your Bibliographical Dictionary, Dr. Clarke, and there are other writers on Bibliography, but I prefer your work to the whole." This might have been construed into a mere compliment; but here comes the proof of his Royal Highness' sincerity: "I have carefully read your work, Doctor, and long ago made up my mind, to possess myself of every work noticed by you, with approbation; and if you look around, you will find that I have nearly accomplished my purpose." The Doctor felt the compliment, but in order to defend himself against becoming responsible for the whole, and to throw his Royal Highness more immediately back upon himself, in the exercise of his own judgment and observation, remarked, "Your Royal Highness, I have added many other books in an interleaved copy,* and have made at least between one and two thousand corrections, since that work was published,—for there are many errors in it, some through inattention in transcribing, some through the carelessness of the printer, and some owing to my absence from the press." His Royal Highness then inquired why he did not publish it? The Doctor pleasantly replied—knowing withal that it was only a work for the few,—“It will take a great deal of money to bring it into the market.” The Duke with equal pleasantry, and not less sincerity, said, “We will help you, Dr. Clarke.”

The party that met on the occasion, consisted of Dr. Parr, Sir Anthony Carlisle, the Rev. T. Maurice of the British Museum, the Honourable — Gower, Colonel Wildman, Sir Alexander Johnstone, Lord Blessinton, T. J. Pettigrew, Esq., and Dr. Clarke. They sat down to dinner about seven o'clock, and closed about half-past nine, retiring into the Pavilion, where tea and coffee were served about eleven. "The conversation," in the Doctor's own language, "was unique, curious, and instructive." The party left about twelve o'clock, with the exception of the Doctor, who, at the request of his Royal Highness, tarried behind; who beckoned to him to take a seat by his side, where a familiar conversation was carried on between them on various subjects. The Doctor rising, his Royal Highness took him by the hand, stating that he should be happy to see him some morning, when alone, the time of which should be arranged between his secretary and the Doctor, and so

* This copy was purchased by Mr. Tegg, with the Doctor's "Miscellaneous Works," and was in his hand when last seen by the biographer; but not being a work for the mass of the people, he stated his disinclination to hazard an edition,—doubting whether it would remunerate him for the expense of publishing.

bade him a friendly "good night," when he found to his surprise, one of the royal carriages in waiting to convey him to his lodgings. The esteem of his Royal Highness could not but be sincere, from the fact of his repeated visits to Dr. Clarke, on the latter taking up his residence at Haydon Hall, and the still further fact of his expressing a wish that the Doctor would sit to an artist for his bust, which he wished to preserve as a memento of his regard for his character.*

Dr. Clarke left London, May 10th, and on his arrival at Birmingham, where his friend Mr. T. Hickling, of Bartholomew Square, was waiting to receive him, he remarked in a letter to his son-in-law, Mr. Hook—"We got on well, except a little before we came to Oxford, when one of our horses taking fright at a drove of pigs, was within a hair's-breadth of overturning the coach; we were indeed all but gone, but, through mercy, saved." He added among other miscellaneous matter,—“I am summoned back to London. What shall I do? I have engagements to the 25th. The Duke of Sussex wishes to see me as soon as possible; and Professor Lee is coming up on Tuesday, from Cambridge, to consult with me on the great subject, and I cannot reach him with a letter before he sets off.”

Being comfortably seated with Mr. Hickling, in the bosom of his family, and being questioned on the subject of his visit to the metropolis, the Doctor adverted to a part of the conversation which took place in the course of his visit to Kensington Palace, which referred to the "Sublime;" when one of the party complimented Longinus, on his selection of the nobly expressed sentiments of the Jewish Legislator, as one of the finest in the sacred records,—not omitting the particularity in the manner of its quotation,—“And God said,—*what?*—let there be light, and there

* There were many fine traits in the character of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. The following relation by Dr. Heugh, at a meeting held in Edinburgh, to hear the report of the deputation from the Voluntary Church Association, referring to an interview with the Duke of Sussex, is not without interest:—"There is one anecdote," said the Doctor, "of his Royal Highness, which I would wish the meeting to hear, for I am sure they would long remember it. He said to us, 'Gentlemen, I am sixty-five years old. Thirty-five of these years have been spent in indisposition; that sobers a man, that makes a man think, that corrects many opinions he may have entertained in former years. It has done so with me. I have been accustomed every morning alone to read two hours in the Bible before breakfast; and if a man read that book as he ought to do, he, in some measure, becomes inspired by it.' His Royal Highness then went on to give some comments on different passages of the Scriptures. He is a distinguished linguist, and the first thing we did, when we visited him in Kensington, was to go to his library, which consists of 1,500 copies of the Bible in all languages and editions, being the most perfect collection certainly in this kingdom, and perhaps the most perfect in the world. Its cost is estimated at £40,000, or £50,000. His Royal Highness commented on a passage quoted from Isaiah by the apostle in his Epistle to the Corinthians, 'Death is swallowed up in victory,' 'The root of the word victory,' he observed, 'ought properly to have been translated eternity, so that the most correct reading of the passage would be, Death is swallowed up in eternity.' I mention this to show that his Royal Highness is not a mere cursory or formal reader of the Bible, but that he thinks deeply of what he reads."

was light. Let the earth be, and the earth was." Dr. Clarke remarked, that there were passages in the sacred writings, which, in his judgment, were distinguished for a sublimity superior to that of the one quoted; instancing as an example, Isaiah lvii. 15,—“For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place,”—insisting particularly upon his “inhabiting eternity.” Whether the superior claims sought, were ceded to the passage, was not stated; but all admired its sublimity, and no one—not even Dr. Parr—preferred an objection against the arguments and illustrations employed to establish its ascendancy to the throne.

He paid another visit to the metropolis in the month of July, at the close of which, he was elected President of the Methodist Conference for the third time; the first instance of a third election since the days of Mr. Wesley, who invariably presided in the annual assemblies of his preachers. At this Conference, it was urged upon the preachers to be more frequent and fervent in prayer, for the abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and to employ every possible means to effect so desirable an object among the people: and it should seem that God was not unmindful of the prayers of his servants, for in the course of the year, from July 1822, to July 1823, an accession of 25,533 members was made to the Wesleyan Methodist Societies throughout the world, under the British, Irish, and American Conferences, exclusive of regular travelling preachers, supernumerary, and superannuated preachers. A general tract committee was also formed, which, since then, has done an incalculable amount of good. It was at this Conference too, that the Resolution of thanks was proposed to the Doctor for his present of the “Memoirs of the Wesley Family,” to the Connexion.

On his return to Millbrook, the Doctor wrote to his eldest daughter; and the letter is the more readily introduced here, because of his opinion of a work of some celebrity at the time when he wrote.

MY DEAR ANNIE,—We got home safely last evening, and found all well; we were sadly fatigued and oppressed with heat and dust. Do not prevent F—from obeying the summons of the committee,—let him go! I dare say you have heard that we ended the Conference well: I think the preachers were never better pleased, and I have ninety-nine hearts and hands out of every hundred! I am reading Barry O'Meara's “Voice from St. Helena;” one of the most interesting books I have ever seen, with every characteristic of truth. When they hear of the indignities and cruelties which Napoleon suffered from that consummate, ineffable rascal, even his enemies will drop a tear for him, while Lord — will have none to lament his death: yet he was not his most immediate tormenter! Sir H. L.— will have his name handed down to everlasting fame! The Ministry—by dismissing O'Meara from the service,

have put the broad seal of the kingdom to the truth of his statements ; *poveri imbecili!* Write and tell me if Nightingale be come. Love to all. Your affectionate father,—
A. CLARKE.

Among other conversations on the subject of Missions at home and abroad, at the Conference, several details were entered into respecting the Hebrides, Orkneys, and especially the Shetland Isles ; the latter of which were not adequately supplied with Christian instruction. Dr. McAllum, on an arrangement made by the President of the Conference, the Rev. G. Marsden, when at Glasgow, on the 20th of June, sailed for Lerwick, in order to ascertain the real moral and religious condition of the islands of which it is the capital. His report, which is published in his "Remains," pp. 85—116, and which was impressively and vividly placed before the brethren, produced the resolution of sending the needful aid, so soon as circumstances would admit. Dr. McAllum, with whom the biographer was well acquainted, was admirably qualified for the mission on which he was sent : he had a fine intellect, and a benevolent heart, but was cut off in the sunshine of usefulness and popular favour, 1827, in the thirty-third year of his age. His tale of woe affected Dr. Clarke, who, on his return home, wrote to Robert Scott, Esq., of Pensford, on the subject, who generously offered £100 per annum for the support of a missionary to Zetland, and £10 towards the erection of every chapel that should be erected in the islands. To Mr. Scott's benefactions, others were added from Mrs. Scott, Miss Grainger, of Bath, and others, personal friends of the Doctor. The Rev. Messrs. S. Dunn and J. Raby, who both had an interview with the Doctor at Millbrook, and received instructions from him, relative to the mission, were the first who were sent out ; and their united labours were not in vain in the Lord. The principal weight of providing for this mission lay upon Dr. Clarke, who wrote, travelled, preached, and begged for it, far and near, among friends and strangers, and who, for the missionaries as well as the people, felt all the tender solicitude of a parent. Death alone put a period to his toils in this sacred cause. Messrs. J. Bunting and R. Watson, two of the general secretaries at the Mission House, drew in the same yoke together, and manifested anything but a friendly co-operation with Dr. Clarke ; which, from the general expression of their zeal in the cause of missions, could only resolve itself into personal prejudice in the minds of many of the thoughtful and candid people. To enlarge here, however, becomes the less necessary, as the subject will again be adverted to, in the course of the memoir, and as the thirteenth volume of the Doctor's "Miscellaneous Works," furnishes both a detailed and comprehensive view of the mission up to the period when he exchanged worlds.

Dr. Clarke, in common with all who knew him, but more especially as a fellow-labourer in the "British and Foreign Bible Society," deeply

regretted the death of the Rev. John Owen, one of the distinguished secretaries of that Institution, which took place at Ramsgate, on Thursday, the 26th of September. As an eminent instrument in the Divine hand of consolidating and extending this great society, this excellent man had successfully devoted his powerful talents for upwards of eighteen years. Directed as these talents were, by a candid and conciliatory spirit, he left an impression of regard on all who had the happiness to act with him, which no time could efface; and Dr. Clarke was emphatically one of that number. The biographer has listened with delight to this highly-gifted man, who was as one that playeth well upon an instrument, and whose instrument was always in tune.

Resolutions having been entered into, in the course of the recent Conference, (though not published in the printed Minutes,) respecting the distressing circumstances in which the Irish preachers were placed, in reference to their financial affairs, a circular, embracing a foolscap folio sheet, was sent "To the Methodist Preachers in Great Britain," explaining the whole case, and containing an appeal to their generosity. This was signed by the president and secretary of the Conference, and was followed by another touching appeal in the Doctor's individual character, the beneficial effect of which was substantially felt by his countrymen across the water, who knew that they had in him "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." His circular was dated "Millbrook, October 21, 1822," and it was intimated to him by one of the brethren in the metropolis, that there was good reason to hope that the appeal would realise £1,000.

Toward the close of the year, the Doctor presented his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex with a copy of as much of his Commentary as was then completed, embracing the Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, and the New Testament, with a promise of the remaining Books when published, accompanied with a long letter containing a general account of the literary labour in which the principal part of his life and strength had been spent, stating that, "were the work then to commence, millions of silver and gold would not, with the knowledge he had of its difficulty, induce him to undertake it." The gift was condescendingly acknowledged by his Royal Highness, in a long letter written by his own hand. The Commentary, however, appeared to be on the eve of being prematurely closed, by a dreadful storm in the early part of December, which, through its terrific ravages, threatened the utter destruction not only of the Doctor's house, but of the lives of the whole of its inmates. In Liverpool, where the full sweep of the tempest was also felt, several lives were lost. The premises at Millbrook were left in a sadly dilapidated state; but all were grateful for the preservation of life.

In the month of January, 1823, the Doctor was elected a member of the Geological Society, in London; and, at the request of Sir Alexander

Johnstone, allowed himself also to be nominated for the Royal Asiatic Society, of which he was duly elected a member in the following month.

Notwithstanding the delight which Dr. Clarke took in the oriental languages, and the knowledge he had acquired of the literature, arts, and sciences of Asia, he was no less partial to what was nearer home, and frequently referred with pleasure to the power and simplicity of the Anglo-Saxon language; entering, with Bosworth, in his *Saxon Grammar*, into all the minutiae of grammatical criticisms, descanting on its transparency, and its amazing facility of composition, not forgetting the analogy of other languages; and thus showing how a comparatively dry subject might become the handmaid to divine truth. Without advert- ing to conversational remarks, he has assigned sufficient reasons in his Notes for giving the c. and cxiv. Psalms, and w, or from verse 161 to verse 168 of the cxix. Psalm, in Saxon, with a literal English version. One of the finest specimens, perhaps, of the Anglo-Saxon is, a conversation between Boethius and King Alfred on the Freedom of the Will.

The spring of the year was laboriously filled up between the Doctor's ordinary pulpit work, his Commentary, his general Correspondence on Connexional subjects, as President, and his attendance on public meetings, in different directions;—having either taken the chair, preached, or otherwise interested himself, on Missionary occasions, in the months of March, April, and May, at Warrington, Liverpool, Manchester, Bath, London, and other places. Yet, in the social circle, there was no appearance of lassitude as the effect of excessive toil. A subject was the only thing necessary, as at other times, to draw him out; and when there was lack on the part of others, he threw a remark, like a ball into a ring, when needful, for others to foot. Hooke's "*Roman History*" being noticed, and the fact of a gentleman of the name of Hooke being mentioned in one of the early Minutes of Conference, as attending the Church Service, the Doctor remarked,—“The Methodists are not generally aware, that it is the historian, and that he was originally a Roman Catholic Priest.”—That he was an admirer of Fenelon, whose life he translated from the French,—that he attended Pope on his death-bed, and brought him a priest, for which he incurred the abuse of Bollingbroke,—that he was the correspondent of Harley, Earl of Oxford,—that he received £5,000 from the Duchess of Marlborough for writing the book, entitled, ‘*An Account of her conduct,*’—that he left two sons, one of whom became a clergyman of the Church of England, and the other a Doctor of the Sorbonne,—and that he was a Romanist, was familiar to those who were acquainted with Nichols's Bowyer; but his alliance to the priestly office was information, while his sons were proofs, that not only the sacred office had been renounced, but its unnatural appendage—celibacy. Whence the Doctor had his information, was not stated; but if Hooke had been educated for the priesthood, and had ever officiated at the altar,

it must have been in early life, and not generally known. A young friend being seated next the Doctor at table, who had resided under his roof, and with whom he was on the most familiar terms, was accosted,—“We shall be glad to see you back again, John, for I can assure you, that you have left a night’s lodgings behind you yet:” then, playfully—having been helped to the wing of a fowl, and passing it on to him—said, “Here, John, eat that for me; I have done as much for you in another way, before now, and will do as much again.” Heathenism being introduced, with all it had to offer to the intellect and to the heart, he said,—“You may as well attempt to suck milk out of a goat’s horn, as to abstract support or consolation from paganism:” then, adverting to a popular preacher, who had done good service to the cause of Missions, he observed,—“He has cultivated the preaching talent the most highly of any man among us; he can go and preach his sermons verbatim; his prayers are the same; both of which I have heard, not only in the city but in the provinces.”

Few men enjoyed more domestic comfort than Dr. Clarke; and, owing to the art of managing them, he was generally well served by his servants. He would say,—“It is so extremely difficult to get good servants, that we should not lightly give them up when even tolerable. My advice is—Bear a little with them, and do not be too sharp; pass by little things with gentle reprehension: now and then, a little serious advice does far more good than sudden fault-finding when the offence just occurs. If my Mary had not acted in this way, we must have been continually changing; and nothing can be more disagreeable in a family; and, indeed, it is generally disgraceful. ‘She is continually changing her servants,’ is the phrase by which ill-tempered and unreasonable mistresses are generally characterised, by their neighbours, and those who know them: and this will equally apply to masters.” His opinion of the metropolitan servants was very low: “London,” said he, “speedily ruins the best of servants; one London girl will spoil a regiment of those who come from the country; they make it their business to corrupt them,—to render them disaffected with their masters and mistresses, and to be discontented with their wages. These are among their first endeavours.”

His joy was heightened, in his religious connections, by the tidings received of the success of the Zetland Mission, from Messrs. Dunn and Raby: and with a view, not only to enlarge their knowledge, but with a remote intention of writing a history of the Islands, he proposed a string of queries to them respecting the Islands and their productions—grain, seed, &c.,—horticulture and planting,—fish,—fowls,—beasts,—inhabitants,—food,—implements,—treatment of women and children,—trades,—vices,—pastimes, religion,—language,—literature,—popular superstitions,—population,—diseases,—laws,—courts of justice,—phenomena,—letting of lands,—rents,—tenures,—taxations,—civil and religious con-

tracts, &c. &c.,—which they were to answer, as far as they could, without interfering with their regular work. The Doctor, in his review of the Life of Sir William Jones, adverts to certain questions which that great man intended to propose on his going out to India: that those of Sir William were a remote reflection in the mind of Dr. Clarke, when he proposed the queries referred to, is likely enough, for they are perfectly in keeping with his habit and principle of seeking and intermeddling with all wisdom.

SECTION III.

1823.

HAVING to preside at the Irish Conference, Dr. Clarke left Millbrook, May 26th, 1823, accompanied by a friend, and his daughter Mary Ann. The Rev. James Miller had written to him previously, to preach a sermon at Carlisle, on his way to Scotland, which he had to visit on his route to Dublin; grounding his request on a promise made by the Doctor several years before. One whole day, during the present visit, was devoted to the inspection of the city,—its cathedral, churches, castle, courts, and other objects of note, which, in his well-stored mind, awakened various historical recollections. Passing through Dumfries, he met with an old man who was personally acquainted with Robert Burns, and received some curious information from him respecting the poet. With Burns' monument he was disappointed, and was equally so with Lanark, as a town, at which the party dined. Edinburgh was reached on the evening of the 28th, the day they left Carlisle. The chief objects of attraction to the party in this city, were, Holyrood House, Arthur's Seat, Calton Hill, and the Castle. The Doctor preached twice; at the chapel in Nicholson's Square, in the morning, and at Leith in the evening. After the evening service, he supped with his friend, the Rev. J. E. (now Doctor) Beaumont; in the course of which, he observed, that he wished to see him (Mr. Beaumont,) early the next morning; designedly omitting to name the occasion, out of reverence to the Sabbath, as it was a journey of pleasure he had in contemplation.

The proposed excursion was to the Pentland Hills, where he had some reason to believe he should find, on the river Logan, Habie's How, and other places, described by Allan Ramsay, in his "Gentle Shepherd;" a poem he had read when a boy, and whose pictorial descriptions were still vividly embodied in his recollection. The Doctor, his daughter, Mr. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont, and Mr. Darling, formed the party; the last named gentleman, acting,—from his knowledge of the country,—

as guide. On coming to a deep glen, toward what is called Habie's How, it was found impracticable to take the carriage any further. On reaching a small hut, into which they were admitted, they took some refreshment, after which, the Doctor took off his hat and made a collection, binding every one to give silver, the whole of which he poured into the apron of the female, the mistress of the hovel, who stood speechless before her visitors, while the Doctor was still more happy than herself in all the glory of his benevolence. The four gentlemen left the ladies with their humble hostess, and proceeded two or three miles up the glen. They at length reached the spot which approached nearest to the description of the poet, and which, Mr. Darling observed, was believed, by many, to have been the scene of this beautiful pastoral comedy. Enclosed among some hills, was a small lake; the scenery was sterile, and fell short of the impressions the Doctor had received in his perusal of the poem, and of the painting and imagery of the poet: disappointment was the result, with a conviction that the Esk, rather than the Logan, was the place towards which he should have bent his steps for the scene. He gazed, however, some time in silence, and after philosophising and moralising, he collected some minerals from the margin of the lake, which he intended to preserve as a memento of their visit to the place.

The gentlemen, after a fatiguing journey over rocks and rivulets, and amidst hills and dales, returned to the ladies: but, alas, the carriage had disappeared. Search was made among the hills, but in vain. On coming to the trysting house, they still pursued their inquiries; but meeting with no tidings, two of them proceeded to the manse, and asked the clergyman for the loan of his horse, in order to make further search, by taking a wider range: "Weel," said his wary reverence, "ye may hae the bit beastie, but as I dinna ken ony o' you, ane o' you mun bide here as a hostage, for the safety o' the beast." Mr. S. was retained; and Mr. Darling, as best acquainted with the country, proceeded with the clergyman's servant, in quest of the driver. The Doctor, Mr. Beaumont, and the ladies, meanwhile, walked on to the inn, where they tarried till about nightfall, when the Doctor became impatient, and set off on foot, in the direction of Edinburgh, which was a distance of twelve miles. Mr. Beaumont, afraid lest he should miss his way, and with a view to keep him company in his solitary walk, followed him, after having arranged matters for the comfort of the ladies. The Doctor inquired why he had left his companions; but was told that they were at the inn, and would soon be joined by Mr. Darling. What increased the Doctor's disappointment, which had assumed the shape of something like mortification, was his having taken up a book at the inn, in which it was affirmed, on what was deemed good authority, that Habie's How was not the identical scene described by Ramsay. This, though confirmatory of his own suspicions, was the less welcome, as it came upon him in the midst of other

disappointments, and before the fatigues of the day had subsided. While he proceeded on his way to Edinburgh, under the shades of the evening, weariness was somewhat beguiled by an interchange of remarks on the state and culture of the land, and such natural objects as presented themselves to the eye, as they passed along. At length, however, they were both relieved by hearing the rumbling of their carriage wheels. Mr. Darling had discovered the man by the side of a hill; he having found his way to an "illicit still," where he had been sipping the "mountain dew," in all its youth and freshness, leaving his horses to graze near the spot, till he slept away a portion of its fumes. The party arrived in Edinburgh about 11 o'clock the same night. Mr. Beaumont, not being perfectly satisfied with the conflicting accounts respecting Habie's How, consulted Professor Jamieson (Professor of Natural Philosophy, distinguished both as a philosopher and an antiquary,) on the subject, who gave it as his opinion, that what they had seen, was the identical Habie's How of Allan Ramsay. Though hills, lakes, glens, and rivulets, are the least subject to mutation, yet single hamlets, villages, and even towns often disappear, and the whole face of a district is changed in the course of a few years, in consequence of culture or neglect. One hundred years, it should be recollected, had, in this case, intervened, between the composition of the poet and the visit of the scholar: to say nothing of the creations and embellishments of the poet, thrown like a garland in May, around the scene, not a little is to be deducted from the youthful fancy of "little Adam," which was as expert at creation, in the way of association, as the inventive faculty of the "skull-thacker," as Allan humorously designated himself in connection with his civil profession: and living on with these youthful creations of his own, and the grave man of thought and of learning stealing imperceptibly in, to gaze upon the scene, mature age seems to have demanded the literal accuracy of the topographer, instead of the airy notions of the poet, who, like Sir Walter Scott, in his novels, could throw a hundred pages of fiction round one historical fact.

As the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland was at this time sitting, Dr. Clarke felt desirous of being present, and was granted admission. This was new to him; and, struck with the contrast between the business, feeling, and freedom of an English Methodist Conference, and a Scotch General Assembly, the one, owing to its familiarity, being more congenial to his habits and feelings than the other, he pleasantly exclaimed to his companion,—“Methodism for ever! Methodism for ever!!” allowing, of course, a member of the General Assembly, to reiterate the same exclamation in reference to his own form of Church government.

He left Edinburgh for Glasgow on the 4th of June, and was entertained by James Swords, Esq., of Annefield, where he met with Dr.

McGill, Professor of Theology in the University, and other literary friends. While here, he preached once, went over the Hunterian Museum, and viewed different parts of the city. He left Glasgow on the 7th, on board the *Eclipse* steam-packet, sailed down the Clyde, and encountered a severe storm on his passage to Belfast, at which place he landed on the 8th, and had to take the pulpit almost immediately on his reaching the quay; and again in the evening. The next day he visited the Northern College, and in the evening laboured to settle some differences in the Society. A friend asked the Doctor, whether he thought, if the Government were applied to for a Regium Donum for the Wesleyan body, as in the case of the Presbyterians, it would not be granted? "Perhaps it might," he replied, "but I should be sorry to see the Methodists trammelled with government patronage and emolument." This is a correct view of the subject.

The Doctor arrived in Dublin on the 14th, after having visited the Giant's Causeway, his own birth-place, Coleraine, at which place he preached, and several intermediate towns and villages. A few hours after the party left Maghera, it was attacked by the Ribbonmen; several persons were killed in the conflict, and the probability is, that if they had remained, as they were importuned to do, they would also have fallen victims to the fury of the assailants, who were indiscriminate in their attacks. The Doctor preached twice in Dublin; and was entreated by preachers and others, not to proceed to Cork, where he had an engagement and was expected, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country,—the whole of the south of which was under the Insurrection Act. He proceeded, notwithstanding; and when he, with his daughter and Mr. S., entered the post-office yard, they found two guards with the mail, each of whom had a broad-sword by his side, and four pistols in his girdle, thus confirming all the fears his friends entertained. They arrived at Cork on the 19th, and while the Doctor was engaged in inspecting the Cork Institution and other objects of public interest, in visiting some friends in the islands of Hop and Incherra, and in preaching in Cork and at Bandon, his travelling companions paid a visit to the Lakes of Killarney. Mr. M., who appeared to have followed the Doctor, pen in hand, during this visit, communicated with the biographer on the occasion.

The Doctor's first public service was, to preside at a Missionary Meeting at Patrick Street Chapel, in which he gave a luminous account of the commencement and progress of the Missions.

Next day a gentleman of the city put a mutilated MS. into the Doctor's hand, beautifully written with black ink, and ruled with red. In the course of the day, he arranged the leaves, which were loose and out of order; having found the contents to comprise two Persian Manuscripts, the one in poetry, and the other in prose. The poem, being paged, was soon set right; the work in prose could only be arranged by

the catch-word at the foot of the page. After the whole was completed, he said good-humouredly to a friend, who sat by him, "Now, I'll hold you, there is not a man in County Cork would have done that, and could have told what he did ;" a remark, by the way, which arose from his knowledge of the lack of Persian scholars in that part of the country.

He preached on the 22nd, morning and evening, breakfasting with Mr. James Wright, dining and supping at Colonel Hall's.* The chapel was well filled ; several came from Bandon, sixteen Irish miles, to hear him. "The sermons" were stated to have "produced a powerful impression," by one who heard them. A lady, who was one of the Church Methodists, so called, addressing herself to Dr. Clarke in the evening, on hearing him refer to Mr. Wesley, asked, "Was not Mr. Fletcher, Doctor, a holier man than Mr. Wesley?" The Doctor, lifted up his hand, and in his own nervous manner, said, "No, no ; there was no man like John Wesley. There was no man whom God could trust with the work he had to do, but John Wesley. There were prejudices here, and prejudices there ; but his prejudices always gave way to the force of truth." He continued ; "the personal religion sufficient for Mr. Fletcher, in his limited sphere, was far beneath that deep intimacy with God, necessary for Mr. Wesley in the amazing labour he had to undergo, the persecution he had to face, the calumnies he had to endure, his fightings without, the oppositions arising from members of society within, and his care of all his churches." This decision seemed to give general satisfaction, especially as it awarded to each his proper measure of grace for the sphere in which he moved,—a point towards which sufficient attention is not always paid.

It having been published for him to preach at twelve o'clock at Bandon,† on the 23rd, he proceeded thither in company with some friends. Had a prince entered the town, scarcely greater tokens of respectful recognition could have been paid. Persons were posted all along the street by which the carriage entered from Cork, who had been eagerly waiting his arrival. Friends and strangers were collected from every part of the circuit, extending thirteen miles ; and several had travelled from Skibbereen and Bantry, the latter of which places is thirty miles from Bandon, to hear the word of life from his lips. The chapel in which he preached, was opened the year before, and was then the only Methodist Chapel in Ireland in which there was an organ. In reference

* The Colonel was an English gentleman. He commanded the Devonshire Militia ; and, after the peace, settled in Ireland. He and his family were exceedingly hospitable and friendly ; himself a constant hearer of the Wesleyan preachers, and several of the family members of Society. That as many as possible might enjoy the Doctor's conversation, about seventy persons were invited to meet him at supper.

† The town belongs chiefly to the Duke of Devonshire and the Earl of Shannon : it at that time contained a population of 10,000 inhabitants, mostly Protestants, 500 of whom were in the Methodist Society, besides a number of regular hearers. It was an English Colony, and, to the present day, the people possess a tolerable share of the English character,—blunt, honest, liberal, straightforward.

to the organ, the Doctor observed to Mr. Waugh, "It will do you no good." He preached an excellent sermon on Jude 20, 21, and made a collection for the Missions, which amounted to upwards of £30, being twice as much as had ever been collected for the purpose before, though two sermons were usually preached on the Sabbath on the occasion. Two of the daughters of Lord Bandon were at the service, and subsequently expressed themselves highly gratified.

Seated with his friends in the carriage, on his return to Cork, he related some facetious anecdotes respecting Mr. Cricket, with whom he was personally acquainted, and who was well known in some parts of Ireland. Adverting to his own tour in Scotland, he remarked that, though much pleased with it, the coldness and reserve of the people did not harmonise with his feelings. Antrim being named, he said, "The county Antrim women are among the finest in the world." Conversation shifting like the scenery, he was asked, whether he preferred learning Hebrew with or without points, when he replied, "With them." On it being observed that he had not used them in his Commentary, he said, "I have spelt the words as if I had. Had I used the points, I should have lost a line in the printing." The Doctor was asked by the same gentleman, on another occasion, what edition of the Septuagint he would recommend? when he advised him to procure Field's, published at Cambridge, in 1662, 18mo.; adding, "There is one in 4to, by Lambert Bos, 1709, which is the most useful." The gentleman, naming an exception which he had met with in his Greek Testament, to the rule given in the Dissertation on the Greek Article, by Mr. Boyd, appended to his (the Doctor's) Commentary on the Ephesians, he said, "I lay no stress on the Greek Article: I cannot yet see the weight of the arguments drawn from it, and was almost forced to insert the paper. I will thank you, however, to furnish me with any exceptions you meet in your reading."

The Doctor, Miss Clarke, and Mr. S., returned to Dublin, where they arrived on the 25th; in which city the Doctor had to preside in the annual Conference, which commenced its sittings on the 27th; in the course of which he preached and held a Missionary Meeting. The Conference closed on the 7th of July, and on the 9th he was safely housed with his family at Millbrook; the whole of the tour, together with its mercies, harmonising with his insertions in a couple of Albums, presented to him for his autograph; in the one, "Keep pace with Time, and union with God;" and in the other, "God is love! So witnesseth St. John, and so witnesseth Adam Clarke." The journey, he observed to a friend, embraced six weeks, and extended 2,000 miles.

He had not been long at home before he had to repair to Sheffield to attend the sittings of the British Conference, during which (on Sunday, July 27th,) he opened Ebenezer Chapel; a building capable of seating about sixteen hundred persons, and purely Gothic in its design, with the

exception of the fronts of the gallery. The solemnities connected with the opening of this chapel were, for a time, awfully interrupted by an occurrence, which, however, proved in the end more alarming than fatal. When Dr. Clarke was drawing near the concluding point of his excellent discourse, a sudden noise and confusion took place in a corner of the gallery, which, it is feared, was the effect of wicked design to create panic and consequent tumult in the congregation. The disturbance, once begun, was increased, through the operation of some very false and foolish rumours, which had been industriously circulated in the neighbourhood, respecting the safety of the building. About one-third of the people present were induced to make their escape from the chapel as quickly as they could. The rush to the doors, for several minutes, was dreadful; but, by the good providence of God, no material injury was sustained by the persons thus needlessly alarmed. This was the second case of imminent danger which the biographer himself had witnessed, owing to false alarm; once about five years before, in Waltham Street Chapel, Hull; and on the present occasion, during which he was pinned against the wall of the communion-place by a dense mass of the congregation, without being able, for some time, to move either hand or foot. Montgomery, the Sheffield bard, who was present on both occasions, observed in the "Iris," in reference to the latter,—“Those who, either by their wickedness, (if such there were,) or by their weakness, in yielding to unfounded apprehensions, and thereby increasing the tumult excited, contributed to the danger of the scene,—a danger arising not from the building, but from the panic,—had special reason to be thankful, that the affair did not terminate in any more serious disaster than the breaking of windows, and other injuries to the chapel, easily repaired. We record the circumstance, chiefly because it affords the opportunity of inculcating the duty, of which perhaps all crowded congregations should be occasionally reminded, of being careful to avoid whatever may give rise to sudden terrors in persons of weak nerves or timid character, and of remaining resolutely calm and still, if unhappily an alarm should at any time be created. Even in the case of real danger, it would almost always be augmented by an attempt at hasty flight; whereas by refraining from noise and tumult, people would at once promote their own security, and be guiltless of increasing the perils of others. Their ‘strength’ usually is ‘to sit still.’” No man ever carried out his advice more fully to the letter than did Montgomery, who remained “resolutely calm and still.” This was the third tumult the Doctor had witnessed, one of which was the opening of the chapel in Rochdale: and in reference to the present, he remarked, “This is the last chapel I intend to open.” *

* One circumstance is worth recording:—In the midst of the confusion, a little girl who was standing outside the chapel, ran home in a fright, and told her father, who was in bed, in consequence of previous inebriation, that the Methodist Chapel had

It was fortunate that the friends in a place in the Ashton-under-Lyne circuit, secured his services for the opening of a new chapel on his way to the Conference, as it is doubtful whether he would have been induced to engage in them—after the disaster at Sheffield.

The two official sermons of the year, those of the President and ex-President, were preached on Sunday, August 3rd; the former (Mr. Moore's) on Heb. vi. 1; the latter (Dr. Clarke's) on John iv. 24. Sixteen preachers, after due probation, and the most satisfactory examinations, were solemnly taken into full connexion. Dr. Clarke delivered the charge; and exhorted them, in a manner, and with an unction and power, which those who were present could never forget, to take heed to themselves and to their doctrine, and to continue in these things; so that they might save themselves and those who should hear them.

Having resolved to leave Millbrook, as most of his family were settled in the metropolis, he, as a preparatory step, was stationed, in the course of the Conference, on the second London circuit, styled, "London West." He was, however, still puzzled how to relieve himself of Millbrook: "If I sell," said he, "I sacrifice; if I let, I run the risk of all being spoiled. You advise me not to sell. I incline to your opinion, but know not what to do."

After Conference, he was much indisposed, in consequence of an accident with which he met; stating, September 14, "I have been laid up as you may have heard. I am, through mercy, beginning to grow better; but cannot yet repeat even the Lord's Prayer." His sympathies for others, whether himself in sickness or in health, were always awake. "Give," said he, to a friend who was going to the place, (referring to a female servant who had married from the family, and was not in the best of circumstances,) "Give poor Ellen that guinea for me." To another friend, he said, "Give Mrs. — a guinea for me. I had subscribed to her 'Lay of Marie;' but the book was not published while I stayed in London; it was, however, sent after me as a present, because I had been helpful to her in its composition. But such a gift, in such circumstances, it would be wrong to receive. Do not mention the circumstance, but give her the money as an order from me." In another case: "I have just heard," said he to the person addressed, "that Mr. — has become bankrupt, and is in great distress. Can you show him any kindness? I have sent by Mrs. S. £2 2s., which you will give to him with my love.

fallen in, and that upwards of a hundred persons were killed. At this, the father started up—put on his clothes—and hurried off to the chapel, which he was surprised to find standing. After a few inquiries, he stole within the doorway to see how much of the interior had given way; he next proceeded a short way up one of the aisles, part of which was left vacant by those who had taken flight, and after looking round him, settled down into the attitude of a hearer, when the few remaining words which the Doctor had to say, by way of winding up his subject, left a permanent impression on the man's mind, and he became a member of the Methodist Society.

Do not delay to find him out." Cases of this kind were of frequent occurrence.

On the 17th of the same month, he was far from being well ; stating, that he " could not speak five minutes at a time." After observing, that he should be glad, " if any small place, from three to fifty miles from London, could be obtained," he added, " but we should rather be thinking of our last change, than of making another removal." Resolved, however, to curtail as much as possible, all extraneous labour, and all inducements that would lead to it, he gave orders to a friend to sell his share in the London Institution, for which he gave, he remarked, in 1795, " seventy-five guineas, and never had a farthing's worth of profit by it."

While at the Conference, Messrs. Holy, Beet, and others, of Sheffield, promised him some cutlery for the poor Shetlanders, consisting of axes, hammers, knives, scissors, &c. &c. ; and a cotton manufacturer, in Lancashire, presented him with 248 yards of strong white calico for shirting, &c. " This," said he, to the biographer, " I shall place in the hands of the preachers' wives, that they may give it prudently among the most destitute of the females, and males too, where much needed. I have heard nothing about the things you have sent off, but they will perhaps arrive in due time. The missionaries have begun their chapel and dwelling house, and have the former more than half up, and have hung the whole about my neck ! Poor souls, they have no one else to look to, and I have only my own particular friends to apply to ; for the Rules prohibit begging. Several thought I might have raised a good sum in Sheffield ; but I could not in honour ask the good people there, who had already exerted themselves so much in building a chapel for themselves ; —therefore I asked nothing, and got nothing, only the promise of cutlery."

Recalling to recollection his address to the young men at Conference, he remarked to the writer, " I had totally forgotten the quotation to which you refer : but I think it must have been from a small valuable

Persian poem, entitled, *قصید شاه و کشا*, 'The Poem of the King and the Beggar,' or 'King and the Derveesh,' and from the sense you give, these must be the lines :—

روي صا سوي تست از لعمد رو
سوي صا روي تست از لعمد سو

It is an extraordinary instance of paronomasia and alliteration ; and contains a number of very important senses ; one of which I gave in the address, which it is unnecessary to add here. Need I remind you of a

former request?—to pick up any MSS., or curious antiquities. Sometimes curious matters may be had in the country, sought for in London, in vain. Old English MSS., and especially those, that are poetic, I should prize much. I have not forgotten the small imperfect Latin MS., containing a few fragments of Augustin, which you put into my hand, and which I took to my lodgings.”—On naming another subject, he remarked in reference to it, “I doubt whether Samuel Wesley’s Hebrew Poetry would be worth reading. And as to anything he has written on the Vowel Points, I fear the same may be said. That he may have reduced some of the Psalms to Hebrew metre, is possible—but certainly not all, much less the poetical books of Scripture, hymns of the Pentateuch, &c. He gives a specimen on the song of the Well, Numb. xx. 17, consisting of five lines, which he does in a note, in illustration of the following lines; but does not mention a word of its being done, nor of his having attempted, or intending to attempt any such thing: the poem I quote from was printed in 1700: *

‘ Primitive Verse was graced with pleasing Rhimes,
The Blank, a lazy fault of after-times;
Nor need we, after proofs of this to plead
With those the sacred Hebrew Hymns can read:
If this, to lucky chance alone, be due,
Why Rhime they not in Greek and Latin too?’

The note appended is ‘Vide Psalm lxxx. and lxxxi.; where some verses have treble, others quadruple rhimes, four in one verse.’ The ‘Pious Communicant,’ of which you speak, is a very poor work. I have got J. Dunton’s ‘Post Angel,’ 3 vols. 4to., and some others of his works.” The versifications of the Rector of Epworth, as will be perceived, led to these remarks, and they tend to clear up a point on which there was some doubt, as to the fact of his having reduced the Psalms to Hebrew metre.

Though the subject has been more than once adverted to, it may be proper to observe that, on the publication of the “Wesley Family,” the following note was forwarded to him by the Secretary of the Book-Committee:—

“SIR,—I am directed by the Book-Committee to transmit to you the following Resolution:—‘That Doctor Adam Clarke be respectfully requested to accept 30 copies of his Memoirs of the Wesley Family, with the grateful acknowledgments of the Committee acting in behalf of the Conference, for the very satisfactory manner in which he has brought that work to its completion, and for the great liberality with which he has acted towards the Connexion in this business.’”

* The Poem referred to is entitled, “An Epistle to a Friend concerning Poetry. By Samuel Wesley. London: Printed for Charles Harper, at the Flower de Luce, in Fleet Street.” Folio. The copy in the writer’s possession, which was lent to Dr. Clarke, and which is the only copy the Doctor ever met with, belonged originally to Mr. J. Lambert,—whose autograph it bears,—the son-in-law of Mr. Samuel Wesley.

In this profession of "grateful acknowledgments," and "the very satisfactory manner in which he had brought the work to its completion," there were some things the Doctor found it difficult to account for: "I feel," said he to the biographer, some time after, "as though something personal were attributable to the proceedings of the Book-Committee: I see Mr. Moore's *Life of Mr. Wesley* recommended and advertised, and also Mr. Benson's *Commentary*; while the *Wesley Family* is but little noticed. It is a work on which I spent much labour, and gave it to the Conference without fee or reward. Others may try to write themselves to the top of the Connexion, but I doubt whether they will succeed, though I wish them success. I devoted four months to the work, during intervals from other engagements, and at a time when I was much indisposed. Since then, I have received much additional information, which I have inserted in an interleaved quarto copy,* and which will make a work twice the size of the original. Persons who were indifferent before, have, on reading what has been published, felt interested, and are now willing to work and hand out their stores. But I am at a loss to know what to do with the additions and improvements: the Book-Committee have scarcely advertised the first edition. They omitted several things; and though I gave them full liberty to do with it as they pleased, yet I could scarcely have supposed that they would have left out Samuel Wesley's preparations for a *Polyglott*, which, in a literary point of view, ought not, I think, to have been omitted. Miss Sharpe, almost the only survivor of Archbishop Sharpe, has furnished me with many letters from Mr. Oglethorpe, together with the plans of his English estates, and those of the colonies,† all of which are curious."

Without wishing to detract from the merits of so interesting a work, or of even supposing that it was solely at the work the members of the Committee looked, still it is doubtful whether continued, and especially varied biography, was the Doctor's forte. John Wesley was one; Dr. Clarke had made him a study, and, had he taken up his single life, every feature would have been correctly and strikingly delineated; but in the "*Wesley Family*," we find the many, requiring the many-sidedness and versatility of a Shakespeare, to become each in turn, and to enter into the views, feelings, sympathies, and characteristic peculiarities of all. In the "*Wesley Family*," we perceive the power of accumulation and research; but the character is not always sustained throughout; and there is an occasional recurrence of thought. The Doctor could hit off a slight sketch from a general character, sacred or profane, and discriminate admirably; but the whole man—in full length—body, soul, and spirit,—did not always come fairly out to view;—he was seen more in the detail

* This volume is now in possession of the biographer.

† These plans were also given to the biographer by Mr. Tegg, the publisher of the improved edition of the "*Wesley Family*," and the Doctor's "*Miscellaneous Works*," and sustain the character given of them as "curious."

than in the mass—more in some given prominence than in the grouping. The truth is, the Doctor had too much on hand, to admit of his chiselling out the little niceties of human character, and to bring out by excessive toil, and care, and patience, and polish, all the delicacies and beauties of the human mind. He was a commentator, not a biographer. The “Lives of the Poets” would have been as awkward in his hand, as his Commentary would have been in the hand of Dr. Johnson. “Every man in his own order.”

In the month of November, he observed to his son-in-law, Mr. H., “We have some prospect of being able to sell the whole estate, [Millbrook]—that is, if we ask little enough for it.” Then again:—“I expected to have heard something from you relative to the house [in London]. I wish you to see the form of the lease, if there must be one; and see that I am not pledged (according to the wretched slang of such legal conveyances,) to leave on the premises what I did not find there,” &c. His nice observation on articles of furniture peeped out at every turn;—“Go,” said he, “to Mr. Wilkinson, and see what good chairs, tables, &c., can be had for: I do not mean articles formed out of that brown grey, open work, wretched Mahogany, which is common; but the good, close-grained wood, weighty and solid, that when put together will stand, and look the better the longer they are used. Such chairs, what per dozen? Tables, what, of such dimensions? Good bedsteads—not in the height of the gim-crack fashion?” &c. Closing a long letter on temporalities with a little seasoning;—“Do not forget your class, nor Missionary Meetings:”—thus preserving in full play, inward piety, and outward benevolence, the one in meet companionship with the other.

Previously to the removal of the family from Millbrook, the Doctor proceeded to London, and took up his residence in Canonbury Square, Islington, where a house had been taken for him, and which he was desirous of putting into a state of preparation for the reception of Mrs. Clarke, his library, &c. Here he was several weeks, giving vent to his graver and gayer feelings;—“I send you the enclosed, by which you will find that a large present of game is coming from Earl Derby. It is all tempest here; the house seems as if it would be blown down; ‘no small tempest lies upon us.’ The packages we want, were sent off from Liverpool on the 13th, so we cannot see them soon. Oh! how lonely I feel! Nobody to look at—Nobody to speak to! weary with my yesterday and to-day’s work, and not able for want of due conveniences to read or study. I send Eliza — they are either too long or too short. Addie and I had a good dinner of sprats and potatoes; and threepenny worth of sprats and half a pint of porter is tolerably moderate!”

He was no sooner in London, than the friends of different charities were on the alert to secure his services: and among the foremost acknowledgments tendered to him, were the “unanimous thanks of the Committee of the Lying-in-Charity, for his kindness in so effectually advo-

cating their cause." Little time as he had, however, in consequence of his situation, "to read and study," he contrived, in the midst of his bustle, and the want of his literary apparatus, to write some observations on the "Complutensian Polyglott," which was done at the request of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and which had been the subject of a previous correspondence and conversation with that illustrious personage. These criticisms were forwarded to his Royal Highness, Feb. 25, 1824, and inserted by T. J. Pettigrew, Esq., in the "Bibliotheca Sussexiana."

It may be added, that in the midst of the inconveniences he experienced, he maintained unbroken his extensive correspondence with his friends, and with the Missionaries. Among the hundreds of letters lying on the table before the biographer, it would not be difficult to furnish two or three volumes of epistolary correspondence, on almost every variety of subject; these have been dealt out with a sparing hand in the memoir, and still must be so: the following extract, however, from one to a preacher, anxious to improve his mind, and who had requested the Doctor's opinion on different works, may be useful to others desirous of similar information:—

"Why should you make any apology for writing to me, or, as you call it, 'troubling me?' When have I shown any reluctance to help, in my little way, any that needed such assistance as I could afford? 1. Learn all you can, and keep what you have gotten; but this you cannot do, unless you continue to improve. That which we have already attained, both in religion and science, is preserved by continual additions of the same kind. Thus alone we grow in grace and in knowledge. 2. The best Hebrew Bible, for general use, is certainly that of Van der Hooght, by Van der Hooght,—not by Frey, or Alexander, or any other. I can trust none of these minor gentry. But if you seek a folio, that by Montanus of 1572, or 1584, is undoubtedly preferable to every other. You know that it contains the whole of the Old and New Testament, with a literal interlineary version in Latin. Either of the above editions is equally good;—the former the most scarce and splendid. All the subsequent editions are on miserable paper. This work was reprinted in the London Polyglott. *Apropos*, cannot you get a copy of the Polyglott? Live thin, and 'raise the wind,' but secure, at all events, Montanus. Baynes has now an excellent copy of the edition of 1584. I would lay hands on it for you, if I thought you would approve of it. 3. An Arabic Bible scarcely ever appears in the market. Few have ever been printed, except for the East, and thither they have all been sent, with the exception of very few copies. A few years ago, an Arabic Bible was printed in folio,* at Newcastle, without points: I have it, but I do not know its

* He afterwards observed, "I thought all the copies of the Newcastle Arabic Bible, were printed in folio, but I see it was printed in quarto, though my copy, and several

critical value. No Bible, intended for the use of Mohammedans, should be without points. They would despise it, as pretending to be a revelation from God, if destitute of these. No Koran was ever written without points, though multitudes of their books, in all departments of literature, are daily written without them. 4. The Arabic Verb is the most difficult and important. Professor Baillie's 60 Tables of the Arabic Verb, have for ever made that part of Arabic Grammar what it should be with these. Richardson's Arabic Grammar will be sufficient. Golius' Arabic Lexicon is the best ever published: * for Arabic and Persian, Richardson, as edited by Dr. Charles Wilkins. 5. Persian is, I think, the most beautiful language in the world, and in it there are inexhaustible treasures; and it is not difficult to be acquired. 6. It will not be any great task to get the Psalms in Arabic,—the Pentateuch also, and perhaps the New Testament. As I am now (Jan. 23, 1824,) resident in London, and likely to be so for some time, I offer you my service in anything you may wish to employ me." To the same friend, about the same time, he remarked, "You cannot be too particular in marking down everything that strikes you as likely to be useful. The Hebrew language will be an endless fund of profit and entertainment to you. I bought a capital set of the London Polyglott,† for the Mission at Columbo, for £26 10s. It is a burning shame that these poor fellows have been obliged to plod at translating the Scriptures, and no copies of the original procured for them. If I be spared I shall make a revolution there."

And yet, with all his labours, the past appeared trivial, and he was ever planning new schemes of usefulness:—"The Missionaries in the Shetlands," said he, on adverting to the subject, "go through incredible privations, and accomplish unheard-of labours—but God crowns those labours with success. I purpose, please God, to visit those northern regions in the spring. I think it is laid upon me, in the course of Divine providence, to go thither, and yet it will be no easy task. I cannot bear fatigue as I was wont—and especially what comes by sea. Probably I have but a little time, and I should do all I can to redeem it. I have lost much, and mispent much;—may God show me mercy! The day of probation to any man is the purchase of the blood of Jesus." In the course of the same month, (January,) he could say, in the midst of these deeply

others, no doubt, were printed on folio paper. If perfect, it must be cheap at what you mention. The Rev. — Moyses, a very good oriental scholar, was corrector of the press, and I should think, therefore, that the work is correct."

* A copy at this time brought £7 10s.

† The Doctor always congratulated himself on the beautiful preservation of his own copy, bound in Russia, and ruled with red ink by his own hand; in which he wrote—"Matchless copy—with two Prefaces, Dedication, original Advertisement given with the first vol. Thorough Titles, &c. &c." This exquisite copy is now in the possession of J. R. Kaye, Esq., Bass Lane House, near Bury, Lancashire.

impressive sentiments, "I am now writing when I should be sleeping. Five o'clock in a winter morning is an early hour to rise."

In the early part of February, the Doctor was joined by Mrs. Clarke and the other members of the family. He was not the man, however, on leaving a place, to take with him all the sympathies and endearments which belonged to it: "When," said he, "I built a chapel at Millbrook, I offered it for ever to the Conference, if they would be at the expense of the writings: this they did not choose. When I thought of selling the estate, I reserved a piece of ground for the purpose of erecting a chapel on it, in the place of the other;—and this I have actually done. At present, it appears only a dwelling-house; but it was built for a chapel, and can be converted into one in a day. This would have been done before, but Mr. Greenall did not choose to have the other chapel shut up, or converted into houses; as he said, 'It would be a sad pity that the people should not have the place to say their prayers in.' Though he has left the estate to Mr. Harford, yet he has laid no rent on the chapel; and by a private agreement between him and me, if he ever shuts it up, he is to deliver seats, pews, and pulpit, for the use of the other chapel, which is now a dwelling-house, in the occupation of a relative, who is to lodge the preacher, I giving so much per annum. It was only for the sake of this late chapel, that I reserved the little property left." So much for disinterestedness.

Much as Dr. Clarke had laid out on the house he now occupied in London, it still required many repairs,—not having been inhabited for a period of two years; and through the smoke and damp, "his books," he declared, "had sustained more damage in a short time there, than they had received in twenty years before."

Up to March, as appears from one of his letters to the biographer, he was still resolved on a voyage to the Shetland Isles; and was at work with pen in hand. Having forwarded to him some original letters of the Wesley Family, which had been long in his possession, and having had the promise of others, he observed,—“I shall be exceedingly glad to have the things you mention,—even on loan. You have given me already, what I have made good use of, and hope to profit much by what you may yet procure, and what you may lend. I need not tell you how great an advantage a man derives from having the originals before him: it gives confidence to him, and confidence and satisfaction to the reader. Indeed, I always feel but half convinced of the truth of what I quote from copy: but when I can get nothing else, I am thankful even for this.” The last sentence refers to a gentleman who was only disposed to part with copies, and was afraid of trusting the originals in any other hands than his own. To one who had promised him some implements for the poor Shetlanders, and from whom he was counselled to expect nothing by the writer, he observed, when hope deferred had made his heart sick, “I do most

sincerely hope that Mr. D. may send nothing: what he even promised is superseded by other *ex corde* donations. I pity the man who gives nothing to God; a time will come, when God will give nothing to him." In reference to others who had manifested indifference towards a work of interest,—“Shame on them,” said he, “who have neglected it: I have plenty of coals, and will roast them, when I find them out.”

Though seriously indisposed, which had been the case for some time, he nevertheless preached the Missionary Sermon in Great Queen Street, on the 2nd of May. This, however, threw him back, confined him to the house some weeks, and finally compelled him to give up all intention of visiting the Shetland Isles in the course of summer, as proposed.

Having several friends on the look out for him, as usual, both at home and abroad, he was not a little elated, on being informed by the Rev. A. M., that he had secured for him, in Ireland, some Elf-stones, the largest and most regular he had ever seen, of Irish growth; and also, a gold ornament. The latter, from the description given of it, led the Doctor to conclude, that it was the ancient *יָרֵן מֹרִין yodin morin*, or Arch Druid's Breast Plate of Judgment, which actually turned out to be what he conjectured; and as he had nothing of the kind before, he rejoiced in its possession. On its reception, he addressed his friend, with all the sagacity, caution, and prying curiosity of the antiquarian: “Now, there is another thing you must do, viz.,—get me its whole history: I mean, where, when, how, and by whom it was found?—In what country, town, or village,—in what kind of earth or bog,—at what depth under the surface,—what occasioned the holes in it?—was it struck with a fork in the ground?—was anything found in the same place?—chains, links, or little images. Can you get me anything else of the same kind, or any truly Irish antiquities. Ancient coins, I believe there are none in Ireland; for there is no evidence that they ever had a coinage. Do not intimate that such things are curious and valuable; for, in that case, Pat will ask ten prices for them, and go and hawk them about, till at last he is obliged, at a distance from home, to sell them for half their worth. The intrinsic worth of a golden ornament, of truly ancient workmanship, is from £3 10s. to £3 15s. per oz.: but in every case, we must pay something for the rarity of the thing,—and where singular, as much more, or even twice the worth of the gold; and some will go even further than this. But at the price of the metal, it is always cheap; and half as much more, in most cases, is not a bad bargain;—but this depends on the form, workmanship, &c. When you have the opportunity of purchasing such things as you have now sent me, get possession of them at once, for fear another should come and get them away; taking care to leave a deposit with the owner, till you write to me.” The intrinsic worth of this ancient relic was about £8; but the Doctor had to pay for it £9 4s. 7d., or £10 Irish. It was found some miles from Belfast, Ireland.

On the publication of the first volume of Mr. Moore's *Life of Wesley*, something in the shape of disappointment being experienced, the Doctor observed, that "some of the heads of houses had been with him, pressing him to comply with the resolution of Conference, in preparing such a *Life* as the state of the Connexion required, and the public would, in all respects, be satisfied with." But he declined, for reasons previously stated; though he was the more satisfied, that he had laid everything else aside, as life was uncertain, to finish the enlargement and revision of the "*Wesley Family*," for a second edition.

The health of the Doctor being still in a feeble and precarious state, and his medical advisers recommending a situation somewhere in the country, he purchased Haydon Hall, an estate at Eastcote, near Pinner, about sixteen miles from London, whither he removed in the month of September. Here he had ample range for his library, his mineral cases, maps, plans, and various antiques; and once classified and placed in order, they only required the pen of a Washington Irving, as in his interesting details of Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford, to convey a perfect image of the whole to a non-visitant. Here, too, the Wesleyan Ministers, belonging to the Windsor circuit, found a home, in the course of their visits to Pinner and the neighbouring places.

As soon as the Doctor was settled in his new abode, he resumed, in good earnest, the completion of his *Commentary*; observing, that he commenced with *Jeremiah* on the 1st of November, and finished that and the *Lamentations* on the 30th of the same month; and that he began with *Ezekiel*, December 1st, and finished it on the 21st; subjoining, that the whole had been written with the same "miserable pen."

The year 1825 found him somewhat improved in health, though far from well. He was able, however, to attend to literary pursuits, and to preach occasionally. Among others who called at his residence, were two gentlemen of the Baptist persuasion, who said, they had formed a tract society, that they were then employed in distributing tracts from house to house, and that they would feel obliged if he would encourage and patronise their endeavours. After a friendly conversation on general subjects, they were dismissed. "These gentlemen," said he, to the Rev. A. Strachan, on their retiring, "are engaged in propagating the peculiarities of the Calvinistic theology. I could not, in conscience, promote their undertaking." Though there was no asperity of feeling, yet, he could never forget his Methodism in the presence of Calvinism: he deeply deplored the manner in which the latter had been abused by persons destitute of Divine grace, and the fatal leap which many had taken from it, into the whirlpool of Antinomianism.

Perceiving that Mr. S. was somewhat indisposed, after an excessive day's labour, the Doctor observed,—“My dear brother, you must either moderate your labour, or go to a premature grave. The command of

God is—‘Thou shalt do no murder.’ Should you kill yourself by injudicious exertion, even in a good cause, I am quite certain you will be closely examined as to the validity of your claim to be admitted into the society of those, who have ‘finished the work which he gave them to do.’ What will you say, when, on arriving at the gate of the celestial city, the question shall be proposed,—Who sent for you? On whom rests the responsibility of providing for your wife and children? With whom have you left ‘the sheep,’ I committed to your care ‘in the wilderness?’” &c. He then mentioned several of his early associates, who fell in the vigour of manhood, in consequence of imprudent exertion; and kindly urged the propriety of prizing, and the necessity of preserving, health.

On another occasion, when Mr. S. was entering the breakfast room, about eight o’clock one morning, in the depth of winter, the Doctor accosted him,—“I have been at work yonder,” pointing with his finger in the direction of his study, “about three hours; and shall be glad to know how you have been occupied this morning.” Mr. S. replied, “Delightfully.” Perceiving, by the expression of the Doctor’s countenance, that the answer was indefinite, and not quite satisfactory, and that he was about to require an account, though in familiar mood, of the work done, Mr. S. immediately added, “You must recollect, Sir, that I walked sixteen miles yesterday, preached three times, and administered Baptism and the Lord’s Supper. Now, I maintain, that, after such a day’s work, it was but an act of heathen justice, fairly due to exhausted nature, to indulge the body with a little more sleep than usual.” After a significant shake of his head, which left it, after all, doubtful, whether he ceded that point, notwithstanding his cautionary remarks against excessive labour, he expressed himself strongly—as a kind of counterpoise—on the brevity of human life, and of attending to the cultivation of the mind, as well as to the health and comfort of the body. Mr. S. remarked, that it had always been a cross to him to rise at five o’clock in the dark and cold mornings of winter; and that, notwithstanding he had the benefit of the Doctor’s example, he found it impossible to convert the practice of very early rising into that source of enjoyment which it seemed to be to him. He further remarked, that he was at a loss to know, whether it was the effect of a bad habit, formed in early life, or whether it might not be some constitutional defect—some “thorn in the flesh”—which could not be eradicated; that he had been protesting and praying against it for several years; but that it still lingered, and seemed to be a most inveterate, if not incurable, evil. “My dear brother,” said the Doctor, “you have entirely misapprehended the case. The remedy is simple, and of easy application. It has been a maxim with me, for many years, never to trouble the Almighty about a thing which I could do myself. Now, instead of lying in bed, and praying on the subject of early rising, I get up at the appointed time, dress myself, and go at once to my study and

my books. If you take my advice, you will act in future on the same maxim."

To another minister, he remarked, "You do well to cultivate your mind as far as you possibly can. You ought to do so, as a minister of the Gospel, and as a man. I believe the intellect of Adam was created dependent on cultivation, for that perfection of which God had made it capable. I thank God, I have lived to some purpose in the Methodist Connexion: having induced several of the preachers to acquire a knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures; and hope we shall, ere long, have not only a pious, but a learned and efficient ministry."

On Dr. C. standing to read the Scriptures in the family one morning, Mr. S. took the liberty of asking the reason of it; and though the subject has been slightly touched in a preceding page, yet his fuller and more special reply is worthy of record, for the sake of both the sentiment and the expression: he remarked with solemnity, "This Book," opening the Bible as he spoke, "I consider as being the representative of the infinite God, whose voice addresses me as often as it is read in my hearing. Do the 'eyes of a servant look unto the hand of his master, and the eyes of a maiden unto her mistress,' when they appear in their presence, to receive their instructions? and is it not equally reasonable, that I should place myself in an attitude of respectful attention, when I come to be instructed in my duty, by the Supreme Being?"

Being in company with the excellent Mr. Jay, of Bath, conversation turned upon preaching, when the Rev. T. S. was noticed as a preacher. The Doctor, after deservedly praising him on many points, strongly objected to the apparent indifference and indolence of manner with which he dealt out truth in the pulpit. Gliding next into the languages of the East, a gentleman in the party, observed, that they were next to unattainable by Europeans: the Doctor instantly interposed, and said, with a slight degree of sharpness,—“Our Missionaries, Sir, have mastered the languages.”

He was favoured about this time with the intelligence of a Roman Catholic priest having been converted to Protestantism, by reading his Commentary on the Scriptures.

The first production of his pen this year, dated, "Eastcott, Jan. 1, 1825," was a brief, but curious and erudite article, full of close, practical observation, entitled, "Cursory Remarks on the English Tongue, and on the present prevailing mode of Public Education." He employed with great dexterity the lines of Dr. John Wallis on Twist, against the Frenchman's Corde; the latter expatiating on the copiousness of his native language, and its richness in derivatives and synonymes, in proof of which, he produced four verses on rope-making, composed apparently for the purpose; and the former showing, in an English translation of the lines, that the English furnished a greater variety of flexions, and

afforded more terms and derivatives from one radix, without borrowing a single term from any other tongue, or coining one for the nonce, than the Frenchman was capable of,—Dr. Wallis refusing to entertain a single exotic, and employing only the pure Anglo-Saxon. “I question,” said Dr. Clarke, in reference to the English translation, “whether any other language could produce a root from which such a number of derivatives could be formed to explain a trade or manual operation in all its parts. I doubt whether the Arabic, with all its oppressive fecundity of terms for the same thing, or the Persian, with all its privileges of borrowing from the Arabic, and creating participles, &c., *ad libitum*, would not both fail on the trial. I think also that the best Grecian in the land would be puzzled to find any legitimate parallel to the English verses; and as for the Latin, it will fall miserably short.” He then asks, after some other remarks, “Why is not such a language as this, (the English,) better studied? Why not studied analytically? It is by its analysis that we discover its force and truth. It is the language of every art and science; for there is no other in which they can be so well and so intelligibly described. Whatever has been effected by the greatest Grecian or Roman orator, can be effected by the Englishman who fully understands his mother tongue; and perhaps above all the languages of all the babbling nations of the earth, the English is that in which the sublime science of salvation can be best explained and illustrated, and the things of God most forcibly and effectually recommended. What a pity that, with such a language, the best part of the lives of so many of our youth should be spent, if not wasted, in studies, and in languages that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, serve only to pass through the forms of schools and colleges, and, however they may have acquitted themselves in Greek and Latin, Mathematics, and a still inefficient Aristotelian Philosophy, enter upon life with scarcely a requisite for passing honourably and usefully through it; many of them not being able properly to read, scarcely at all to analyse, and hardly to spell their mother tongue. I have seen private letters of the most learned man of the seventeenth century, who, besides Greek and Latin, of which he was a master, possessed such a knowledge of the seven Asiatic languages as perhaps no other man then in Europe did, and wrote upon and explained them with profound accuracy, and yet was so ignorant of his own native English tongue, that he could not construct a single sentence with propriety!

‘Let every foreign tongue alone,
Till you can read and spell your own,’

is a sound piece of advice, comes from high authority, and should be treated with great respect. I do not speak against learning,—nor even think against it, nor against proper Schools or Colleges; but I speak against useless and deficient education. I speak against the preposterous

plan of teaching our English youth, anything, or everything, but their mother tongue."

Mr. Walter Griffith, who had been in a declining state of health some time, died on the 30th of the month: "He expired," said the Doctor to the friend whom he was addressing, "about ten o'clock on Sunday morning. I visited him twice after he was totally laid up. He had perfect, strong support in the whole of his sickness, and died powerfully witnessing the efficacy of the blood of the cross, and that that blood can cleanse from all sin. His judgment was not less sound than his piety. He had a clear understanding, and was powerful in all his ministerial offices. He was once our President; and, without exception, the best that ever occupied that chair, since the decease of Mr. Wesley."

The slave question continuing to agitate the public mind, and some stirring pamphlets having been published on the subject, the following sentiments were elicited:—

Dr. Clarke.—"Do you wish to have my mind on the subject?"

Friend.—"I do, Sir."

Dr. C.—"Then here it is. The whole trade is diabolic, from the trepanning of the innocent creatures in their country, by their own people, whom we have corrupted, so as to render them like all European Slave-dealers, insensible of all the charities of life, till that time in which these forlorn creatures breathe their last in the service of that nondescript in nature, a West India Planter."

Friend.—"It is now a great political question, whether these should have their liberty at all, or whether by slow degrees."

Dr. C.—"It is, to the summary scandal of our nation. Their liberty is not ours.—It belongs to God and themselves. The highest angel of God cannot claim a control over it. Our legislature sanctioned it in the beginning, and realised it in the end. And now, after being forced to acknowledge our iniquity, we hesitate to undo our wicked acts!"

Friend.—"The principle is admitted, that they should not have been made slaves; and, now that they are such, should be made free,—but then, it is argued, that an enlightened policy refuses to give them their liberty all at once, as there is no reason to believe they would use it to their own advantage."

Dr. C.—"So then, their bondage is to be continued on the presumption that they cannot make a proper use of their liberty!—This is assuming a further control,—we arrogate to ourselves the right to judge when their minds should be made free as well as their bodies! Who does not see that questions of this kind admit of no decision? and the plain English is, their bondage must be perpetual."

Friend.—"But would you advise that they should all be immediately emancipated?"

Dr. C.—"Most certainly."

Friend.—"What, all of them?"

Dr. C.—"Yes, all that you have in bondage."

Friend.—"Then they would knock us all on the head."

Dr. C.—"Possibly—and therefore take care of your heads,—but in the moment, *fiat justitia ruat cælum!* Their liberty is their own, and you have no right to it—not for one moment."

The Doctor, who had himself been in another kind of bondage some years, had an oppressive load removed from his mind in the early part of this spring; and none of the feathered songsters warbled forth a sweeter note than that to which he gave utterance when he made the following announcement to a friend, which has been echoed in the Commentary itself;—"It will give you no little pleasure to hear, that on March 27, 1825, at eight o'clock, p.m., I wrote, upon my knees, the last note, on the last verse, of the last chapter of Malachi. Thus has terminated a work in which I have painfully employed upwards of thirty years." He must have employed great assiduity towards the close of his labours, for on the 6th of the same month, he observed to Mr. H., "For some time past I have suffered much in my eyes; it is impossible that they should last. All winter I have written several hours before day, and several after night. Under this they have failed; but I want to get the Commentary done. I have got to the end of the sixth of the twelve minor Prophets, so I have six more to do; and if my eyes had continued, I would have had the whole Commentary completed by your return. Jeremiah and Lamentations are finished at press, and published. Of Ezekiel and Daniel thirty chapters are already printed off, and half of the minor Prophets ready for the press. You see, then, that I am fully in sight of land."

"Having now," he adds, "a little more leisure, I shall be able to give more time to my Mineralogy and Conchology, in which I take much delight. I am making a collection of the shells of England and Ireland; and getting as many from foreign parts as I can. I have my minerals beautifully disposed, but the collection is far from being complete. The little book you have sent me, is, I believe, in the Telinga language; but I do not know the subject."

All who are acquainted with the issue of the Commentary, are aware that the New Testament was published before the books of the Old were completed. By the middle of summer, the whole of the press work was finished, and only waited a brief period for the General Index, which was also soon worked off. Though several of the other works of Dr. Clarke will ensure immortality to his name, yet that on which it will descend to posterity, under the auspices of the purest lustre, is his learned and voluminous Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, the sale of which has been almost unexampled.* This laborious work, notwithstanding some

* A gentleman who had been looking out some time for the large paper copy fortunately met with one in London a few weeks after this. Naming the circumstance to the

peculiarities which it occasionally exhibits, contains more original matter than any commentary that has appeared since the days of Calmet. It is alike adapted for the use of the learned critic and private Christian. His last literary employment, it may be added, was that of revising this important work for a second edition.

Everything curious in his nature continued in full operation, and on an opportunity presenting itself for the gratification of his passion for the rare and curious, it was embraced with eagerness. His son-in-law, Mr. Hook, having arrived at Teneriffe, had his memory refreshed with—"Do not forget me when in Africa. Bring any curious minerals you can meet with. I want a good piece of native gold, or gold ore, silver, amber, shells, uncommon and good, from the very largest to the smallest; any curious animal, which you think may live with me with little trouble; curious eggs, and curious sticks, stones, grasses, cloth, cotton, or anything you may judge proper, that will not cost much; specimens of native work—in cloths, baskets, cups, boxes, &c.; specimens of rare timber, when there is anything curious in the colour, hardness, grain, &c.—Could you bring me a very nice, healthy negro boy and girl—regular features—perfectly good-tempered—not less than twelve or fourteen years of age? But this I leave with you; if I had a nice maid for the children, I should be glad. I wish you also to mark any curious custom you may meet; with such I greatly illustrate many portions of the Bible." Deep piety was blended with the whole; "We have prayed for you incessantly since your departure, and shall continue our supplications. Do not forget, while in Africa, that you are a Christian." To another, in the course of the same month, in another region, he remarked, "I know the *fibulæ* well: buy those you mention, though they are the smallest of the kind, and can be worth little more than their weight in gold. However, make the best bargain you can. As to the coins, there is not one in ten thousand Roman copper coins, worth twenty shillings, much less forty. With regard to the Nerva and Antoninus, except some very rare reverses, they are worth, in copper, in good preservation, about 1s. or 1s. 6d. a-piece; but I have handfuls of them. There are some reverses for which, to complete my set, I would give four or five shillings. But, with a man who does not know what to ask, I would not deal. Every honest man knows what his wares cost him, and what is the percentage by which he can live. He who charges in this way, never wrongs either himself or his neighbour."

A message having been delivered by Mr. Pettigrew, in the month of April, at the command of the Duke of Sussex, for the Doctor and his eldest son to dine at the palace, in order that His Royal Highness might

Doctor, the latter replied, "When my daughter was married to Mr. Smith, I wished to present her with the fine copy. Mr. Butterworth had not a copy of Genesis; I offered three guineas for that part alone, but could not obtain it."

introduce them to the Duke of Hamilton, the Doctor proceeded to the metropolis, where he also embraced the opportunity of consulting his medical adviser respecting his eyes, which had been seriously affected for some time. When at Kensington he was introduced to two Indian gentlemen, by the Royal Duke, who said, "Here is my friend, Dr. Adam Clarke, who will speak Persic or Arabic with any of you." On the chaplain invoking a blessing, in a brief, undertone, that was neither audible nor yet distinct, his Royal Highness turned to the Doctor, and in a pleasant half whisper, said, "Precious short, Dr. Clarke." Some time after this visit, on his Royal Highness having returned the compliment at Eastcott, where he read four chapters of the Bible, and had been consulting the Hebrew text on a particular passage, Mr. S. inquired on his departure, "Do you think, Doctor, that the Duke is a converted man?" "I do not know what you would do," he replied, "but I think I would not hesitate to admit him on trial."

On the 29th of the same month, the Doctor preached in Great Queen Street Chapel, and made a collection for the Wesleyan Missions. His text was that singular portion of Holy Writ, Jeremiah x. 11, so expressive of the ulterior destruction of idolatry throughout the world. On Monday, May 2nd, he went to City Road, accompanied with Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Smith, and one of the Irish Preachers. They had but two platform tickets among them; and as the Doctor was not personally known to the two police officers, who were stationed at the side door, they would not allow him to pass. He then gave Mrs. C. and Mrs. S. in charge of his friend, and literally pushed them past the constabulary force. He himself was seized by them, and refused admission. Whether from amusement, or otherwise, he forebore giving his name; and it was not a little laughable, to see him in the hands of two of the city officers, prevented from going into a chapel in which he had so often preached, and into which he was then going to attend a Missionary Meeting. On the persons coming up, who had commissioned the men to be there, he was instantly released from their grasp. His name was his passport; and that being announced, the men—though only discharging an office of trust—felt somewhat abashed. On the day after the meeting, the Doctor baptised the first-born of his daughter, Mrs. Smith; the name of the child was Adam Clarke Smith.

Though far from well, his eyes being much inflamed, he started by coach for Bristol on the 14th. He was at the office about half-past four o'clock in the morning, and walked to and fro till five. "I was persuaded," said Mr. M., who accompanied him, "that we should be too early." The Doctor replied, "I was never too late for a coach or a boat in my life." The famous "WHITE HORSE," cut on the side of a chalk hill, about ten miles from Marlborough, stated by the coachman to be 100 feet from the tip of the ear, to the tip of the tail, and nearly 50 feet

from the hoof to the mane, and formed simply by removing the earth from the chalk, the latter of which gives it its light colour, attracted the attention of Mr. M. The Doctor, on hearing its antiquity assigned to the time of Alfred the Great, observed, that he found a MS. of the eleventh century, in the College of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, which described this "White Horse," and stated it then to be of so ancient a date, that the period of its formation was lost in antiquity. On arriving at Bristol, about nine o'clock in the evening, the Doctor and his friend found the Rev. J. Wood and Mr. J. Hall waiting for them with a coach; but the Doctor declined entering—took his carpet bag in his hand—and walked off to his lodgings. The next day, the Doctor preached twice, though very much indisposed; "unwilling to draw back," as he remarked, "while he could drag along."

An elderly matron having heard that his eyes were much affected, waited upon him, and recommended an infallible remedy, in a certain kind of snuff, which she urged with great earnestness: but it was not for a man, who had battled all his life against tobacco in every shape, to submit to it on such authority, though he could not but be obliged to the lady for her good intentions, while he was amused with her faith and her zeal: and besides, recent tidings of the beneficial effects of his treatise against the weed, in America,* occasioned too much joy to admit of any change of feeling or sentiment on the subject. On going up-stairs to one of the bedrooms, in the house of Mr. Hall, he pointed to a chamber clock, and said to his friend, "Do you see that clock?" "Yes, Sir." "That was once mine; I had to sell it to buy bread." Mr. J. Hall having driven Mr. M. to Mr. Scott's, of Pensford, in his gig, six miles in thirty-five minutes, Mr. M. made a remark upon it; when the Doctor replied, "I tell you, sir, he drives like a fury; he drove me once to Bath from Bristol, a distance of thirteen miles, in an hour and four or five minutes: I thought he would have broken my neck."

The Doctor presided at the Missionary Meeting. On his being waited upon by the friends, to pay him his expenses, Mrs. Arthur, in a good-humoured way, said, "Remember wear and tear." To this they were about to attend; but the Doctor positively refused anything beyond actual cost, saying, "I have never taken for wear and tear—and I never will."

Being earnestly importuned to hold a Missionary Meeting in Cork, he gave his consent; observing on the occasion, in reference to another subject, "I had not heard a word about the Conference being at Cork, till your letter came. I first moved to get it from Dublin, where it had been long a drug, and consequently little regarded. I am glad it is gone, and hope it will be in Belfast the year following." He sailed from Bristol, accompanied by his son Theodoret, and Mr. and Mrs. John Hall,

* *American Tract Mag.*

of Bristol, in a steam packet crowded with passengers, among whom were several persons of rank. He was requested to preach to the passengers, but declined as there were some clergymen on board; so that the duty devolved on Dr. Woodward, son of the Bishop of Cloyne. He was, however, perfectly at home with them, while they plied him freely on almost every variety of subject; several pressing him, at the same time, to visit them at their country seats near Cork and Limerick.

The Chairmen of the several Districts met, July 6, and the Doctor presided the whole of the day. The next day, the Stationing Committee met, in which he also presided, and took a deep interest. Not being President on the occasion, he was the more at liberty to take a share in the discussions of the several sittings. In consequence of the inconvenience, expense, and humiliations, to which the members of society were subjected, a Memorial was agreed to by the separate Leaders' Meetings of Belfast and Carrickfergus, to be forwarded to Conference, requesting that the Preachers—as the civil law did not prohibit it, and the Preachers in Scotland had set them the example—should be allowed to celebrate the marriage ceremony. The Doctor was requested to present the one from Belfast, and argued in its favour, saying, in his own strong way, “In the name of God, I would let them marry one another.” For this the Conference was not quite prepared; but we have his opinion on the case. He was equally in favour of preaching in “Church Hours,” and carried with him the effects of the discussion on the subject from Cork. On the question being asked, “What can be done to revive and extend the work of God?” he spoke on the necessity of introducing men of suitable talent and education into the ministry; stating, while adverting to the improvement which had taken place in the Society, that “the preachers ought still to keep their distance.” adding, “We have enlightened the world, and the world looks to us for the light. Hitherto, in many cases, we have only womaned the walls, but now we must man them.” One of the preachers, who held a responsible official situation, not being present at the Conference, led him also to animadvert strongly on the circumstance of official characters neglecting their public duties. An opportunity having offered itself, he delivered a long and impressive speech on the operations of the human mind;—gliding—as he was on Irish ground, and was well versed in the superstitions of his countrymen—into its belief in the existence of Fairies. “Man,” said he, “feels his weakness; therefore it is, that he looks out for foreign help, and hopes for supernatural existence.” With a view to pursue the subject, by entering into its causes, tendencies, effects, &c., he requested the Preachers to furnish him with any “Fairy Tales” they might meet with in their travels. In this, “little Adam,” was seen in company with Adam “the aged.”

After completing his mission at Cork, he proceeded to Dublin, with a

view to embark for England. He reached the city on the Saturday, where the friends were anxious to have a sermon from him for some charity. One of the English Preachers, who was present on the occasion, told them, that as he might be wearied with his journey, they had better let him rest till the morning. But the ardour of the Irish character, and the possibility of losing the opportunity, would not allow any time to be lost: accordingly, Mr. R., and the sage adviser referred to, waited upon the Doctor at his lodgings. The latter, who had been engaged in his room, answering correspondents, was sent for; having either been disturbed in the midst of a letter, or roused from a state of quiet after the fatigue of his journey, he appeared with a less agreeable expression of countenance than usual. The formality of introduction having passed off,

Mr. R. said,—“Dr. Clarke, our friends are very desirous that you should preach a charity sermon; and they have commissioned me earnestly and respectfully to ask the favour.”

Dr. C.—“I am sick of charity sermons.”

Mr. R. was struck dumb for the moment, but on account of the urgency of the case, and the fact that no one could serve the cause so well as the Doctor, tried to rally again: “I hope, Doctor, you will take our case into consideration; it is very pressing.”

Dr. C.—“When do you want it?”

Mr. R.—“To-morrow, Sir.”

Dr. C.—“At what time?”

Mr. R.—“At twelve o’clock, Sir.”

Dr. C.—“A most unusual hour.”

Mr. R.—“Will any other hour suit you, Sir? We propose that hour, because we believe we shall be able to command a larger congregation.”

Dr. C.—“I know the whole business: it is of going to church.”

Mr. R.—“If you will name your hour, Sir, we will take it.”

Dr. C.—“At what hour have you preaching in the other chapel?”

Mr. R.—“At seven o’clock, Sir.”

Dr. C.—“An excellent hour.”

Mr. R.—“But it would be too early for the attendance of the giving part of the community. Will you name any hour between?”—Pausing—“Will ten do?”

Dr. C.—“Very well: the women will have their children washed by that time.”

Here ended the case of the sermon. An old gentleman, possessed of considerable property, who was standing by at the time, devoutly wound up the business of charities with,—“The love of money is the root of all evil.” The Doctor replied,—“If you think so, you may hand me over a few of your bags, and I will soon show you, that I can do some good with them.”

On the Doctor's return to England, his eyes were much better, and his health improved. He attended the English Conference held at Bristol, and observed to a friend,—“We are going on well at Conference: the Connexion is in peace and prosperity. I am just returned from the Irish Conference. Joseph has graduated and finished at the University; and was on the 10th instant, (July, 1825,) ordained by the Archbishop of York. He is a blessed lad. Mrs. Rowley, we fear, is in a dying state.”

In addition to the re-opening of the chapel in Mile's Lane, Cannon Street, London, he officiated at the opening of Brunswick Chapel, Leeds, and Eastbrook Chapel, Bradford. A friend from Bradford writes,—“The interest excited by the opening of Eastbrook Chapel, was considerably increased by the desire of all ranks to see and hear our esteemed friend Dr. Clarke, who had never before preached in Bradford, or its immediate vicinity. The concourse of persons from all parts of the surrounding country was exceedingly great, especially on Sunday, when the chapels were crowded to excess, and hundreds of those who assembled were disappointed of hearing the preachers in the chapels.” The Doctor preached in the New Chapel, Friday, October 24, and in the Old Chapel, in Kirkgate, on the Sabbath following. At Leeds, one of those disgraceful attempts to produce alarm, noticed in a few cases a short time before, was employed on this occasion; happily, however, without any painful consequences, except a slight temporary disorder in some parts of the congregation. So massive a building could not fail to inspire general confidence.

A portion of the Doctor's correspondence about this time, was peculiarly interesting, especially that with a friend in Germany; who, in writing from Stultzgard, furnished him with many curious particulars, and not a little instruction on Biblical subjects, with a highly interesting account of the justly-celebrated Professor VON ESS, on whose library-shelves the Doctor's own Commentary was stated to occupy a prominent position. In writing to Archdeacon Wrangham, he adverted to the favourite subject of the projected Polyglott, stating, that he feared the design was at an end, and that he would have been a willing slave in the work under the patronage of the prelates.

He felt especially the kindness of the Archdeacon to his son, who had just been ordained, and who officiated at Hunmanby as curate to him: observing, that he himself had heard him preach once, and that he knew the whole to be his own; he was too independent to borrow. To another, he observed, “Joseph is exceedingly steady, very conscientious, and likely to be very useful. As soon as he can give up his notes, I believe he will make a powerful preacher. He is already popular; and what is seldom the case, can have half of his hearers at least, deeply affected.”

The Doctor was honoured, before the year expired, with a visit from

the Duke of Sussex, who expressed a wish to see his Oriental MSS., and other literary rarities. His Royal Highness arrived about mid-day at Haydon Hall, and stopped till a late hour. In addition to the members of the Doctor's own family, J. Caley, Esq., T. J. Pettigrew, Esq., and J. Butterworth, Esq., and his son, dined together on the occasion. The Duke expressed himself much pleased with his visit.

Though the Doctor's health was not improved, yet his desire to visit the Shetland Isles, became increasingly strong on the setting in of 1826; and, as its spring advanced, was resolutely fixed to go, "should Providence," as he remarked, "open the door so wide as to let him pass through it."

SECTION IV.

1826.

Now that the Commentary was brought to a close, and nearly all published, the public were pretty fully awake to all its faults and to all its excellencies; and free remark was the result. That conflicting opinions were entertained, might be expected: * but it would have been difficult,

* One of the least scrupulous, and most wholesale decisions against the work, is given by a gentleman already noticed, in his "Biographical Recollections of the Rev. R. Hall," where he presents his readers with an interview which Dr. Mason had with that great man, pp. 323, 4. Dr. Mason stated, that the Commentary had been printed at New York, but that it had produced general disappointment; and was, therefore, discontinued. With Dr. Mason's criticisms, the biographer has no disposition to interfere; nor is there any wish to moot the fact of discontinuance. It may be proper to observe, however, that, in 1826, when the conversation took place, only part of the work was published—the whole not having been completed till ten years afterwards: suspension, therefore,—waiting for the succeeding parts,—might have been mistaken for formal discontinuance. That this is at least probable, will appear from the subsequent popularity of the work. The New Testament was published before the Old was finished, and the writer holds a copy of the former, in two vols. royal 8vo, which was published at New York, in 1823—three years before the entire work came out of the hands of the author. This edition was sold for 15s.; and was absolutely stereotyped, with a view to secure a cheap and extensive sale. There were two houses in New York, publishing the work at the same time; and such was the strife between them, to command and preserve the market, that copies were sold at 5s. The Wesleyan Conference stepped into the market with another edition of the New Testament, on fine paper, at 30s. Mr. Tegg, after this, sent duplicate copies of his stereotype plates, of the improved edition; and, on the testimony of the American Episcopal ministers, the work has had an extensive spread on the continent. Should there have been any shyness in the first instance, it was subsequently removed. Perhaps a slight deduction may be made on each side of the water; Dr. Mason was an American, Mr. Morris was partial to the Calvinistic school, and Dr. Clarke was a staunch Wesleyan. Those, however, who embrace the Calvinistic side of the controversy, have but little occasion, with Dr. Mason, to complain of the want of Catholic spirit in the man, who is objected to, by the same person, for arguing in favour of the penitence of Judas.

Apart from the testimony of other competent judges, and as a set-off against

perhaps, for some of the severest critics to have adduced such a mass of classical elucidation of Sacred Writ, and of extensive Oriental and Rabbinical reading; and have united them with such pertinent and pointed bearing on the salvation of the soul, as are brought together in this great work. We might ask, whether, with all its faults, a Commentary has been published, which has poured such a blaze of light on Holy Writ, in modern days? Future ages, it is believed, will gratefully estimate it—as an inexhaustible mine of Biblical illustration.

The following letter to Dr. Morrison—a man dear to every friend of Christian missions, and whose Herculean toil is now beginning to be more fully appreciated in China, will be read with interest:—

Eastcott, Middlesex, March 19, 1826.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I am sorry that I have not had the privilege of seeing you before your departure: but I have been confined to the house ever since the morning of New Year's Day, when I caught a cold, which brought an inflammation into my face and eyes, from which I am but slowly recovering.

All the COMMENTARY is printed off; and as far as the letter R, of the General Index; and I should not wonder, if the remaining sheets should be ready by the time you propose, God willing, to sail. At any rate, you shall have all the sheets that may be ready at that time; and should there be any behind, I will order duplicates to be sent to you by separate conveyances, that you may have the whole complete. One thing you must indulge me in, else you will put me to pain. For some time, I have purposed to beg your acceptance of a copy of this work, for your own library. I am sorry it is not a large paper copy, but there is not one of them left—they have been long out of print. I present this out of high respect for your labours, and affection to your person. I have ordered it in good boards, for it could not (a few parts excepted) be bound without being spoiled; as the ink of the latter parts, not being sufficiently dry, would set-off. Your prayer for me, at the conclusion of your Note, is worth a thousand copies of my Work. I return you mine in your own words;—"May the power of Christ rest upon your person, your family,

Dr. Mason's hasty criticism, the biographer may be permitted to give the following sentiment, expressed by a correspondent in a letter, dated "Edinburgh, Decmber 17, 1831:—"Dr. Chalmers said in public—"Dr. Clarke's Commentary is the only critical one in English worth reading;" and, on his last visit to Bristol, a few days before his death, being in company with a grandson of the commentator, he observed: "Mr. Rowley, it is a great and learned work. Dr. C. is too fond of introducing his peculiar notions, *e.g.*, the Doctrine of Perfection; but I study his Commentary frequently, and with great pleasure."

As a matter of curiosity, it may be remarked, that the Princesses Elizabeth and Sophia, each had a copy of the Doctor's Notes, which Mr. Harding, the queen's librarian, had illustrated with plates from continental and other artists, for which they gave eighty guineas per copy.

and your abundant labours!" You had two lovely children—I think the finest I ever saw—I have borne them on my knees; kissed them often; and have carried them in my arms. It is many years since I saw them, and they can have no remembrance of me; please to tell them, however, that they have an old man's blessing, and his heartiest prayers. When you sail, may His presence go with you, and give you rest. Amen.—
 I am, Rev. Sir, Yours affectionately,—ADAM CLARKE.

The Doctor's heart was set on his voyage to Shetland through the whole of this spring: everything seemed to point to it. While on a visit to a friend and supporter of the Mission, he was not a little encouraged with present aid, and promises of additional support. In connection with this visit, a little circumstance may be noticed, which shows the admirable tact he had for improving passing occurrences. It was found, on the party being seated round the hospitable board, that the servant had neglected to put one of the legs of the table sufficiently out; the consequence was, the table-leaf gave way, and one of the ladies received the contents of a dish on her dress. Mrs. felt a good deal discomposed by the carelessness of the servant; the Doctor immediately observed,—“A mishap of this kind occurred in the presence of Mr. Wesley once: on perceiving it, he turned to the lady, whose lap was filled with the sauce, and, with a view to avert approaching wrath, observed, ‘How fortunate that it has happened here—and to you, madam, for I know no one more able to bear it.’” The good lady of the house felt the delicacy of the Doctor's compliment, and all parties were instantly restored to good humour.

The “Apocryphal Question” was at this time strongly agitated. This was a source of great uneasiness to Dr. Clarke, because of the influence it exercised on the peace of the Bible Society. He addressed his brother-in-law, Mr. Butterworth, on the general question: * he considered it remarkable, that, in all his conversations with Roman Catholics, they never appealed to the Apocrypha for the confirmation of their tenets, except to the Maccabees, in reference to intercession for the dead.

It was about this time, too, that he expressed his views and feelings respecting the Established Church, and the position in which he stood to it, in two letters to G. W., Esq., Cumberland, afterwards published in the “Christian Guardian” for 1832; † and to which reference is made, not so much because of any literary merit attached to the correspondence, but as to its being a key to several allusions to the Establishment in his general writings, as well as a reason for some points of conduct. A letter also to Mr. A. Wilson, on the education of his children, contains in it several nice points often overlooked by parents. The last of these was

* See “Miscellaneous Works,” Vol. ii., p. 517.

† One of these is inserted in his “Miscellaneous Works” also: Vol. ii., p. 530.

written at Edinburgh, June 7th, at which place he arrived on the 3rd, in company with his oldest son, on his way to the Shetland Isles.

In consequence of some difficulties thrown in the way of a ready passage to the Islands, he had to remain in Edinburgh till the 14th of the same month, during which time he both occupied the pulpit himself, and heard others expound the Word of life. Being asked whether he had seen Sir Walter Scott in the course of his stay, he returned, "No; nor was I anxious to see him:" subjoining pleasantly, "notwithstanding all his losses, he has £1,500 for the office he holds, besides other things; and I know some greater men who could make a good living out of half of it." He had seen Jeffry previously to this, and heard him deliver the closing speech in an appeal from Adam Smith, by whom he was retained, against the Presbytery, who had refused to induct him to a living, in consequence of inability on special points. On that occasion, the Doctor entered court at ten o'clock in the morning—the time of its opening, and sat till six in the evening. He was exceedingly gratified by the speech in question. On retiring, he turned to Dr. Beaumont, observing, "And do they say this man is an infidel? I cannot believe it, and should like to shake him by the hand."

To some friends, who proposed to accompany him on his voyage, he observed, "At present there is no mode of conveyance to those Islands, and I do not think God is bound to work a miracle to take us there. I was once at Southampton waiting for a passage to the Norman Isles: the wind was contrary for eight or ten days: I went out every morning to see whether there was any appearance of a change, and was very uneasy, fretting and repining. One morning, I met an old captain, and said to him,—Captain, the wind is still *foul*; 'Yes,' said he, 'but it is *fair* for some body.' I was struck with the expression, and said,—Adam, what is this you have been saying? How many fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, who have been long from home, will this same wind bring to those who have been anxiously expecting them? God must form a particular will relative to a particular object, and, to use a common saying,—I have never thought it was worth God's while to form such a will in reference to anything in which I was engaged." Though the Doctor thus expressed himself relative to his own plans and operations, yet he had no doubt, taking in the full range of a special providence, that God not unfrequently stepped out of his ordinary course, in answer to the prayer of faith, for the accomplishment of objects in which his servants might be engaged, and to which, in the first instance, they might be led by the influence of the Holy Spirit upon the mind. In support of this, he related a remarkable interposition of Providence in answer to prayer, which took place when Mr. Wesley, Dr. Coke, and Mr. Bradford, visited the Norman Isles, and when he himself was with them, beating about under contrary winds.

There were, at length, three apparent openings for the voyage—a vessel for cattle, a Revenue Cutter, and the *Fidelity*; the *Norna* having sailed just before the Doctor's arrival: but still he was in suspense in consequence of certain impediments connected with each. "I well remember," said he to his friends, "that God did not permit David to build a temple for him, though he said, 'it was well that it was in thine heart to do it.' So may it be with me. He may not permit me to go to Shetland, though he may say, 'Adam, it was well that it was in thine heart to go.' Now, I will not force my passage: God can do without me there; and I have an awful warning in the five Missionaries who were lately drowned in the West Indies, by the wreck of the *Maria* mail-boat, not to force my way.* I had to correct our Chairman, Mr. Butterworth, the other day, at our Missionary Meeting in Birmingham, upon the subject. He, and some others, had been saying, What a mysterious providence the loss of the five Missionaries with their wives and children was—Mrs. Jones excepted. By-and-bye, I was called to speak. I said, 'Mr. Chairman, I see no mystery in all this business. To me it all appears plain. I read in my Bible, 'He that believeth, shall not make haste.' These excellent men did make haste. They had hired a vessel of their own to convey the Missionaries to their different stations. They had left one in his place: the wind was contrary; they grew impatient; left their own vessel, and betook themselves to the mail-boat. One was of this mind at first, and he ultimately brought the others to his own way of thinking. They left their luggage to come onward in their own vessel. In due time, it reached the desired port in safety; but they were lost. These men, Sir, though with the best intentions, but through too great anxiety to get to their several destinations, went out of the way of Divine Providence; *they made haste*; and there is the whole mystery.' Now, I am instructed by this: unless I can get a passage to Shetland in a providential way, not to go at all. Let us, then, examine the information we have obtained;—here is this *Bullock* vessel: all *filth*, and *no accommodation*, save the bare deck to lie upon: that will not do. The *Revenue Cutter* I leave out of the question. Had I known before I left London, I could have procured a Government order to have taken us to Shetland. In that case, there would have been extra berths made up, which would have been charged to Government. Our only chance is the *Fidelity*. We will wait till she comes in; and say to her owners,—'Here are four gentlemen who

* This painful calamity occurred in the month of February, and was still vivid in the recollection. The Doctor observed, on another occasion, in reference to this melancholy event,—"I am afraid some of our people have been making an ungodly boast of the preservation of our Missionaries, none till then having been lost; and God has taken away the lives of these excellent men, and has also permitted the loss of Lynx and Threlfal. This ought to teach us to pray for the preservation of our Missionaries. Still, I think, that those who were lost in the *Maria* mail-boat, ought to have stopped with their luggage."

wish to go to Shetland ; and would willingly give something extra in order to get off without being detained but they are not obliged to go ; therefore, they will not make any great sacrifices. If, however, a few pounds additional to their regular passage-money will be an object with you, they will give them : if not, they will separate, and each pursue his own course. I would be willing to give twenty-five pounds in addition to our passage-money ; but further, I would not like to go, as I should consider that as forcing a passage."

At this time, the Doctor was allowed £100 per annum for his services in the first London circuit. Not being able to attend to his pulpit duties the former part of the year, he returned his quarter's salary, which the Stewards sent to him. "I would not," said he to a friend, "take their money, when I could not do their work ; I could get on without it : but this quarter's salary," he added, smiling, "I have in my pocket, and it will help to pay my passage to Shetland, if I go." As he was not disposed to take the wages without the work, so he had no disposition to hoard up treasure on earth : he received it from the hand of God, in his providence, and it was expended on the cause of God, in the Church. The intended voyage stood in connection with the cause of God among the Wesleyans in the Islands.

He preached in Nicholson's Square, on the forenoon of the 11th. His text was Mark i. 15 ; and the sermon was distinguished for a rich vein of evangelical sentiment, and was accompanied with fine feeling.

A friend passing along the street, saw a cart of hay upset ; two or three carters assisted in extricating the animal, while several persons stood by, without the least inclination to lend a hand. This was noticed in illustration of national character ; the friend observing, "If an Irishman had been there, and had been in danger of doing more harm than good by his rashness, still he would have jumped at it at once." The narrator being an Irishman, and forgetting that he himself had acted the part of a mere observer, and by that seemed to forfeit the character he was giving to his countrymen, the Doctor struck in, and said, "I'll tell you, then, what *Pat* did. I was going up Market Street, in Manchester, and saw a poor fellow toiling up the street with a truck. The street was too steep for him. He angled it to get up, but made very little progress. An inward Adam said, 'Go and help him.' But immediately another Adam said, 'This is a public place, and you will be seen.' 'It is a shame of you,' said the inward Adam, 'go and help the man.' After some more reasonings, I yielded ; went behind the truck, and pushed to the top of the ascent. The man went on more speedily ; but knew not he had help, till he gained the summit, when he saw me coming from behind. I said to him, 'I believe you can manage the rest of the way yourself.' I left him staring, and marched onwards." This bore admirably on the propriety of imitating the character we praise. On Mr. John Clarke

lauding Herbert as "one of our best poets," the Doctor said, "He is as rough as a porcupine, but every word is full of meaning."

The horizon seemed to be clearing on the 9th, for the voyage, at a moment when he was meditating a visit to the Hebrides, in order to go to the Isle of Mull, the residence of his maternal ancestors; or to return to London, and from thence to proceed to Ireland with the President,—connecting with the latter the opening of a new chapel at Lurgan: the *Woodlark*, a cutter engaged, together with the *Investigator*, in a survey of the Shetland group, touched at Leith. Captain Frembly agreed to take the Doctor and his son, but could not take their companions, though they pledged themselves to sleep upon deck. But as the captain had to go to Inverkeithing for coals and provisions, he promised to call for the Doctor on his return, which he hoped would be about noon on the 13th. Not arriving at the time, the Doctor observed to one of his companions, "My mind has taken a very unworthy turn relative to the Shetland business. If I do not get off, it will be said, 'Here is a man who began to build, and could not finish.'" Then, lifting up his heart to God, he emphatically said, "Thy will be done." The *Woodlark* at length hove in sight, while he was walking to and fro on the beach; and he was soon enabled to enter on board, where he was kindly received by the captain, his lady, and the officers. One thing which ingratiated the Doctor into the kindly feelings of Captain Frembly was, the fact of the latter having heard him preach, and been in a Missionary meeting, some time previously, in which the Doctor had taken a part, and in which he felt deeply interested.

As a pretty full account of his journey to Edinburgh—his preparations—the voyage—his visit to the Isles—his return—and several circumstances connected with the whole, is to be found in his "Miscellaneous Works,"* it is only needful to touch, as heretofore, on any little incident as yet unnoticed. His account of the storm through which the vessel passed on her way to Lerwick, is described with great force and accuracy, and shows the difference between the narration of a storm of which we have heard, and one in which we have actually been. As the preachers were unable to accommodate him, and there was no inn at Lerwick, a lodging was procured at the house of a person who was hostile to the Wesleyans. The man, however, was so won upon by the Doctor's spirit and demeanour, that he strove in every possible way to render his abode with him agreeable, and collected for him several curiosities to enrich his museum. The preachers dined with him at his lodgings, where they had an entertainment peculiar to the Island, at two shillings per head; which, in London, would not have cost less than ten shillings per man. His host even went so far as to go and hear him preach, and was much pleased with the discourse. When seated at the table, a subject leading

* See Vol. xiii., pp. 267—298.

to the remark being introduced, the Doctor said, “Persons talk about nations and character ; there is my John,—he is a Frenchman, having been born in the Norman Isles,—I am Irish,—Lewis, sitting there, is Welch,—there is a fourth in the company, English,—a fifth Scotch,—and there are others who are Zetlanders : here we are all met, and, I trust, we shall all meet again—meet with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God ! but what would heaven be with all these ? I would not go to heaven to see Abraham, much as I revere his memory ! What would heaven be without Abraham’s God ?”

Among other conversations with Dr. Edmondson, the historian of the Shetland Islands, the latter observes to Dr. Clarke, that as soon as the “PIRATE” was published, he was led into the secret of the “Great Unknown,” and at once filiated the “Waverley Novels” on Sir Walter Scott : further adding, that he accompanied Sir Walter in his various rambles over the Islands, when he was collecting materials for the work ; complaining, at the same time, of a want of accuracy in his descriptions of scenery,—having placed rocks, &c., where none were visible.*

His introduction to Dr. Edmondson was somewhat singular ; the latter being rather eccentric—occasionally unceremonious,—bold,—independent,—and highly original. He rushed into the room where Dr. Clarke was seated, being on familiar terms with its proprietor : the Doctor rose, and paid his respects to him, expressing a hope, that he had not obtruded himself into his room, when Dr. E. instantly satisfied him, by answering in the negative : and then, as if to test the temper of Dr. C., proceeded,—

Dr. E.—“Many visit the Shetlands, who take away false reports, and labour to make the impression, that the people are destitute of the comforts of life.”

Dr. C.—“I am not responsible for others ; but as it regards myself, I came with no such intention.”

Dr. E.—“What, sir, are we to understand by the term *comfort* ! take the French, for instance.”

Dr. C.—“Take the word in French, *soulage*, that comes nearest to it.”

Dr. E.—“I beg your pardon, sir, but that is not the word ; it gives no idea of it at all.” Here Dr. C. observed to the writer, that he felt all that was Adam, with a portion of his countryman, rising in him.

Dr. C.—“I have no objection, sir, to contest the point with you : take the verb from whence the word, which I have just quoted, is derived.”

* This inaccuracy was observed in 1828, by the biographer, when sailing past the part of the island where the scene of Norna’s cave is laid ; there being no cave near the spot, though bold and rocky precipices were not wanting.

Dr. E. continued in the same mood, after the debate was closed, and then quitted the house. Subsequently, he paid Dr. Clarke every attention, and went to hear him preach. Though he could not gain access to the chapel for the crowd, he went into a kind of cellar below, where he heard distinctly, and signed a petition, which was drawn up by the principal inhabitants, requesting that the sermon should be printed. As a further proof of his kindly feeling, he presented Dr. Clarke with a pair of lamb's-wool gloves, which were considered a great curiosity, being partly claret, ring-straked, and speckled, and perfectly natural; as if, in the language of the recipient, "Jacob's flock had reached the Islands." Dr. E. told him, that he had read his "Wesley Family," and was much pleased with it. The latter presented him with Moore's "Life of Wesley:" but on receiving it—though courteously accepted—he observed, "That man has tried his hand at the work before, but made nothing out;" adding, "John Wesley was one of the greatest men that ever lived."

When passing from Lerwick to Scalloway, on a Shetland pony, on his way to Walls, Dr. Clarke paused, and looked around him, and then observed with somewhat of pleasantry, "I cannot conceive what God made these Islands for, unless it was to be a kind of balance for some other part of the world." On reaching Walls, he preached to the people from the top of an old tar-barrel,* but forgot part of his text, which he candidly acknowledged; then observed,—“To return to what I forgot: many people have spent a great deal of time in guessing the precise site of

* This was occasionally employed as a scaffolding, and for the purpose of holding lime, in the erection of the chapel, which was then about half finished. It was still on the premises when the biographer visited Walls with the Doctor, in 1828; and was filled by the former with mineral specimens, and brought home to England. It was afterwards taken in pieces, and made into two neat boxes, in remembrance of its more sacred service as a rostrum; in one of which boxes was deposited the hat which the venerable preacher wore during the present visit, and which lay by his side, while on what he elsewhere denominated his "standing place." Some other particulars might be stated,—curious withal, in this "Tale of a Tub." "As to the poor old hat," the Doctor jocosely observed to the writer, before it came to hand, whose foible he was willing to indulge, "It is reserved sacredly for you. By the time I returned from contending with the North seas, it was abused and broken. It was the covering of my head by day, and often my nightcap, when I went down to the sides of the ship by night. It was made for the purpose, and is, for its work's sake, respectable in its ruins. The shoes and little silver buckles are promised to another, who earnestly requested the hat. But Mother would not hear the request, for she said *she* had promised the fine beaver to Mr. E. How powerful are we, when we get the *good women* on our side!" On this hat, the writer, in an imaginative mood, intended to found something like a sale, embodying in it as much of the *real* history of the voyage as could be collected, with the *probable* musings of the *head* beneath it, in certain situations and under peculiar circumstances,—the whole carrying with it as great an air of credibility as the history of a "Velvet Cushion." This notion, still floating in the region of the biographer's mind, led to the reply: "The *shoes* only covered the *feet*—the *hat* overshadowed the *head* and the *brain*; and as the head has effected more than the feet, for the products of which you will be as generally and as highly honoured, as for any of your pedestrian excursions, the hat is preferred to '*silver*' and even to gold."

the paradise of the Bible ; the wisest men have differed in their opinion on the subject ; no one of them has been able positively to state where it was : but I can tell you." Here the innocent, scantily read, yet intelligent Islanders, were all attention ; and when he had wound them up by two or three more exciting remarks, he exclaimed with animation,—“ Paradise is to be found at Walls : Wherever God is, *there* is paradise. Show me where God is, and I will show you paradise. It is “ His presence makes our paradise ! ” The effect was powerful ; for a considerable unction attending the discourse, the people found, even in that dreary waste, with the God of the Bible, and in the ministry of the Word —“ Paradise Regained.”

Though exceedingly cautious not to allow anything to enter the pulpit, which did not in every way comport with its sanctity, its dignity, and its simplicity, yet one instance may be named in which his imagination, over which he exercised such sovereign control, while discharging the ministerial office, and his feelings which were under equal subjection, broke away from their usual restraint. When preaching at Lerwick on Romans xv. 4,* some remarks which he made, led him to observe that God is happy, and that he made man to be happy. Anxious that the people should feel what God intended them to enjoy, and some sweet emotions rising in the soul at the same moment—bubbling up, in unison with the more hallowed influence of heaven, from the fountain of his own native benevolence, he gave utterance to a couplet which flashed like lightning through the soul—

“ When God, his First-born, into the world did bring,
He said, My lad, don't cry, but laugh, and sing.”

It was the first time he had ever quoted Peter Pindar in the pulpit ; he was astonished at himself afterwards—and would gladly have recalled the expression, though in love with the sentiment : but it was too late. It came ; it went ; “ or ever he was aware, his soul made him like the chariots of Amminadab ; ” the hurried emotion of the heart obtained the ascendancy. True joy, is described by Seneca, as a serene and sober motion : but that is the joy of the closet and of philosophy, not of the pulpit : in the latter, Lavater—who had tasted it—tells us, that “ he who can conceal his joys is greater than he who can hide his griefs.”

On his return from the Islands, where he had preached, visited several of the societies, and satisfied himself on the genuineness of the work of God among the people, he landed at Aberdeen, Monday, July the 10th. Here he called on J. Bentley, Professor of the Oriental languages, in King's College, but found he had left home. He next called on Dr. Kidd, O.L.L.P., Marischal College, who took him over the University,

* It was this discourse that he was requested to publish, and which was soon after printed.

with the state of which he was but ill-satisfied. The Professor, with others, dined with him at Anderson's Hotel. The conversation was varied and literary in its character.

When Dr. Clarke reached Edinburgh, he was informed of the unexpected death of his brother-in-law, Joseph Butterworth, Esq., late M.P. for Dover; also of the death of another brother-in-law, Mr. James York; together with that of the Rev. Charles Atmore. The first especially, affected him much. The Rev. Richard Watson improved the occasion of Mr. Butterworth's death, in a sermon which was afterwards published; furnishing a calm and dignified exhibition of the excellent character of the deceased, in the true spirit of the short but expressive sentence selected as a text on the occasion—"And they glorified God in me." The mind of the preacher appeared, through the whole of the discourse, to be under the hallowing influence of the great principle which he deduced, in the most natural and proper manner, from his text,—Of honouring God in man, and man in God. On this principle Mr. Watson proceeded to a general view of the character and conduct of the venerated Butterworth; commencing with an account of his conversion to the true knowledge of the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, he passed to what he called his habitual religious character; and showed it to have been devotional, social, truly catholic, zealous, and benevolent; and concluded with an interesting view of his public character, both as a member of the Church of Christ, and that of the British Senate. It is to be regretted that a full Life of this excellent man has not been published, as such a work would throw considerable light upon the religious history of this country for a period of at least between twenty and thirty years; for nearly with the whole of the Philanthropic Institutions he was in one way or another connected; and he would have presented to the view of mankind one of the most remarkable instances upon record of the blessing of Divine Providence upon Christian industry and liberality. His correspondence with pious persons of all denominations was, perhaps, as extensive as that of any other man in Europe, and would no doubt furnish selections of very superior value. He died at his house in Bedford Square, Friday, June 30th. The Wesleyan Conference adopted the following Resolution, expressive of their esteem and affection for him:

"The Conference deem it their mournful duty to record in their minutes, the recent and lamented death of Joseph Butterworth, Esq., late General Treasurer of the Wesleyan Missionary Society; and they cannot make this record without expressing their deep sense of the zeal, attention, and liberality, with which he fulfilled the duties of that office, as well as of the distinguished excellences of his general character. The large advances of money which he often cheerfully made to our Missionary Society, when its funds were under temporary pressure; the

spiritual and interesting manner in which, when called to the chair of its Annual Meetings, he conducted the proceedings of that Society; his exertions in visiting many of the Auxiliary and Branch Societies in the country, by which he consecrated the influence of his name and station to advance the interests of our Missions; and the advantages which the Committee derived from his judgment and counsels, and from the information which his extensive correspondence and connections enabled him to communicate; are subjects of grateful but affecting recollection. By his efforts in favour of religious liberty, in Parliament, and the zealous manner in which he exerted himself when applications to His Majesty's Government were rendered necessary, in order to obtain protection for our Missionaries in the Colonies, and to procure the modification or disallowance of restricting or prosecuting laws, the Conference was laid under additional obligations. Nor was there anything which related to the stability, extension, or success of the Wesleyan Missions, into which he did not enter with an affectionate and permanent interest. Great is the loss which our society has sustained by this bereavement. But it becomes us to bow with submission to the dispensations of Almighty God, and to commit the great cause, in all its departments, by a renewed act of faith, to his own special care, trusting in his promises, and remembering that, while the strong are not efficient without Him, the weak in his hand shall become 'as the Angel of the Lord.'"

Dr. Clarke left Scotland by the Soho steam-packet, Saturday, July 15th, and, after a voyage of about 600 miles in forty-five hours, landed at Blackwall in safety. The entire journey was, at least, 2,000 miles. On his return, neither the demands of others, nor his own habits of industry, would allow him any relaxation from labour. He had assisted in opening a new chapel in Islington, in the Spring of the year, and he re-opened another at Hackney, on his return. The effects of his labours in reference to the Shetland Mission, which commenced during his third presidency, being fully appreciated, the following note was appended to the Shetland stations, by order of the Liverpool Conference of this year:—"Dr. Adam Clarke is requested to correspond regularly with the preachers in the Shetland Isles, and to give them such advices and directions as he may deem necessary. Dr. Clarke is also authorised to receive donations for the support of the preachers on those Islands; which donations shall be regularly paid, on account, to the treasurer of the Contingent Fund."

Yet, notwithstanding this general expression and appreciation of the value of Dr. Clarke's services in aid of the Shetland Missions, it was known and regretted by many, that the two influential General Secretaries at the Mission House, Messrs. Bunting and Watson, were exceedingly parsimonious in the countenance they gave to the Doctor and the Shetland Mission, only allowing as much to appear as would

serve as a screen from the charge of something in the shape of indifference, or something worse, which marred the whole, while they were careful to keep themselves, and their own department, prominently before the public, both on the Platform and in the Monthly Notices, and General Reports. A little more might have been ceded, on various fitting occasions, to the services of Dr. Clarke, without stint to themselves. The former of the two secretaries, acted from personal feeling, the latter, unworthily, allowed himself to be influenced by him, which is the more to be regretted, from the high position he himself took in the body, without designedly seeking for it, like his compeer, and working to that end. Richard Watson was a magnificent man, as a whole. Too much is not said of him in the "Wesleyan Takings;" more than enough of his fellow.

Among other things from Dr. Clarke's pen, chiefly contributed to the periodical literature of the press, about this time, was a translation of the deeply pathetic, sublime, and beautiful Liturgy of St. Dioscorus, Patriarch of Alexandria, found in an ancient Ethiopic MS., formerly belonging to Dr. Pocock, and published by J. M. Wansleb, of Erfurt, at the end of Ludolph's Ethiopic Lexicon;—an example of the simplicity of the Mohammedan law, taken from the original;—a curious case, told in the *Negaristan*, of a famous lawyer at Bagdad, called Abn-Joseph, showing several peculiarities in the Mohammedan law, and displaying no small degree of casuistical ingenuity in adapting them to the views of his clients,—the whole illustrative of "the glorious uncertainty of the law;" and several articles embodied in the creed of the Abyssinians, which had been intended for another work, but which he had abandoned, and which, on the present occasion, he illustrated by curious notes.

In course of the same month that the Doctor re-opened Hackney Chapel, he assisted in opening Teviot Dale Chapel, in Stockport; the prevailing order of the architecture of which is the Doric, and one of the largest and most chastely magnificent erections in the Connexion. The collection in the morning amounted to £180. The biographer having been engaged in the Hill Gate Chapel, on the same occasion, was unable to hear the Doctor; but the account given of the sermon, by those who heard it, was highly eulogistic; and such was the effect produced on his reading the Morning Service, that he was urged to read it again on the Monday morning following.

The same Christian zeal which animated him at Millbrook, glowed in his breast at Haydon Hall, Eastcot. He fitted up a house for preaching on his own premises, at his own expense, which was opened November 19th. Writing to a friend, he observed, "I hope you will come and spend some time with me at Haydon Hall. I have turned a large stable and coach-house into a chapel; and have got a Sunday School of more than fourscore children! We have preaching every Sabbath, and a far brighter prospect than ever we had at Millbrook. If you come to see us,

you shall *preach* and *teach* till you are weary; and, besides this, I have several repairs in some of my fine MSS., which require such a hand as yours to effect." Knowing to whom he was writing, he next displayed the "ruling passion," and would not allow the opportunity to escape without throwing out his line to catch what was passing;—"I find this head of Alexander in a deep oak frame. Is there anything curious in this? Is it a piece of any of the trees in Adam and Eve's bower? or one of the girders of Noah's ark? Anything coming thus from you, I consider very curious and very rare. Can we get any of W——'s SHEKELS?"

In another letter to the biographer about this time, he remarks, "I shall be exceedingly glad to have the thing you mention; even on *loan*—you have given me already, what I have made good use of, and hope to profit much by what you may yet *get*, and what you may *lend*. I hope soon to see your large volume of early poetry. I will take sacred care of it. Send it immediately. I need not tell you how great an advantage a man derives from having the *originals* before him: it gives confidence to him; and confidence and satisfaction, to the Reader. Indeed, I always feel but half convinced of the truth of what I *quote* from copy: but when I can get nothing else, I am thankful for even this. For the second edition, I have *already* got engraven, an exact *fac-similie* of the *Petition of the Ministers of London, to King Charles II., against the evils of the Act of Uniformity*:—you will be pleased to find names, as written by *their own hands*, of the most eminent Divines of that day,—Annesley, Sibs, Jacomb, Manton, Bates, Clark, &c. &c.

"I will inquire about 'Methodism in Sheffield.' Shame to those who have neglected it. I have plenty of *coals*; and will roast them when I find them out.

"Your box of valuables came to hand before I left Lancashire, and are now safe in London. Miss Holy's, and her excellent father's barrels of hardware, &c., for the Shetland Mission, have also safely arrived at Lerwick, and to the astonishment of the *Shets*, are distributed, as the old woman said, 'free gratis, for nothing.' To Mr. Beet, I have given the necessary directions how to send.—I do most heartily hope, that Mr. D. may send *nothing*. What he even promised, is superseded by other *ex corde* donations. I pity the man who gives nothing to God—a time will come, when God will give nothing to him. Give my heartiest love to your *good wife*—and *good* she is, or I have miscalculated both her countenance and carriage. I am, my dear Brother E., yours affectionately,—

"ADAM CLARKE.

"I have returned your Books by the Rev. T. Smith, with hearty thanks for the loan.—I brought to my lodgings a small imperfect Latin MS. containing a few fragments of St. Augustin, which I think was not settled for."

Thomas Holy, Esq., of Sheffield, and his excellent family, noticed in the letter, are entitled to more than a passing notice, in connection with Wesleyan Methodism. The Shetland Mission forms but a small item in the outgoings of Mr. Holy's expansive benevolence. His excellent mother was connected with the Methodists as far back as 1760, and his own house was the home of John Wesley, when he visited Sheffield. On one of the last visits of the venerable man to the town, when between eighty and ninety years of age, the congregation followed him from the chapel, where he had preached to them, to Mr. Holy's house; and unwilling to disperse, the apostolic man, like his namesake of olden times, whom he so much resembled—JOHN, "the beloved disciple," gave them a second blessing, by preaching a second sermon, in front of the house, supporting himself by his hands on Mr. Holy's shoulders. A fine picture! worthy of Apostolic times,—reminding us of "Paul the aged," and the younger Timothy, who was so much indebted, under God, for personal piety, to his "grandmother Lois" and his "mother Eunice." What a blessing, when under the hallowing hand of God, religion may be said to become hereditary.

Mr. Holy, to whom the biographer was deeply indebted for many kind personal attentions, was a fine character. He was not one of those narrow souls, which the good of himself, or of his own relations and friends, could alone fill; but one, who, with a benevolence warm as the heat of the sun, and diffusive as its light, took in all mankind, and was sincerely glad to see poverty, whether in friend or foe, relieved, and worth cherished; thus making the good done even by others his own, by the complacency which he took in seeing and hearing of its overflowings. There cannot be a more glorious object in creation, than a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he may render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to his creatures. He was one of those men, who, to gain a good reputation, according to Socrates, endeavoured to be what he desired to appear; one, whose good sense preserved him from censoriousness,—which led him to distinguish circumstances,—kept him from looking after visionary perfection, and enabled him to see things in their proper light. It led him to look at dispositions, peculiarities, accommodations; to weigh consequences; to determine what to observe and what to pass by; when to be immovable and when to yield. It produced good manners, kept him from taking freedoms, and handling things roughly,—to shun agitating claims of superiority, and teach due submission. It led him to regard his own duties, rather than to recommend those of others; and religion coming to the aid of his good sense, impressed him with the fact, that the first great gift he was bound to bestow upon others was—a good example, combined with "good fruit."

The place referred to, fitted up for worship, at Haydon Hall, became

excessively crowded; and being incapable of enlargement, the Doctor resolved on constructing a chapel on a larger scale; the expense and superintendence of which devolved also on himself. This chapel, which was twenty-six feet by nineteen, and furnished with pulpit, pews, and forms, and capable of holding 250 hearers, was opened the March following by the Doctor himself. The writer had the pleasure of preaching in it when on a visit to the Doctor; and was much pleased with the congregation, which had been reared under his fostering care. The Doctor had preached in Windsor in the earlier part of his ministerial history; but, till now, there was little personal religion in the immediate vicinity of his own residence. His anxiety to promote the interests of evangelical truth was as intense as ever; and the power of Methodism to do its part, in the conversion of the world, was, in his esteem, as great as at the first. "I am sick," said he, "to hear some persons talk of ORIGINAL METHODISM. I declare to you, that, to my own certain knowledge, there is more genuine piety this day in the Methodist Connexion, taking numbers for numbers, than I ever knew since I began to preach."

In the autumn of this year, His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex visited Haydon Hall, and dined with the Doctor and his family. He was much pleased with the Library, and especially the MS. department,—amounting to nearly 1,000 volumes,—among which were several beautiful Oriental MSS., highly illuminated; including the famous ten Hebrew MSS. formerly belonging to the Vanderhagen family, and noticed by Dr. Kennicott in the introduction to his Bible, which Dr. Clarke sent his bookseller over to Holland to purchase, authorising him to purchase at any price "short of a ransom." In the course of the same month, His Royal Highness was pleased to constitute Dr. Clarke's youngest son one of his chaplains.

On the Doctor's return from London, January, 1827, where he had been preaching, his horse ran away and dashed the carriage over, by which he was seriously injured, and narrowly escaped with his life. The effects of this were felt some time after; and, towards the close of March, he remarked, in a letter to a friend,—“I have not been well lately; and have, since Christmas, had three or four very serious seizures: but all is well, while we are in His hands, who hateth nothing that He has made.” He was so far restored as to be able to preach in Great Queen Street Chapel, London, Feb. 18, which was the first time of his appearance in public after the accident.

Mr. Watson, who was President of the Conference for the year, finding some cases turning up, (one especially, in London,) somewhat difficult to deal with, frequently consulted the Doctor as to the course it was most proper to pursue in order to settle them. This, after some estrangement originating in the controversy on the Eternal Sonship of

Christ, brought them into more familiar intercourse with each other, which was viewed with pleasure by the friends of each.

To the Rev. Thomas Smith, Classical Tutor of Masbro' College, the Doctor wrote, in the course of this year; an extract from his letter conveys an admirable hint to preachers:—"You know my opinion of your *propria quæ maribus* work. Give it up;—some dull plodder will do as well as you—and yet such cannot do the work which God has given you to do. Give up your endless writing of sermons, and torturing your mind by committing so much to memory. Preach from your knowledge of God, from your experimental knowledge of divine things, from Christ dwelling in your heart by faith, from the cloven tongue of fire which God has given you; then your ministry will be tenfold more blessed than ever. Let those who can do no better deal in their mouldy Gibeonitish crusts; and, while they are bringing forth their old things, bring forth your 'things new and old,'—such new things as give spirit to the old, and such old things as give credit to the new."

At the Annual Meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, held in May, the Doctor was present; and, among other statements which he made, he observed, "This day, for the first time, the thought occurred to my mind, that God, by a particular providence, has intended that London should be the means of sending His salvation to the ends of the earth. Its geographical position on the globe seems to show that Providence has intended it for this work. An intelligent man in Scotland has made a projection of the sphere, taking London as the centre of one of the hemispheres, and has proved, that the position of London, taken as the centre of the hemisphere, and the sphere being projected on the horizon upon that plan, takes in more land of the globe than could be done by any other projection whatever. I have found this to be perfectly correct: taking London, for instance, as the centre, we have the whole continent of Africa, the whole of Europe, the whole continent of Asia, and a portion of America, North and South, except two or three districts of Patagonia, of very little consideration; the whole of the habitable world then, almost, is taken in, London itself considered as the centre of this hemisphere. Look at the other side, and we find a vast expanse of waters, having scarcely any land among them, except New Holland, some of the Indian Islands, Java, and the Moluccas, New Guinea, &c.; and these would hardly make one-fifth part; and I believe, taken in a proportionate aggregate of population, not one-twentieth part of those lands of which London is the centre. Now it appears to me, from looking at this, that God has intended that the word of His grace should go from this place to the ends of the earth. To do God's work in God's way, there must be ability, disposition, and means. Now, look at the metropolis of France: it has ability; it may have the means; but it has not the disposition. Look at the other chief cities of

Europe: they have, or have had, ability; they may have the disposition; but they have little means. If we take poor Madrid, what do we find? No ability, no disposition, and no means. But look upon London, and here I meet with an ability greater than I can possibly describe; I was about to speak of it, but it is too much for my mind: and here is disposition that argues itself to have come directly from heaven. It is not the impulse of a moment; but a flame burning with a steady light, and shining more and more to the perfect day. Look at our means. These consist in our commerce, and connection with the world; and we have means to send any thing to all parts of the earth, in consequence of the credit we have gained, and the influence we possess. . . . This morning, another thought occurred to me. We find, that, in all animal bodies, there is a certain commencement of vitality: a microscope will show the part of vibration, or something that will circulate from itself to different members of the body: this is supposed to be the heart. Now I look upon London to be this point of vitality; and I look upon the London Missionary Society, the Baptist Missionary Society, and the Church of England Society, and unite them all with the Methodist Missionary Society in one grand body, determined to send forth the empire of God into the world, to destroy the powers of darkness. All are united in one object, directed by one counsel, and tending to one end." After this meeting, he was importunately pressed to attend the Irish Conference, and to open a chapel at Larne; but declined, on account of other engagements: and yet, amidst more important work, he yielded to the solicitations of the editors and publishers of some of the *Annuals*, to furnish them with lighter matter.

Christian as was his heart, and philanthropic as were all his views and proceedings, it may be noticed, as one of his peculiarities, that he never lent his services to any of the public meetings for promoting Christianity among the Jews. This, it is presumed, arose partly from the debasing views of their character, as collected from the Sacred Writings, partly from the stubbornness, perversity, and deception practised by them since, and partly from the little success of the Society in its operations compared with its expenditure, together with relapses of its professed converts.

In the month of June, he visited Stockport, Manchester, &c., and made a collection for Wesley Chapel, Oldham Road; a place in which he ardently desired to have a chapel long before one was built; and where, forty years before, he frequently preached out of doors to large crowds of people. The collection amounted, during the morning service, to £104 13s. 10d.

Some stanzas having been put into his hand by a friend, composed by the biographer, congratulatory of his having finished his *Notes on the Bible*, and one of them delicately alluding to the treatment he had re-

ceived from certain quarters, together with the spirit and conduct manifested by him on the occasion, the Doctor wrote as follows :

“June 9, 1827.

“MY DEAR BROTHER E——,—I arrived here from London last evening ;—must be in Manchester to-morrow morning ;—and, if God give strength, must return by the mail on Monday morning. Thus, you see, I cannot *rest* much ; and this, or nearly, has been the case with me for, at least, the six last months.

“About seven this morning, Mr. S. put a printed paper into my hand, saying, ‘I suppose you have seen this?’ I looked at it, ‘Lines addressed to Doctor A. Clarke, on finishing his Notes on the Bible,’ and signed ‘J. E.’—I answered, ‘No, I have never seen it ; nor have I ever heard of it : and yet it was published (by the date) last September.’ That I should not have known till now how much I am indebted to your pen, is strange—for I have long known how much I have been indebted to your friendship, by no equivocal signs.

“I have gone through dishonour ; may be obliged to go through more ; and have behaved myself like a weaned child, and my voice has been little heard in the streets : I could do nothing against the Truth ; but what I could, I have done for the Truth. My record is with God, who knows as well my *sincerity* and *uprightness*, as he knows my *worthlessness* and *weakness* :—nor have I ever sought to balance these in order to have the cold consolation, ‘I stand, if not in the list of merit, yet among the blameless.’—No. I said to my God—‘Thou knowest the way that I take ; I have endeavoured to promote thy glory, by striving to do good to thy creatures, redeemed by the blood of thy Son :—but in these respects, I cannot stand with uncovered face before thee ; and thou knowest that my heart says, more forcibly than my voice can say,—“God be merciful to me a sinner !”’ Yet, my dear brother E., with all this humiliating cry, I could say, My rejoicing is this, the testimony of my conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, I have had my conversation in the world ; and more abundantly towards my BRETHREN, and the CHILDREN of my PEOPLE.

“Through the good hand of God upon me, the work is done, which you have so kindly celebrated in no mean verse ;—and I may naturally suppose (now fast approaching to the verge of three-score years and ten) that all my work is nearly done ; and that I can have little more of blame to bear, or praise to receive. God has hitherto sustained me ; and the hearts of the wise and the good have been with me : and my work, without professing to be such, will, I trust, be a lasting and successful vindication of the glorious doctrines of the Gospel maintained and preached by the Methodists. I am, my dear brother, yours very affectionately,—

“ADAM CLARKE.”

During this visit, a friend of the Doctor presented him with two bunches of grapes and a pine-apple, which had been reared in his vinery, and which had gained the prize at the Horticultural Exhibition in Manchester. These, as rarities of their kind, and exceeding anything produced even in the vineries of the nobility,* were transmitted by the Doctor to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. When the box reached Kensington Palace, His Royal Highness was dressing to go off to dine with his royal brother, the Duke of Clarence, where were assembled all the ministers of state, the foreign ambassadors, and upwards of three hundred of the nobility. As soon as the duke received the Doctor's note, he gave instant orders that the box should be forwarded to the Admiralty and presented to his brother, the Duke of Clarence. In addition to Mr. Canning, and the new Ministry formed under his direction and influence, the Queen Dowager of Wirtemberg, who was on a visit to England, was present on the occasion. The Doctor complimented his friend on the production of what was denominated, in the acknowledgment of the Duke of Sussex to himself—"magnificent fruit," by saying, "Never was fruit more highly honoured; and such a sight, I am satisfied, could not have been exhibited *that day*, elsewhere in the king's dominions: and you find that you had the honour that day of regaling the princes of the blood, and among them, the heir presumptive to the British Crown."

Noticing Voltaire one day, he observed, "He who could neither suffer a rival, nor bear to hear of a God or a Saviour, speaks thus of Milton's 'Paradise Lost':"

'Milton, plus sublime qu'eux,
A des beautés moins agréables :
Il n'a chanté que pour les Fous,
Pour les Anges, et pour les Diables.'

This is a complete sarcasmus, and shows the interior man."

To a person who took the liberty of refreshing the Doctor's memory on a particular subject, but whose impatience, rather than any defect on the Doctor's part, was to blame, he remarked:—"I write to fulfil a promise,—for an honest man's word is as good as his oath: as to an oath, he needs none; his character swears for him. On this ground, I give you one of my country's proverbs, for I am neither ashamed of *it*, nor its *language*: (giving it in the ancient Irish character :) 'What is just is honest;' and, again, 'What is honest is just.' Now, having fulfilled my promise, I am, so far, both honest and just. Selah." By rendering the "promise" emphatic, he indirectly entered into a justification of his fidelity to truth.

* Mr. J. W. Clarke inquired of the Secretary of the Horticultural Society whether they had such a fruit, and had for answer, "We never produced one above four pounds."

In the autumn of this year, he again visited Lancashire and Cheshire, in company with Mrs. Clarke, when the writer spent a few days with him. On the forenoon of November 18th, he preached in Irwell Street Chapel, Salford, to a crowded congregation, and collected upwards of £100, for the first anniversary of the erection. The *Wesleyan Magazine* for the month, p. 750, containing an article, signed "A Pioneer," the Doctor directed attention to it, and stated, that he had charged it upon the biographer as the writer, observing, that he was sorry that a pledge had been given in it, to present the valuable collection of Wesleyan papers, which had been made, to the "Depository" in London. As there was no reason why concealment should be maintained, and the charge, though familiarly made, was too direct to admit of a little innocent parrying, its authorship was at once confessed. On referring to the persons likely to be connected with the newly-established "Depository," the Doctor observed, "There is not a man among them that has a genuine taste for the antique. I am still in doubt what I should do with my collection. Should you survive me, I shall have no objection for them to fall into your hands; the two collections should be united." * Proceeding, "I have had some thought of depositing Samuel Wesley's collections for a Polyglott, in the British Museum, for the use of Methodist Preachers." Returning to the subject, "I have a great many letters," said he, "which you have classified in the 'Pioneer' as coming under the denomination of the 'Dangerous.' Among these are letters of Charles Wesley to his brother John, which prove him to have been a secret enemy to itinerancy. He laboured hard to prejudice John against many of the preachers. The more I consider his latter history, the more I am persuaded, that it is not worth any man's while—for any extensive service he was to Methodism, except in the earlier part of his life—to spend three hours in writing a biographical account of him. He was of very little use to the body, except for his Hymns." The Doctor's high appreciation of John, of whom he knew more, and with whom he was more familiar, might possibly, imperceptibly, detract a little from the merits of Charles.

The Zetland voyage being the topic of conversation, the interrogatories and curiosity of his friends gave the Doctor ample scope for remark. He intimated his intention to pay the islands another visit, and expressed a hope that the biographer would accompany him. A promise was instantly given, with an intimation that he would be ready as soon as the Doctor should give the signal to weigh anchor. The time proposed was the ensuing summer; and the embryo plan was, for several friends to form a party—engage a steam-vessel for some weeks, in which all could

* A considerable portion of the biographer's collection passed over to the Rev. Luke Tyneman, who was engaged on a work likely to be useful to Wesleyan readers; (see "Methodism as It Is," pp. 142—145,) and to benefit such was an object agreeable to both.

be accommodated with beds, provision, &c.,—the whole contributing their several shares to defray the expenses.

Two of the sermons which he preached at Lerwick, Zetland, the one June 18, and the other July 2, 1826, were now published in a separate form, the first founded on Colos. i. 27, 28, and the second on Rom. xv. 4; and are to be found in his “Miscellaneous Works,” vols. vi., p. 287; and vii., p. 258. A valuable extract from the first of these sermons, on “Christian Perfection,” was published in the miscellaneous department of the *Wesleyan Magazine* for the month of December of this year, which furnishes a lucid, scriptural view of that important subject; it is interesting to know the light in which the doctrine was held by him. Referring to this, he observed to a friend, “Persons who profess to have their hearts cleansed, require the utmost care of the minister: it takes much to establish such as have ventured to claim the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel. My sermon on the ‘Sum and Substance of St. Paul’s Preaching,’ shows not only the attainableness of the blessing but also the reasonableness of the doctrine: and the grand criterion for those to judge of their state, who profess to be saved from all sin, is, a total absence of all evil tempers and desires; and a continual presence of God. While they feel this, they are safe. If they feel no evil tempers, and a presence of that love that worketh no ill to their neighbour, and a readiness to obey God even unto death, then the love of God is perfected in them. Let them avoid all arguing with gainsayers and Christless Christians; lest the innocent fervour of their heart should lead them into intemperance of *feeling* or *speech*. The *evil seed* which God has cast out, Satan has got in his hand, and stands ever ready to sow it in again, when he can take advantage of an unguarded moment. Such persons must watch, pray, keep humble, and be constantly employed either in the work of God, or their necessary labour.”

Two little incidents may be noticed in connection with this visit into Lancashire. He was in a manufacturing district; and, as prices were low, he deemed it a favourable opportunity for making a few purchases, and soliciting aid for the Zetland mission. Miss Harriet Chappell, now the lady of Edward Westhead, Esq., was one who interested herself on behalf of the poor Shetlanders; and, among other things, procured for the Doctor several shawls,* “to clothe,” as he facetiously observed, “his Shetland beauties (or mediocrities) with a decent, respectable, cold-dispelling covering.” Prior to the sermon, just noticed, being preached in Irwell Street Chapel, Messrs. G. R. Chappell, James Wilde, and others, presented the Doctor also with a handsome contribution for the same Mission; adding £10 for his travelling expenses. “The latter,” said the Doctor, who had taken the journey on purpose, which would

* The Doctor, in spelling this word, wrote the original Persian—*shaul*, deeming, at the same time, each equally correct.

embrace a distance of nearly 400 miles, "I must decline to take." They pressed him again and again; but still persisting in his refusal,—“Well, then,” said they, “you must take it for your Shetlands.” “That,” he replied, “I will gladly do.” In consequence of these benefactions two incipient chapels received names;—“That,” said the Doctor, “in the Burra Isle, on the west of Dunrossness, not far from Sombro’ Head, in the south of Zetland, shall be called *IRWELL Chapel*. That in the island of Pappa Stour, on the west of North Mavin, and between that and the island of Foula—the *Ultima Thule* of the ancients—shall be called *HARRIET Chapel*;—and both to be so held, taken, and denominated in *secula seculorum*. Selah.” The biographer had the happiness of being present at the consecration of the latter by the Doctor, the following year,

About the same time, he preached in City Road Chapel, London. “On leaving the chapel,” said he, “it was raining heavily; and I was disappointed of a coach that had been ordered, as well as unable to procure another. Young Mr. Sundys was with me: the rain was incessant; and we were compelled to take shelter in the house of a friend, who was personally unknown to me. I was drawn into a conversation on the Zetland Mission, and named the circumstance of two chapels which were wanted, the one expected to be £15 and the other £20. The gentleman of the house addressed his good lady, saying, ‘What do you think, if you and Mrs.—, were to go out and solicit subscriptions? You would soon collect as much as would build a chapel.’” The Doctor continued, “I entertain a hope, when I reach town, that I shall find the money raised; and should it be the case, I shall consider my disappointment of the coach, and my being driven into the house, a special Providence.”

He remarked at this time, to the writer, that he had some intention of publishing his Notes on the Psalms separately, with a new Preface, as a kind of *CLOSET COMPANION*; but failed in carrying his intention into execution. Dr. Wrangham wrote to him about the same period, with a view to revive the publication of the *Polyglott*, previously noticed, and proposed to enter at once upon a subscription list, to meet the expenses and accomplish the object. To this Dr. Clarke replied, that the whole business was in too incipient a state to commence a fund—that a Treasurer and Committee of Management should be the first thing; observing, that when it was before proposed, Mr. Pratt had to bear the sole expense of the folio prospectus, and he himself had to sustain that of the octavo, without the least aid from any quarter. On this Dr. Wrangham proposed a circular; which was met by Dr. Clarke with the experience of the past; stating, as he had done before, that Dr. Williams, of Rotherham, had proposed to give £30 per annum, for a term of seven years; Messrs. Joseph Butterworth and Robert Spear, Esquires, £50 each for the same period; and also others: concluding, that, if a *Regium Donum*, or a parliamentary grant, could not be obtained, they would have to

depend entirely upon the opulent, who would have to be appealed to by a regular organised Committee of Management. In his own project, he was anxious that the Church of England should take the lead.

Though the commencement of 1828 found Dr. Clarke in his usual health and spirits, with the exception of a tenderness in reference to night air exposure; the spring of the year was less auspicious. In the month of April, he was pressed to preach in Bristol, and obeyed the call of the friends. "That sermon," said a gentleman to Mr. Exley, after the service, "must have cost the Doctor a great deal of labour." On Mr. Exley noticing the remark, the Doctor replied, "It cost me just half-an-hour." He always acted on his advice to Mr. Smith; he spoke from his own knowledge and experience of the subject. Mr. Exley having placed the Preface of his treatise on "The Principles of Natural Philosophy" in the hand of the Doctor, to look over, and to correct; the latter, on returning it, without a single correction, pleasantly asked, "Tommy, did you write the whole of that Preface yourself?" On Mr. E. replying in the affirmative, the Doctor said, "I did not think that a person so busily employed with teaching, could have done it so well." The work was reviewed by the Doctor, in the *Literary Gazette*, who supported Mr. E. in some positions against which objections were taken; as will be seen in his "Miscellaneous Works," vol. x., p. 388. Mr. Exley's "New Theory of Physics," as previously noticed, did not profess to be founded on new principles, but on one universally acknowledged—that of gravitation; and applied by him, after a new manner, to explain the general properties of matter, the phenomena of chemistry, electricity, galvanism, and electro-magnetism. Of the intellectual power of his brother-in-law, the Doctor had a high opinion. Alas! in the midst of the enjoyment of his friends, the Doctor was visited with a rheumatic fever, which not only prevented a journey into Cornwall, but detained him some time in Bristol.

On his return home, he had considerable correspondence with his friend, relative to the second Shetland voyage; and matters were in a gradual course of preparation.

Speaking one day of Dr. John Dee's "Relation of Spirits," he remarked, that he had occasion to write to the Privy Council upon it, furnishing an example in which it ought to be deciphered, and giving it as a very probable opinion, that the old Warden of Manchester employed his cipher merely as language in which he communicated with the Court of Elizabeth. On borrowing a book of an old preacher, which he wished to consult, he felt not a little touched at being cautioned against "doubling down the leaves, soiling it, and making pencil marks in the margin." From the ungracious manner in which it was lent, he would have at once declined it, if he could either have purchased a copy, or borrowed one anywhere else. No man was more careful of books, and

few less in the habit of borrowing: he went, indeed, to the opposite extreme, and would have purchased for the privilege of a mere reference. He was in want of an old work on Coins, and gave his bookseller, Mr. Baynes, directions to buy it for him, and go to the extent of £25. Walking, however, in one of the back streets of the metropolis, he was overtaken by a shower of rain, when he stepped into a second-hand book-shop—looked round—saw the work he had commissioned Mr. B. to purchase—and obtained it for a mere trifle: he literally sprang out of the shop on paying for the work, and went home in triumph.

The Rev. Alexander Strachan complimenting his countrymen on the other side of the Tweed, made a remark on character: just at that moment, a slight touch of Johnson's provoking spirit came over the Doctor,—“I preached one of my best sermons,” said he, “in Edinbro’; a sermon enough to alarm all hell, and almost enough to convert the devil, and yet not a muscle was moved on a single human face.” On another occasion, he observed,—“The Irish can *keep* nothing; the Scotch will *give* nothing, but what they cannot help; and the English unite the excellences of both; for of what they *get* they can both *give* and *keep*. I do not wish to depreciate the character of the Scotch, for there are glorious exceptions: but I have no sympathy with the spirit that will lead a man to sit down and calculate on the interest and principle of the hundredth part of the fraction of a farthing, with its returns for a thousand years to come.” A preacher passing him in the aisle of one of our chapels, he put his hand on his shoulder, and said, “You would not have put your hat on in *my house* ;” leaving the reproof to perform its proper work: it was instantly comprehended and felt; and the hat, ever after, was reverently held in the hand, till passing the threshold of the house of God.

On Saturday, June 14, at seven o'clock in the morning, the Doctor left London in a steam vessel for Hull, at which port he arrived about five o'clock on the Sunday evening, in company with his second son, and one of the preachers. His object was to try the effect of sea-water, previously to his embarking for Shetland. The wind was against them; and, in consequence of the motion of the vessel, he was unable to bear up the whole of the Sabbath. Not wishing, however, the whole of the day to pass over without Divine service, he requested the captain to allow Mr. L. to preach, who readily consented. About sixty persons were present; among whom was a naval officer and his bride, the latter of whom, while the Doctor prayed, and Mr. Loutit preached, evidently entered into the spirit of the service. Mr. and Mrs. Rigg being then in Hull, and having heard that the Doctor was there, waited upon him at the inn. He reached Whitby on the Monday by coach, at which place the biographer, with two other friends, had arrived from Manchester, and were waiting to join him in the projected voyage. The Doctor,

on meeting with his old antagonist, the Rev. Richard Watson, just before he left London, and seeing the delicate state of his health, said, with blandness of feeling, and under an impression that the voyage might be beneficial to him,—“Write all your complaints on a piece of paper,—go with me and lay it on the deck,—and I will pledge myself, that they will all either be washed or blown away before your return.”

A person resident about forty miles from Whitby, having a great desire to see the Doctor, and being disappointed in the first instance, had paced the ground twice over to gratify his wish. Being told this by a friend, in a somewhat complimentary way, the Doctor turned it off with—“It is a pity he should have stooped so low to take up so little.” The Abbey, the Museum, and other places of interest were visited. He reprobated its proprietor as a Goth, for permitting the noble structure to go to ruin. The biographer having observed, that it, Tynemouth Priory, &c., were exceptions to the situations of abbeys in general, the monks chiefly selecting a fruitful vale, in the neighbourhood of a stream of water, not forgetting the seclusion necessary for safety and for acts of devotion, he observed,—“There is probably a reason for such exceptions; for though there might be no rich lands attached to them, they might be connected with cells, &c., on the opposite coasts, as Norway and other countries, in the same way as establishments *there* were connected with rich cells in England: or they might be connected, in some other way, at home or abroad, with ecclesiastical revenues and institutions; and elevated on those promontories, as a guide to both voyagers and travellers:” adding, “one of the preachers in Shetland, having had land offered to him by the proprietor, for the erection of a chapel, monk-like, took care to select a piece of the best; an act of which, after so much generosity, I could not approve.” On passing the house in which Captain Cook was apprenticed, the Doctor paused; and then, moving slowly on—with the party before him, with one exception—he sidled nearer and nearer to it, supposing no one perceived him, and touched the building with his hand. While the writer, who was in the rear, could not suppress a smile, it was difficult not to venerate the feeling, which, even in little things, prompted him to render his tribute of homage to genius and enterprise—to the poor boy, who, while apprenticed there, was destined, by the providence of God, to wrap his navigator’s girdle round the globe, and to become the pioneer of Christian Missionaries, who succeeded him in many of his discoveries, and so planted the standard of the cross, where erst he had waved the flag of his native soil.

Wednesday, the 18th, the party,—consisting of the Doctor; his second son, Theoderet; Mr. J. Campion, of Whitby; Mr. W. Read, of Manchester; Mr. J. Smith; and the biographer,—were towed out of the harbour by three boats, aboard the *Henry*, of Whitby—a smack of about

seventy tons. As there is a tolerably circumstantial account of this voyage, as well as the one in 1826, in the Doctor's "Miscellaneous Works," vol. xiii., pp. 358—393, it is the less necessary here to enter into detail; especially as many of the conversations, and much of the information communicated, connected with early life, and with literary and religious history, will be found in different parts of the Memoir, at the different periods referred to, associated with the several facts and persons noticed.* As to the scenery, and other particulars connected with the

* The reader, by consulting the "Preface" to the 13th volume of Dr. Clarke's "Miscellaneous Works," will find that the biographer had preserved a Journal of the conversations, incidents, &c., of this voyage; together with observations on the scenery, climate, manners, customs, &c., of the inhabitants. This Journal was known to the Doctor, and its contents sought, to aid him in writing a "History of the Zetland Isles." In a letter just after the writer's visit to the Islands, dated August 13, 1828, the Doctor writes,—“Dear Everett, I see plainly, that I must publish some account, however short, of the Zetland Isles. I know you have taken many mental views of those Isles and their inhabitants. I have no lively conceptions; and mine will make, I am afraid, but a dull narrative, if published as I wrote in my Journal. Will you lend me some of your lively descriptions on, or concerning any place, or every place? You cannot send amiss. And as to plates, if we can get them done, I believe, taken from your views, they will be highly acceptable.” Before the close of the month of October, in the same year, the writer got ten plates engraved by Fothergill of Manchester, from the various sketches which he had taken, and from one of which one of the illustrations accompany the Doctor's "Miscellaneous Works," viz.:—that of *LERWICK*, Zetland, was copied—taken just as the "*Henry*" was leaving the sound. These plates, with several impressions, were forwarded to the Doctor, who expressed his satisfaction with them. On the writer forwarding the promised extracts from his Journal, the Doctor again wrote, on the reception of the first part:—"Dear Everett, I have been up early this morning, and have begun with your extracts,—and have got a hearty, though silent laugh, till the tears flowed with your Phiz—iz—iz—izing. You should have made, and you must still make, an Introduction, stating something relative to the voyage, the persons, its objects, &c., &c." The passage here referred to, may be more distinctly noticed, for the double purpose—of first, furnishing a more enlarged view of the Doctor's original plan, with a specimen of the material he intended to work into it; and, secondly, by way of showing, that—however much opposed he might be to the publication of his CONVERSATIONS by a person who "died before" himself, agreeably to the testimony of his son, in the *Life* published by part of the family, Preface, p. vi., vol. i.,—he was not so quite averse to the subject when it proceeded from a person in whom he could confide, and could even "laugh till the tears flowed" at some of his own sayings, when they unexpectedly though sparingly turned up before him, in the more descriptive portions of the Journal forwarded. The scene took place, Friday June 20th, on board the *Henry*.

"We had all witnessed many a setting sun in our native isle, and had gazed with delight on the western hills which his parting beams were gilding, and 'the paradise of clouds' with which he was surrounded. A setting sun on the ocean, though beheld by some of the company, was still desired, because much more rare. No one, perhaps, though seen when voyaging in another direction, was more anxious for this than myself: and a disappointment two successive evenings only contributed to impart a keener edge to desire. On one occasion, I observed, as evening approached, 'We shall have a beautiful sun-set to-night.' 'Not so,' replied the Doctor; then, pointing to the clouds, added, 'There is a bank of stratus in the way.' Resuming the subject, when the orb had reached nearer the horizon, another repulse was experienced from the same quarter. On directing the eye to the north, though still at no great distance from the sun,—'Yonder,' said the Doctor, 'is the appearance of thunder; several of the

manners and customs of the inhabitants, the mineral and vegetable productions of the Islands, &c., these must remain untouched. There was a peculiarity in the whole. With the eye and genius of Michael Drayton, who is considered by the best judges, to be almost unequalled for the vigour and vividness displayed in some of his delineations of natural

clouds have a great deal of sullen purple in them.' We had looked but a short time, when another unfavourable sign made its appearance. Turning to the Captain, the Doctor asked in a tone corresponding with the somewhat singular expression employed, 'What is the *hatful* of rainbow a sign of, which has just become visible?' 'Of rain, Sir,' replied the Captain. 'I thought so,' rejoined the Doctor; 'we were accustomed, when I was a boy, to call them *weather galls*.' The effect of this was such, as to furnish the idea of a rainbow concealed behind the clouds, a small portion of which was revealed to the eye through a partial opening in the revolving shadows in the foreground; or like a rainbow under an eclipse, without the eclipse being total. All the prismatic colours were languidly visible, but wanting in vividness in the general hue. Contrary, however, to several unfavourable indications, all of which might have produced the effects of which they are the usual forerunners, in a more distant part of the hemisphere, the heavens, in process of time, resumed a more lovely aspect, and between nine and ten o'clock, in the language of Southey, in his *Madoc*—one of his finest poems—

Bright with dilated glory shone the west;
But brighter lay the ocean flood below,
The burnish'd silver sea, that heav'd and flash'd
In restless rays intolerably bright.'

As the orb approached the horizon, it became more and more spherical, till it disappeared 'to dawn in glory' on other scenes. Just as it was setting, the Doctor adverted to some of the notions of the ancients, as embodied in the works of their poets: as Virgil, in his *Georgics*, i., 246, who mentions the bears, as afraid to dip themselves in the waters of the ocean, being a poetical definition of the *fixed stars* never setting among the constellations of the frigid zone,—

'Arctos Oceani metuentes aquore tingi.'

Passing from these to the sun, he next cited the passage in which Virgil, appealing to the Muses for instruction in astronomy, prays, among other things, that they would teach him why the winter suns—or sun in the winter season—make so much haste to dip themselves in the ocean; or, in other words, why the days are shorter than in summer,—

'Quid tantum Oceano properent si tingere soles
Hyberni.'

After this, the Doctor took up another notion indulged by the ancients respecting the setting of the sun in the Atlantic Ocean, in which they represented it accompanied with noise, as if the sea were hissing, on which night immediately followed; when in unusually playful mood, while seated with his face towards the west, he said,—'The sun goes down—dips into the ocean,—and cries Fizz!' The last word, on which the humour turned, was lengthened in the pronunciation—particularly the last letter, and lowered towards the close—giving the notion of a *red-hot ball* dropping into the water, and producing all the noise and boiling foam which heated iron occasions, when brought into contact with the opposing element, till the fire is quenched and the effects gradually die away. It had the effect of a farce at the close of a splendid dramatic representation; and such strokes of humour were occasionally indulged with a view to relieve the muscles of the faces of some of his companions, not unfrequently screwed into an unnatural form by sickness."

Montgomery, in his "*Climbing Boy's Album*," p. 415, has a poetic expression, which pairs with the Doctor's prose—"Bits of rainbow."

objects, and the emotions arising from them, much might have been effected as to the pictorial. In preaching at the different stations, and passing from island to island, till the whole group was circumnavigated, several circumstances made a more than ordinary impression upon the mind.

July the 6th, being the Sabbath, while safely anchored in Balta-Sound, the party agreed to cross the high hills, mostly composed of serpentine rock, and with but little vegetable soil upon them, to refresh the eye, and there to keep holy-day with the inhabitants; the biographer preaching to the people at Haroldswick, and the Doctor to those at Nortwick, about lat. 61° N., and but a short distance from each other; the former being a little N.W. of the latter. The peculiarity of this visit was,—first, the two preachers stood on the most northern ground under the British crown, and on the most northern inhabited part of the ground. Secondly, on the line of direction in which they then stood, which was nearly due north, there was neither land nor inhabitant to the north pole. Thirdly, in nearly a direct line east, they had Bergen on their right hand; and further on, north, Spitsbergen; on their left, west, were the Faroe Isles; and onward, north-west, Iceland; and then old Greenland. Between these, from Lamba Ness, the uttermost point north of the island of Unst, not one foot of land, nor consequently one human inhabitant was to be found on to the north pole; so that the biographer and the subject of the memoir, were literally preaching on one of "*the ends of the earth*," beyond which, in that direction, the sound of the Gospel can never be heard: a circumstance in the personal history of the Doctor, which he characterised as the highest honour of his life, having been permitted to preach Christ crucified to the inhabitants of the very ends of the earth!

On the evening of the same day, the Doctor being worn out with fatigue, the biographer preached in the open air, at the bottom of Mr. Edmondston's garden—the house being unable to contain the people—close by a monument reared by the family, in memory of M. Biot's visit, the French philosopher, who had there fixed his great pendulum and other instruments, and carried on his experiments for the space of two months: an account of these experiments is to be found in his work, entitled "*Notices sur les Voyages Enterpris pour Mesurer la Courbure de la Terre.*"

Though highly delighted with the bold, varied, romantic scenery, in the earlier part of the voyage, it was in many respects inferior to what was beheld on weathering the Scaw of Unst, and sailing down the western coast for Papa-Stour; the beautiful collection of rocks called Ramna's Stacks, Rona's Hill, (the highest in Shetland, and said to be between two and three thousand feet above the level of the sea,) Ossa-Skerry, the Ve-Skerries, Foula, with its eminences, all intermingled with

spacious voes and bays—promontories—rocks of every variety of form and size—caves—stupendous arches—with small hamlets peering between the hills, and sloping down to the tops of the rocks, presenting the variety of black, red, blue, grey—all passing in panoramic grandeur, as the vessel, like a thing of life, shot its way through the waves—with here and there a few straggling whales rising to the surface, and spouting, as from a powerful jet, the water from within—presented at once a scène of the most lively interest.

On the 29th of June, a chapel was opened at Burravoe, South Yell; and at Papa-Stour another was consecrated in July. While here, the Doctor preached in the Kirk; during which service the writer sat by the side of the brother of an English nobleman, Lord Belcarress, who had been confined in the island some years, and who afterwards made his escape to his native land, through the intervention of a friend; a case which made considerable newspaper noise. But July the 11th was one of the most memorable days, when the party landed on the island of Foula, supposed by many to be the *ultima Thule* of the ancients, or utmost land to the North Pole. Ground was given on which to erect a chapel, by Mr. Scott, of Paila. After proceeding about a mile up the mountain, the party halted. A spade was obtained, and the soil was dug away, till a rocky bottom was obtained; and having procured a large stone, with a good angle, three verses of the hymn—"Except the Lord conduct the plan," &c., were sung. The Doctor then laid the stone, after which he knelt on the place and prayed. The whole of this scene was solemn, imposing, and picturesque:—a few adventurers, in appearance, leaving the vessel, going on shore, and taking possession of a portion of the island in the name of its Maker! The writer still retained the spade in his hand, while the Doctor was engaged in the consecration prayer; and the latter being unable to balance himself properly in a kneeling position, grasped the middle of the shaft of the implement, while the hands and chest of the digger pressed upon the top of the handle, to give stability to it. There the group stood, or knelt around the venerable apostle, and responded to the petitions which were offered to Heaven; themselves, with the exception only of two others, constituting the auditory,—the people not having been apprized of the arrival of the party.

The Doctor, in the course of the voyage, frequently sung what he called his "*French Sea Hymns*," commencing with,—

"Sur l'ocean du monde
Pisqu' il faut tous voguer," &c.

And also, a short Persian gazel or ode, full of beauty, tenderness, and devotion, forming the first sentence of one of his Persian MSS., entitled, "*Roozet al Shuhada*,"—The flower-garden of the Martyrs.

Another circumstance may be noticed. When the Doctor was

looking for a suitable plot of ground for a chapel, he said to a plain man, "This line ascertains the possessions of Mr. Edmondston from those of some other heritor." The Shetlander answered, "This was some time ago the property of Mr. Mouat, but he *escambion'd* it to Mr. Edmondston, for some of his property in another place." The Doctor was surprised to hear the word from a simple peasant, an inhabitant of the North Seas, as he knew, as he afterwards observed, that *scambium* and *scambatio* were good Latin words, used in the Middle Ages, to signify *change* or *exchange of lands*; one portion to be given for another; nor had he ever met with the word before, except in *Ancient Charters*. He was as much surprised as a Greek peasant was, when Captain Thompson of Hull, who was travelling in one of the Greek Islands, addressed a question in Greek to one of the natives; the man started; and exclaimed, *Θαυμας ον ναυτης Βρεταννικος ελληνισι φραζει!*—"Wonderful! an English sailor speaks Greek!"

SECTION V.

1828.

ON the Doctor's return to England, he was soon in full employment in his study, in his regular pulpit labours, and in preaching occasional sermons. Some of his extra work lay at Chelsea, Stafford, Bruerton, Loughborough, and Manchester; at the former place, he collected £88 for the chapel; and at the latter, £150 for the schools, which removed a heavy debt. He had preached on the Friday evening, Saturday evening, Sunday and Wednesday previously to his occupying the pulpit at Manchester, and was unusually indisposed through constipation of the bowels. He entered minutely into his case to the writer, and stated, if some change did not take place, it would terminate seriously. He then proceeded: "I had a dream before I left home, and now that I am so much indisposed, I regret that I named it to Mrs. Clarke. It has made a powerful impression on my mind, since the issue of this affliction. I made this journey a matter of earnest prayer, that I might be carried through it. I have as much resolution and fortitude as I ever had; but I find my physical strength failing. I am no great dreamer; nor do I pay much attention to such things: months pass away without my having any distinct knowledge of having dreamt. But one evening, before I left home, I had the singular dream to which I have referred. I dreamt that I had to be offered a sacrifice to God,—that I was to shed the last drop of my blood—and that the aperture from which the blood was to

flow, was to be through an incision made in the neck by a dagger. I thought I shrunk a little at first from the pain that was occasioned by the incision : nevertheless, as it was God who required my blood—the blood which he himself had given—and the sacrifice was necessary, I would freely offer myself to Him. It appeared to me, that I was two distinct persons,—as though the *inward* Adam (pointing to himself) remained *here*, looking at the *outward* Adam laid *there*, whom I thought I saw distinctly. It is common, as you well know, for persons to be transported in their dreams from place to place ; but I have no recollection of an instance in which a person supposed himself two. The place where the one stood, was a field, or open space, where some roads crossed ; one a kind of main way for carts, at the side of which was a footpath or two, worn down by the feet. In this path, thus worn down, I thought I saw myself ; or, perhaps, more properly, my other self, stretched at full length. I saw the incision made—felt no pain—the blood streamed forth : after it ceased to issue from the wound, some water was brought—the abdomen was laid open—and pure water was laved in to wash away the last globule of blood. I still stood, and thought I saw the water recede less and less red—till all was pure, with a firm persuasion that it was myself ; and stood looking on with firmness and composure, till I concluded the sacrifice was complete,—when I awoke about three o'clock in the morning. On turning myself in bed, I awoke Mrs. Clarke, and said, ‘ Mary, I have had a singular dream.’ She wished me to go to sleep again ; but I could not, and so related the dream to her. It has followed me ever since : nor can I interpret it. As I have observed, I pay very little attention to such things : there may, however, be something in it : I have been very poorly ; but whether it is to be interpreted from the circumstance of my having made these engagements, to fulfil them as a work of God—though without full strength, and God is pleased to accept it as a sacrifice, through which I am to be wasted away in it, like gradual weakness, through loss of blood,—or whether, indeed, anything is to follow to explain it,—or whether it is without any personal connection, I know not : but still it follows me, and I wish you to make a memorandum of it—to preserve it among your papers—and keep your eye upon it for a key. I trust I shall be able to complete my engagements. If the dream is without indication, it will still be a curious circumstance of a person conceiving himself to be two distinct conscious beings—seeing himself at a distance, and conscious of a presence from it.” Were it right to anticipate, and if it had a meaning, the key would be much better employed at a future period than on the present occasion,—in a more remote death—in an internal malady—worn out—perfectly sensible—yet helpless—a short struggle—and little pain.

On the Leeds question—conversation having turned in that direction—the Doctor was very strong, and generally opposed both to the pro-

ceedings and decision on the case; stating, that not all the powers on earth could convince him of the propriety of the measures adopted by the president, secretary, Messrs. J. Stephens and Dr. Bunting, and others, on the occasion. His arguments are here omitted to prevent a revival of the painful feeling attendant on the division. He had, in fact, written an article on the case; but was dissuaded from publishing till after Conference, and then, for the sake of peace, declined employing the press at all.

"The Traveller's Prayer," the origin of which has been noticed, was now published, and excited considerable attention. He received complimentary letters from the Bishops of London, Litchfield, and Coventry; Herbert Marsh, and other dignitaries of the Church of England, on the occasion; * the latter observing, that, though he had long been accustomed to read, study, and admire the Church Service, he had, in his writings, pointed out beauties in it which he never saw before. He visited the Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield, by invitation, and had a general invitation from his lordship to call upon him at Fulham, whenever he could make it convenient. The conversation was frank and general. On leaving the palace, his lordship, who accompanied him to the door, said to him, while standing on the stairs, (quoting the original,) "Seeing that you are such a man, (so much in our interest, and so truly our friend,) I wish you were altogether our own." The Doctor thought the quotation was from Terence, but could not recollect for the moment. He remarked afterwards, when adverting to the circumstance, that Maittaire's work was the best for finding any important sentence in classic authors, when the originals were not at hand, or there was no time to consult them. It was a somewhat singular coincidence, that a clergyman, closely connected with the Archbishop of Canterbury, should, in a complimentary letter to the Doctor, have quoted the same Latin sentence, without the least possibility of his having become acquainted with the Bishop of London's address. In one of the letters received, it was stated,—"Your countenance, Dr. Clarke, of the Church of England, is of great importance to us." He remarked, afterwards, on this also, with a touch of the jocose,—“I was not quite aware of the extent of my love to the Church on some subjects, till I was informed of it, for there are several things which I should wish to see altered:” further stating, “there is a sorry set of ministers creeping into the Established Church, greatly to its injury. The livings of the New Government Churches are mostly in the gift of the vicars and rectors, and they introduce men like themselves.” Sheffield and Hull were noticed as exceptions by the writer. Again adverting to his interview with Dr. Blomfield, and as if afraid of losing his character for independence and disinterestedness, by the

* Fifty copies of this discourse were printed on fine paper, to present to the bishops and principal clergy.

remotest imputation of mixed motives, he pleasantly said, "Yes, I have been with the bishop, but it was not for my son, recollect; I shall not ask, in this way, a favour at any man's hand: but I shall have to go again; for I find that his lordship has been misled on the subject of Methodism, by Mr. Robinson, of Beverley."

On another occasion, he was drawn into a more minute account of his first interview with his lordship, who complained of the excess of business he had on hand, and stated, with a degree of painful feeling, that his days of reading and study were over. Dr. Clarke observed, that more might devolve upon his lordship at that particular time than any other, in consequence of what might have been unavoidably left undone by his predecessor. His lordship intimated, that it was not so much in consequence of anything omitted by his learned predecessor, who had done everything that could reasonably be expected, as owing to the circumstance of his having entered upon the diocese with a resolution to visit every part of it, and that such was the state of office that he was compelled to give up his study. Dr. Clarke observed, that he considered the first thirty years of a student and man of learning, as an apprenticeship, during which he had to learn his trade, and after which he might be deemed as free,—commencing for himself amidst the bustle of life;—living on past principles, which made him a proficient in whatsoever employment he might engage: adding, "Nor is it necessary that he should be always learning the art." This embodied a fine-turned compliment to the bishop, delicately hinting, that his past labours fully qualified him for the sphere in which he moved, and for the discharge of any duty that might devolve upon him in his official capacity. His lordship still dwelt upon the weight of his charge. The Doctor, with equal adroitness and delicacy availed himself of the remark to intimate that he might at that moment be encroaching upon his lordship's valuable time; who observed, that he did not intend his remark to be taken in that light;—that he was exceedingly glad to see him, and should be happy to receive him at any time. On the Doctor leaving, his lordship, as just stated, accompanied him to the door, and taking his hand, addressed him in the language cited above, which was afterwards repeated by the Arch-deacon of Cleveland.

He published this year also his first volume of Sermons, which was followed by a second in 1829, and a third in 1830. In these Sermons, it is sufficient to say, that we have an exemplification of the way in which he rendered the whole of his reading and observation, as in his Commentary, subservient to the work of the Christian ministry; and that the cordial manner in which they were received by the public, was highly creditable to their author. Like all his other writings, they have a character of their own, and are perfectly distinct in their handling from the generally published discourses of the day. Waiving everything in

the shape of laboured criticism on them, the present seems to be a fitting opportunity for adverting to one particular topic. In the first edition of vol. i., p. 147, the Doctor, when speaking of *Novelists*, whose "plans" he considered as "the sickly abortions of paralysed intellect,"—"the execution as fantastic and preposterous," and "the issue as dangerous, often destructive, and generally ruinous;" he includes among "honourable exceptions," Henry Brook, Samuel Richardson, and Walter Scott; in reference to whom he observes,—“The first *leads* you directly to God—the fountain of life, perfection, and goodness. The second *conducts* you through many direct roads and fairy bye-paths to virtue and propriety of conduct in the various relations of life. And the latter *carries* you through Nature and facts to the sources whence history should originate; and raises up not only the recollections of past events, but places you by inimitable description in the midst of generations that have long since ceased to exist, whom, in your presence, he causes to transact all the avocations of their respective situations in life, and to exhibit all the peculiarities of the manners and customs of their times, with the whole train of *thinking* and *feeling* which gave them birth. Such writers as these, shall have, from posterity at least, their just meed of praise; and of the general tenor of these *works* their authors need never be *ashamed*.”

The insertion of this occasioned him some regret afterwards, from the circumstance of having learned that his "opinion had been abused." He signified his intention, therefore, of either qualifying his observations, or of omitting the passage entirely, in case of a second edition. He observed further, that he himself had been deceived in the novels of Sir Walter. "I admired his genius," said he, "and, from his historical knowledge, concluded, without immediately referring to the distinct periods of history, that the whole of his novels were founded in fact; making, at the same time, every allowance for embellishment: but, on looking more closely into the subject, I found such a mixture of fiction running through the whole, that I ceased to trust him anywhere. Being denominated 'Historical Novels,' I expected, on reading them, to find their foundation in English history; but, on being disappointed in this, they fell in my esteem, like the millstone, from the hand of the angel, into the depths of the sea. He has a small portion of fact;—Nature, fiction, and art, are all at work: Nature supplies the fact, fiction surrounds it with airy beings, and art interweaves the whole, and forms a tale of it." Dr. E——, who was present on the occasion, subjoined, "We ought to read them as we read 'Don Quixote.'" This last remark was objected to by the biographer, from the fact, that we know what credit to attach to the Spaniard, whose work, on Scott's own showing, can only be understood by reference to the Spanish romances; whereas the latter comes forward under other pretensions, as making his appeal to history. Dr. Clarke was still more at variance with his first opinion and impression after-

wards. On passing through Manchester the last month of his life, from the Liverpool Conference, in calling on the biographer, he observed, on seeing a new work lying before him,—“ On leaving Liverpool, I took up, in the house of a friend, the forty-first volume of a new uniform edition of the *Waverley Novels*. Scott is now near the close of his days: when I look at such a man, and see him devote a whole life in the support of a fiction, reared on the base of a small historical fact, I can scarcely help concluding, that truth must have lost influence on the mind of such a man.” This was little more than three weeks before the Doctor exchanged worlds. Sir Walter died about three weeks after. Happily, Sir Walter himself found where he was, when, as life was ebbing out, he addressed Lochart, his son-in-law, “ Be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.” Dr. E——, in the earlier part of the conversation referred to, observed, “ ‘The Life of Napoleon’ is the worst work, as a composition, Scott ever wrote;” and cited various objectionable parts. Dr. Clarke stated, that he was on a visit to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, when several of the Ministers of State, and two or three of the members of the Royal Family were present, on a particular occasion,—that some of the Ministers, who were not in the habit of criticising works, denounced it as a whole,—that His Royal Highness asked him his opinion of it, to whom he replied that he had not read it, stating that his son, (chaplain to His Royal Highness,) had read it, and condemned it, not only as a history, but as to its literary merit,—the Duke turned to him, saying, “ I have read it, Doctor; Sir Walter is like an old —— on the subject: he has written to please, and has prostituted his pen on the work.” Dr. Clarke told Dr. E. what he had inserted in his sermon, anticipating that it would appear strange to some; but, said he, “ Napoleon was a great man; and Scott had the opportunity of exhibiting him as such all the way through—of maintaining his dignity—and, after bringing him to the acme, of showing how this great man was brought low, and fell into the hands of the English.” The writer remarked, that Sir Walter could have no motive for underrating Napoleon; for in proportion as he exalted his character, he elevated the British nation, before which such might and majesty were laid prostrate; so that there was not only nothing to lose by it, but everything to gain. Dr. Clarke then related a circumstance in the history of the Duke of Marlborough, showing his pusillanimity in the case, as illustrative of the manner in which he was informed Scott had treated his subject,—lowering his own dignity by the manner in which it was accomplished. Dr. E. followed with another as a set-off against it, of Buonaparte; and Dr. Clarke closed with another of Admiral Duncan and Admiral De Winter, equally honourable to both.

In November, a new chapel was opened at Bayswater, when the

Doctor preached two sermons on the occasion; attended as usual with Divine unction.

Mr. Pettigrew, Librarian to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, remarks in the Preface to his "*Bibliotheca Sussexiana*," 2 vols., 4to, p. viii., "I am proud to render my acknowledgement to many kind friends who have suggested to me various improvements and additions in the course of my labours; and in this respect it would be ungracious not to particularise my excellent friends the Venerable the Archdeacon Glover, Dr. Adam Clarke," &c. The aid which the Doctor lent in this way, in different directions, was considerable, and much of it unknown to the public; but still illustrative of his unwearied diligence and obliging disposition.

At the close of 1828, and commencement of 1829, he suffered much from rheumatism; and, in some instances, observed, that he had "to write upon his knees." He, nevertheless, was enabled at intervals to stir abroad; and, in addition to occasional pulpit exercises, passed the second volume of his Sermons through the press. He also kept up an extensive correspondence with the preachers on the Shetland Mission, as well as with its friends; exclusive of a correspondence with others on various literary and other subjects. As to Shetland, he observed in a letter to the biographer in the early part of the year, "The work, in the islands, goes on well, *very well*: but there is a distressing cry for money to go on with the chapels. The present set of preachers has little notion of the severe economic plan I have been obliged to pursue from the beginning—and they draw on me as *they please*, without the *slightest notice*; not even telling *what it is for*!" His thirst after the antique was unabated; and, in another letter, in April, after descanting on his intended history of the same Mission, with some notice of the islands, together with other labours in which he had been engaged, he quietly remarks, "See that you pick me up some curious piece of antiquity, were it but the Horn Book out of which Adam and Eve taught Cain and Abel their alphabet!" In the month of May, he preached one of the Sermons in connection with the Wesleyan Missionary Anniversary, in London: and so much was his heart engaged in the prosperity of the Shetland Mission, that, in one of his letters to the biographer, in the month of July, he asks, "Will you ever go to Shetland again? I believe I have one visit more to pay to those islands, if my wife will permit:" adding, "I have received this morning a letter from Mr. Chappell, to preach at Grosvenor Street. Give my love to him, and tell him I am not going to Conference, and have as much begging as I shall be able to get through. I have, with one thing or other, been driven to my wits' end. May God raise up help!"

He had not had a little trouble in reference to his literary property, in consequence of the somewhat sudden death of his nephew; but remarked, in a letter dated August 24, "It will not displease you to hear, that, after

much trouble and delay, I have finally purchased all the remains of my Commentary from the executors of the late Joseph Henry Butterworth; and am now removing the whole to my son's house. There are very few copies complete. This day, the 2nd vol. of the Sermons will be finished at the press," &c.

Noticing the clamour of the Romanists, in reference to their "claims," which was at this time unusually loud, he observed, "I see *Paddy Catholic* is determined never to rest till he get the kingdom entirely to himself. O, what an unmixed curse is Roman Catholicism! It is a universal blight to every bud of *grace*, of *science*, and of *civilisation*. May God end it, or mend it! There are about half a dozen fellows, who, by committing high treason a hundred times, have so often forfeited their lives to the law—and they have completely scared the poor Duke"—[Welling-ton.] Conversation turning on the Queen of George III., he said, "Her Majesty's character is not understood by the public. Mr. Harding, the under Librarian, visits at my house, and has given me a most excellent character of Her Majesty for private benevolence, and even more than that: she edited a book of prayers, of which Mr. Harding has a copy." It may be further remarked, that Her Majesty had a private printing press, from which a few stray leaves of some poetical effusions have come into the hands of the biographer.

Having been importunately pressed to visit Burslem, Halifax, Irwell Street, Manchester, and several other places, he complied with only two or three of the invitations, and that only *conditionally*, being in but a poor state of health. At Halifax, which is associated with his earlier history, he had never preached. He delivered an admirable discourse, which the writer had the pleasure of hearing, in the new chapel, which commenced the opening services, in the course of which services, the sum of £521 4s. 3½d. was collected; between eighty and ninety pounds of which were contributed in the morning, after the Doctor preached. A person in the tailoring line was so delighted with the sermon, that he went to the house of G. Brown, Esq., with whom the Doctor and Mrs. Clarke domiciled, to take measure of him for a suit of clothes, with which he intended to present him: the Doctor objected: importunity, however, at length overcame him, and he submitted to indulge the man, by allowing him to accomplish only part of his grateful purpose; and, accordingly, an excellent new top coat followed the Doctor in his wake homeward.

It will be recollected, that the good ladies of Halifax had objected to his appointment to the circuit, in the early part of his itinerancy. The ladies in this case, set to work, unknown to the gentlemen, and obtained his consent to open the chapel: while the latter were deliberating, they went in with their answer, part of which was in praise of WOMAN, and relieved them of their trouble, in the midst of their grave and almost hopeless deliberations.

Though symptoms of physical debility appeared in the course of this tour, he exerted himself not a little to conceal it, to prevent it having any painful influence on the sympathies of his friends. He ate but little: the finest of the wheat was placed before him; one thing after another was offered and refused: a little coarse bread was on a sideboard, but not presented to him: "I am afraid," said Mrs. Brown, "you are not making well out, Doctor;" observing, "We have no other bread than this, except what is on the table." "That, madam," he replied, "is the very thing I want; the other is too good for me; I shall live now." On observing that he had a good deal of fever in his system, he said, "I see plainly that *mind*, *good purpose*, and *zeal*, may last, and be active, when strength is too far impaired to accomplish their dictates." Time being noticed, in its relation to an invisible state, he said, "Time is a spark struck out from eternity;" then changing the phraseology, he added, "There is the eternity past, and there is the eternity to come. Time is an outbirth from both." Speaking of the season, he said, "It is very remarkable; it appears as though November had stolen two or three days from some other month, and yet it is difficult to say which. Some one directing his attention to his favourite subject, the Shetland Mission, he said, he thought of going again, if Mrs. Clarke would agree to it. The biographer observed to the latter, I perceive that the Doctor has, in various oblique ways, been taking his soundings, and you must allow him a little ground for anchorage." "Never," replied Mrs. Clarke with firmness; objecting chiefly to the danger. The Doctor turned round, and enquired smiling, "What boat was Cæsar in, Mary, and to what place was he proceeding *incog.*, when he silenced the fears of the sailors, by telling them that the vessel carried Cæsar and his fortunes?" continuing, "I should go under the firm conviction that I was in the hand of God, and that he would not allow me to perish till my work was done." The "Personal Narrative" of a writer being named, the Doctor said, "It is a poor thing: indeed, I never liked the man; he never could meet an honest eye,—but always shrunk from it." On Good's "Book of Nature," he stated, that he heard part of the work delivered in Lectures by its author, prior to its publication, and that he had objections to several parts, not only to his statements, but to certain portions of its literary character, which he had entered in the margin of a copy belonging to a friend.

He tarried in the neighbourhood of Manchester a short time, on his return home, took Burslem on his route, and also Bruerton; at which last place, in addition to giving the people a sermon, he attended a Missionary Meeting. On finding all well at his own residence, on reaching it, he returned to London, where he had to preach on the Sabbath day; and from thence, had to proceed to Denham, in Buckinghamshire, to preach on the Tuesday; observing, in a letter, "Rest, you perceive, is

not yet ordained for me.” In addition to occasional pulpit labour, and his general reading and studies, part of the winter was occupied in relieving the necessities of the poor—seventy families in all; apportioning to each, partly from his own funds, and partly through the assistance of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, blankets, and various articles of raiment.

In 1830, he contemplated a change of residence, and had serious thoughts of closing his days in his native country. The following remarks comprise his views and feelings on the subject; and although it is doubtful, as he himself observed, whether he would have obtained the perfect acquiescence of the other branches of the family in the matter, yet it is curious to see how *nostalgia* operates in its visitations on even the aged, after the absence of half a century from their birth-place and their home. “For several years,” he remarked, to the writer, as the desire became more strong, “I have wished to terminate my public life in Ireland, and lay my bones among the children of my people. I at first, fixed on the banks of *Mayola*, but could not accomplish what I wished. Hearing that Glanmire, near Cork, was to be sold, I entered into a negotiation concerning that, through the means of Mr. C——; * and although the price might not have exceeded what I hoped my own property in England might have been sold for, I gave up all thoughts about it when I found there was no proper title to it; and that it would be too great a risk to run, with nothing better than *probabilities* before me: and besides, the horrible disposition of a certain class of persons, who would, at all times, be ready to cut the throats of their neighbours, when the interests of their bad *Mother* [the Church of Rome] seemed to require it. Lastly, I thought of the neighbourhood of Coleraine, and especially of Aherton, and the coast from the *Bar Mouth*, even as far as *Port Rush*: but my mind was loath to pass by *Port Stuart*, and its environs, which was the scene of my *boyish days*—where I had the rudiments of my little education,—where I first saw, or even heard of a Methodist Preacher,—where I first felt conviction of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment,—where I found the pardoning love of God,—where I first joined the Methodists,—where I became a leader,—where I first felt a call to offer the salvation of Christ to my neighbours, and from which I was called to become an *Itinerant Preacher*. These things gave me so many points of attachment to *Flowerfield*, *Burnside*, *Mullaghyeall*, and *Port Stuart*, that no part of the habitable globe would have produced half the number. It struck me to ask Mr. Cromie, whether he had a bit of ground, that I could purchase, to build a little snug house on; or whether he had such a house he could dispose of? I received a letter from Mr. H., to whom Mr. C. had mentioned mine to him, and afterwards one from Mr. C., which, full of the utmost friendship, and willing even to make sacrifices for my accommodation, yet seemed to take up the subject on too *large* and too *expensive* a

* J. Cromie, Esq., Portstuart, Ireland.

scale for me ever to pretend to. I wrote both to Mr. H. and Mr. C., and made such a general *exposé* of my circumstances as would tend to correct and limit their view with respect to me. Again I wrote to Mr. C., (who had answered the above,) and even mentioned a *field*—in which, after a long and sore fight of affliction, I found the peace of God. Yet the answer to that told me that the field was *let on lease*, and was, consequently, not to be sold. Mr. C. spoke of a field of his own, that he was willing to part with; but *where* it was, or whether it would *answer* to build on, I did not know. On the whole," he proceeded, "it seems my wishes are not likely to meet with any immediate gratification,—though I am satisfied, good Mr. Cromie would meet my wishes, if he could. This subject I have never yet intimated either to my wife, or any of my family:" for a very sufficient reason, as he subjoined, "as I have no doubt, that all would be against it."

About the same time, when speaking of the *Round Tower* at Antrim, which he had examined, and an account of which he had laid before the "Antiquarian Society," he said, "I wish I could buy that tower, and the field in which it stands; I would call it *MACHPELAH*, and perhaps make it an inheritance for my posterity; and a place for a burying-ground: but I should be sorely tempted to make the lower part of the tower into a *dwelling-house*, and the top into an *observatory*." But here was a "let or hindrance." *Leasehold* was to him, at all times, a fly in the pot of ointment. "On such a tenure," said he, "I would not put down a brick. If I ever settle in Ireland, which I have long desired, it must be on a piece of ground that must be *my own*, from the *surface* to the *centre*—and from the day I take possession of it, to the *day of judgment*."

He negotiated with a person after this, at Portstuart, for a house, which he ultimately purchased, and at his request, the biographer corresponded with the person on the subject. "I can remain no longer in England," said he, "to see Methodism, as left by John Wesley, destroyed,"—referring to the Leeds Organ case, and other inroads made upon the system by Dr. Bunting, whose plans, in his view, only tended to make "rich men *necessary*," and whom he considered as having seriously injured the spirit, simplicity, and power of Methodism. He was a man of peace, and saw no way of checking the evils that were springing up in the body. Matters appeared to grow worse,* as time advanced; but the good Doctor was taken from the evil to come, and saw not the worst; others were left to reap the bitter fruit.

The debility which he experienced towards the close of autumn, seemed chiefly to have left him; and he observed in the month of January, "I seem now to have a new hold of life; through all this hard winter, they have driven me about, preaching charity sermons, not only in Middlesex and Oxfordshire, but also through Cheshire, Yorkshire, and Staffordshire;

* Appendix, Vol. ii., No. 3.

and I am better, blessed be the Lord, than I have been for eight years past. I wish to preach once every Lord's-day, as long as I live; and sometimes, on particular, or *special* occasions, to take an *extra job*. But to Ireland, nor to any other place will I go, as I have done; and as I was obliged to do when last officially appointed in my 'ain countree:" subjoining to a friend, who was well acquainted with the dialect adopted,—"na, na : I hae na the spunk I ance had, whan I preechit nine times i' the day, trotted twanty mile, on my shanks, and had na better than a wheen praties and a sip o' butter milk, a maist turned into whey, it was sae auld, and sae soor:" further adding, "and I really delight to remember those times: they were times of God and of his love." Is it wonderful, with such associations of home, of simplicity, of God, and of usefulness, there should be yearnings after the scene of early days? But he was aware that zeal might run itself out of breath; and to the person addressed, he remarked, "I fear nothing for you, but lest you should injure yourself by acts of imprudence, produced merely by your zeal for God, in the salvation of souls. You ride a fine *courser*; take the spurs off your *heels*, and stick them in your hat; *he* needs them not. He is a free horse; let him never be ridden to death. Check him gently with the *bit*; and he will serve you *well*, and serve you *long*."

It was announced to the Doctor, at the commencement of this year, by the Secretary, that he was elected an Honorary Member of the "Eclectic Society of London." The notification of this was under the seal of the Duke of Gloucester, its Patron, and of which the Chancellors of the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, were Vice-Patrons. This honour was conferred only upon such as had rendered themselves eminent either in literary or scientific pursuits. This Society, it is presumed, will not be confounded with one of the same name, "consisting," as Mr. Grimshawe observes, in his edition of Cowper's Works, vol. ii., p. 107, "of several pious ministers, who statedly met for the purpose of mutual edification, and which is still in existence," and of which, Dr. Southey, in his edition of the works of the same poet, represents the Rev. J. Newton as the founder, vol. i., Preface, p. vi., but one of a widely different character. Dr. Clarke being complimented on this additional laurel, turned it off with the tale of an old matron, whose son had come to great honour, but to which she was unable to give a name, though impressed with the notion that it was something *more than royalty*: and being anxious to know what amount it brought to him per annum, was astonished to find it, in the reply to her question, reduced to—NOTHING: the old lady's estimate of honour being found to run side by side with so much hard cash.

Towards the latter part of March, just after he had experienced a slight stroke of paralysis, occasioned by a sudden shock received in consequence of a nearly fatal accident which was about befalling Mrs. Clarke, through an unmanageable horse in a barouquette in which she was seated,

and which slightly affected his speech for a short time, he paid a visit to Derby, Manchester, Salford, Ashton-under-Lyne, and Stockport. At each of these places the feeling to hear him was intense; and the collections in some cases double those of the year preceding: Ashton £40, Derby £60, Wesley Chapel, Manchester, £103, Salford £105, Stockport £70.

In the course of this visit, he dined, (April 1,) and spent an afternoon at the house of G. R. Chappell, Esq., whom he both loved and respected, and who had invited a circle of friends to meet him. There was one in the company, an early friend of Jabez Bunting, with whom the Doctor had been on terms of intimacy in early life, but whose feelings, together with those of his family, had, through some whisperer, or misapprehension, become estranged; the following sentence going the round of a narrow circle, "Dr. Clarke deserts his old friends." Of this the Doctor knew nothing; but it being known to the biographer, who was resolved to break the neck of it, without allowing the Doctor to know the design, both sallied forth after the ladies had withdrawn; and introducing the Doctor to the good lady and family of the gentleman in question left behind, a mutual greeting took place—the lady joined the company at tea—all shyness subsided—the Doctor's impression, that the family had gone to reside in a part which he never visited, was corrected—and "olden times" became the topic of conversation; smiling at a certain gentleman's partiality to the leg of a goose, the Doctor jocosely observed, that he recollected how fond the said gentleman was in taking that fowl by the limb. Mr. Wood pressed the Doctor to visit him at his residence, and spend a little time with him. The Doctor looked him in the face, with his eyes swimming in water, and said, "Of all the friends I have in this neighbourhood, there is not one whose house I would sooner go to than yours (familiarising his Christian name). God has given me a body and a mind that have gone through a great deal;—I can live sparingly,—do with little raiment,—with little sleep,—and very little food; but there is one thing I have never been able to live without—MY FRIENDS. Next to God himself, I must have these, or I could not live. I have a bottle of wine at Haydon Hall, which wine has been in the bottle ninety years, and if you (still looking at the gentleman,) will pay me a visit, you shall draw the cork." Had the Doctor—(for the writer concealed it from him,)—known the charge of ingratitude and slighted friendship preferred against him, he could not have timed a remark more seasonably, any more than have put it into a more appropriate form. The fact is, while the Doctor like the good man of the house slept secure in cherished friendship, an "enemy" had stepped in and "sown tares," as he had done elsewhere. Why so parsimonious, as to grudge a little friendship to another than ourselves? The same lamp will light up a hundred more, without diminishing its own fulness. Friendship suffers nothing by expansion. The more it gives, the more it receives, when genuine.

The ordinance of baptism being introduced, the Doctor stated, that he could not close in with the views of Dr. Mant. Mr. W—— argued that children who were baptised, stood higher in grace than those who had not received the rite, and that they would have a higher degree of glory assigned them in heaven. To this the Doctor demurred; and gave the views of Mr. Wesley, who believed that the *seeds* of regeneration were sown in baptism, and was inclined to think that he was correct. Another gentleman struck in, and intimated his belief in the fact, that grace might be imparted in consequence of pious people using the ordinance, just as wickedness might follow in the case of wicked parents; quoting, in his support, the case of God visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children. “Yes,” said the Doctor, “but there is a reference in that text to such children as *you* and *me*—both of whom are grandfathers.” The conversation terminated, though lengthened, in a maintenance, that the neglect and wickedness of parents would not be entailed upon their infants,—but that every one would suffer for his own sin.

It was the Doctor’s intention to have proceeded by way of Liverpool to Ireland, whither he wished the biographer to accompany him; observing, “You assisted me in laying the foundation of a house for God in the *ULTIMA THULE* of the ancients, and you must now help me to prepare a house in which to end my days. You shall see the place, within a very narrow space around which the principal events of my early life lie grouped together; and it is in the north of Ireland that you will see genuine Irish manners and hospitality: adding, under the influence of early impressions, “We shall be there just in time for the salmon fishing.” While at Derby, however, it may be observed, he received a letter, pressing him to return to London, to take part of the services connected with the opening of a new chapel, with which invitation he complied. While in the metropolis, he hesitated whether to proceed to Ireland by way of Bristol, Holyhead, or Liverpool. He looked at the land carriage which he had already compassed from London to Manchester and back again, with another journey to Liverpool; and then again, at the length of the voyage from Bristol, on the chance of unfavourable weather; neither of which suited him at the time. He at length decided in favour of Liverpool, where he was joined by the writer. After tarrying there a day or two on account of the unsettled state of the weather, a passage was taken in the *Corsair* a large steam vessel, eleven hundred tons burthen, for Belfast. She sailed in the evening, but before two or three hours had elapsed, the storm arose with renewed fury; and what made matters somewhat more perilous was, that the engine lost the power of one of her wheels, so that she had to plough her way through the waves like a sea-bird with one leg. Now was the time for thinking over an expression to which the Doctor gave utterance, while hesitating on shore;—“I always like to be sure of *upper country work*.” He doubted whether the utmost

prudence and forecast had been exercised. However, the captain, (Owen,) whose brother was named after a Methodist preacher, and with whom the Doctor was personally acquainted, assigned a separate apartment for the two voyagers, who were as comfortable as landsmen could be in a storm, with a partially disabled engine, and the mops held in constant requisition in their immediate neighbourhood; feeling, at the same time, the full emphasis of another expression of the Doctor's,—“a thousand leagues of sea for an acre of land for me.”

The forenoon of the next day was more tranquil, and after an agreeable sail up Belfast Loch, a distance of twenty miles, a safe landing was effected about twelve o'clock in the afternoon. After tarrying at Belfast till the Friday, the places successively visited were Antrim, Coleraine, Port Stuart, Grace Hill, the Giant's Causeway, &c. To the last of these places, the visit was confined to the biographer and a few friends, and sermons were preached by one or both, at most of the others. As a free use of the journal of this visit has been made in the earlier parts of this memoir, owing to the more appropriate character of much of the material for that portion of the work—the Doctor having gone over the principal part of his early history, with the biographer by his side, while visiting the scenes and haunts of youth, most of which were either teeming with incident or enriched with observations, and as an epitome of the visit has been already given to the public from the Doctor's own pen, there is the less disposition to enlarge, though regret cannot but be felt—owing to the limits prescribed for the remainder of these pages—that most of his happiest and richest conversations should have to be withheld; as for example, the following :—

On the writer entering the library of J. Cromie, Esq., with whom both domiciled, just before breakfast one morning, the Doctor said, “I was up long before five o'clock, gazing on the vast ocean, rolling his tremendous but magnificent waves to the shore, dashing against and over the rocks, and approaching within only a few yards of our feet. We are, I suppose, within ten or twenty yards of the place, where the *poluphloisbois thalasses* is most fully exemplified; and where more than three score years ago, I first noticed the accuracy of the description of the *rolling* of the waves, and their *dash* on the shore. In no sea, in all my travels, have I ever seen this so finely exemplified as here: and I presume Homer must have stood as advantageously on some Grecian shore, when he wrote in his first Iliad, the line which I now quote,—

Βῆ δ' ἀκρων παραθίνα πολυφλοισβοῖς θαλάσσης.

The poetry, which represents Agamemnon on the *shore*, is expressive of the wave gathering,—its first curl *hissing*,—then rolling over,—and dashing down.” Here the Doctor made a noble effort at imitation; repeating the first words in a meditative mood,—then, coming to the last,

suddenly stopped and wheeled round,—slowly walking along with his head downward, and uttering the words,—varying the voice and the action to the wave—rising—rolling—and falling.

Turning to a pane of glass, the writer found that the Doctor had not only been contemplating “the great deep,” but also human life, and had cut out, with the point of a diamond, and with a careful hand, the following lines, which, on his return to England, were inserted in an Album :—

“The Seasons of ADAM CLARKE’S Life.”

I have enjoyed the *spring* of life—
 I have endured the *toils* of its *summer*—
 I have *culled* the *fruits* of its *autumn*—
 I am now passing through the rigors of its *winter*;
 And I am neither forsaken of *God*,
 Nor abandoned by *man*.
 I see at no great distance the *dawn* of a *new day*,
 The first of a *spring* that shall be eternal!
 It is advancing to meet me!
 I run to embrace it!
 Welcome! welcome! *eternal spring*!
 Hallelujah!”

He generally carried with him, what he called his *Travelling Library*; but it not being convenient always to pack the books in his carpet-bag, he was anxious to have a case for it; and with this he was furnished by the writer, soon after he reached home, the whole being comprised within very little compass. In this case there were several small compartments, made to receive the following works:—Leusden’s Greek Testament, with the Latin Version of Montani; Amsterdam, 1741, 24mo.: Field’s Septuagint; Cantabrigia, 1665, 24mo.: Hebrew Bible, 24mo.: Pawsham’s edition of the English Version of the Bible, 1776, 32mo.: Horace, printed by J. Jannoni Sedani, 1627; and Virgil, printed by the same, 1625; both bound in one volume, with silver clasp, 48mo., for which he gave £3 3s. to Priestley. In companionship with these, he commissioned the biographer to procure for him a small copy of the English Prayer-book, without the Psalms. Thus equipped, with his ink-bottle, which he had carried thousands of miles, suspended by a black ribbon round his neck, and which he could put into his waistcoat-pocket, he was rarely unemployed.

On looking over part of Mr. Cromie’s grounds one morning, for a site on which to erect a dwelling for the Doctor, prior to the purchase of one which was afterwards selected, an aged female, bending over her staff, directed her feeble steps towards the party. It was the usual morning set apart by Mr. Cromie for relieving the pensioners on his bounty, and others were also seen streaming in different directions towards his hospitable residence. The matron referred to, stooped a good deal—had a fair complexion—was much furrowed with age—and, had, upon the whole,

a round agreeable face ; presenting—had she been clean, and clothed with other attire than rags—a lovely picture of advanced life. She first paid court to the group, and then singling out the Doctor, as if instinctively led to him, asked, while raising her head,

Old W.—"Is not your name Mr. Clarke, Sir?"

Dr. C.—"Yes, my name is Clarke; but there are many others of the same name, and I may not be the person after whom you are inquiring."

Old W.—"O yes, Sir, you are the person, and I heard you preach in the county Derry, between fifty and sixty years ago."

Dr. C.—"Are you sure you heard a person of that name?"

Old W.—"Yes, Sir, I heard you; but you were very young then."

The Doctor, being desirous of leading her into detail, but in such a way as, while it served her recollection, might be confirmatory of the accuracy of her relation, inquired—

Dr. C.—"What is your age?"

Old W.—"Eighty-seven."

Dr. C.—"What is the name of the place at which you suppose you heard me preach?"

Old W.—"New Buildings, about a mile and a half from Derry."

Dr. C.—"What were you doing there at the time?"

Old W.—"I lived servant at the time with Mr. Mountjoy, whose house was several miles from New Buildings."

Dr. C.—"Have you a husband?"

Old W.—"I had a husband, but he went to England—had another wife, and left me with three children."

Dr. C.—Abruptly: "He was a scamp."

Old W.—"Sir?"

Dr. C.—"He was a scamp, I say; that is, a scoundrel—a bad man."

Old W.—"Aye—he was not all right—I found that out."

Then changing the subject—

Dr. C.—"What kind of place was it that you heard preaching in?"

Here the old woman gave a graphic and accurate description of the place.

Dr. C.—"Who was there besides you?"

Old W.—"Mr. and Mrs. Mountjoy, and Mr. Halliday."

Dr. C.—"Who else?"

Old W.—"Betty Quige."

Dr. C.—"Where did I go from New Buildings?"

Old W.—"Up the hill, to meet the class, and to sleep."

Dr. C.—"What else do you recollect?"

Old W.—"Oh, you held a meeting the next morning at five o'clock, at Mr. Halliday's, and, though several miles from the place where I lived, I was there again."

Dr. C.—"Do you recollect the text taken in the evening?"

Old W.—Pausing : “ Let me see ; ” hesitating, and pausing again,—
“ I think it was in Luke.”

Dr. C.—“ It was not there : think again. Was anything said about John ? and, among other strange things, his being put into a caldron of boiling oil ? ”

Old W.—Pausing again : “ Well, I cannot rightly say ; but you met the class and preached next morning.”

Dr. C.—“ I did : ” then, addressing himself to the little party, he proceeded : “ This woman heard the very *first* sermon—if so it might be called—I ever preached ; at all events, she heard me on the first text I ever attempted to explain.” “ And pray, what was the text, Doctor ? ” inquired the biographer, who stood by his side. “ It was 1 John v. 19,” he replied ; “ We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness : ” subjoining, in reference to his early hearer, “ It is not to be wondered that she should cease to remember the text ; it was about the year 1780.” Turning to his hearer again, he asked, “ Do you recollect any famous woman in the neighbourhood at that time ? ” She hesitated, and seemed to be at a loss to know what was to be applied to the word *famous* : when she was relieved by—“ I mean, any woman that was remarkable for her usefulness among the people.” She named several, when the conversation was interrupted by Mr. Wray riding up to the party, the son of a neighbouring magistrate. The Doctor gave her a shilling, and she seemed anxious to gain his ear for something else, but was told he would see her again. She heard him preach that same night,—having thus, after the hour of preaching, power to say, what, in all probability, no one upon earth but herself had power to say—that she had heard the *first* and the *last* sermon, with the lapse of fifty years between, Dr. Clarke had then preached. He took this text—the one at New Buildings—in one of the chapels in London, between forty and fifty years after ; stating to his auditory, that it was his first text, and that he had never seen proper to change his views on the subject.

A house referred to in a preceding page, being offered for sale just at this time, the Doctor bought it ; and, after having settled matters, left for Belfast, taking Grace Hill, Antrim, and some other places in his route. To the writer it was a rich treat. Grace Hill, a Moravian establishment, was reached on the evening of the third of May : the next day the Moravians celebrated their second jubilee, and first centenary,—having first settled there, May 4th, 1730 : the celebration was chiefly confined to the single sisters, who held a lovefeast on the occasion. To this place, Montgomery, the author of the “ World before the Flood,” was brought from Scotland by his parents, when three years of age ; and here he remained till he arrived at the age of six. His nephew, and two venerable ladies, aunts of the poet, were resident at the place, and, together with the ministers and the joyous occasion, heightened the

pleasure of the visit. John James Montgomery, the nephew, now a Moravian minister in England, was then rising into manhood,—tall—well-made—finely arched eyebrows—highly intellectual—imaginative—a mind richly cultivated—good taste—excellent conversational powers; exhibiting in his actions, his mode of thinking, and in the inflexions of his voice, some of the more expressive features of the poet. He took the writer to the Moravian burying-ground, where

“ The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,
With walks between, by friends and kindred trod; ”

the image of which seemed to have been present with his uncle, when penning “ The Burying-place of the Patriarchs,” at the commencement of the fifth canto of “ The World before the Flood.” The grave of his grandfather, (on the maternal side,) and also that of his grandmother—the daughter of the excellent John Gambold, the early friend of Wesley, a Moravian bishop, author of “ Ignatius ” and other poems—were pointed out. Thence, the steps of the visitor were directed to the abode of the aunts of his father, (Ignatius Montgomery,) and of his uncle; two venerable figures—in a clean, neat, thatched cottage—embowered among trees, in the midst of a garden—a small wicket, and narrow path leading to the door—the venerable pair living by themselves, the picture of innocence, simplicity, and happiness—one of them (the oldest) about eighty years of age, strongly resembling the poet about the upper part of the face, with a brilliant hazel eye,—with two small spinning-wheels standing in the room, emblems of industry, and relics of times anterior to the invention of flax and cotton-mills. Next were taken out the fishing-rods, which were employed without success. After that, the village, castle, and church of Galgoram were visited, in company with the Doctor. Among other conversations, the Doctor observed, addressing Mr. Montgomery, “ The only point on which I differ with your uncle, is, the preference which he gives to Dr. Watts over Charles Wesley, as a poet.” He then quoted a hymn, which Watts himself had applauded—“ Wrestling Jacob,” and dwelt on the superiority of the Wesleyan hymnologist. Mr. Montgomery, to ward off the good-tempered stroke, asked whether his uncle did not cede the palm to Watts, chiefly, for having led the way to a better form, and more elevated style of poetry, as to hymns? This the Doctor would not admit; and a few miscellaneous remarks closed the subject. Three of the Moravian ministers joined the party at supper, and strongly pressed the Doctor to preach; but his time was limited and would not admit of it. Early on the morning of departure, the jubilee commenced by strewing flowers before the doors of all the single sisters, both those who were in the institution, and those resident with their parents in the village. This being done, the young men of the institution played several sacred airs and psalm-tunes, at the four corners of the square, after which the solemnities of public worship commenced.

After spending a short time at Antrim and Belfast, a passage was taken in the Hibernia steam-packet for Liverpool, at which place the Doctor rested a couple of days; and, after preaching at Leeds-Street Chapel on the Sabbath, left for London, where he arrived on the 11th of May: having been somewhat annoyed by the way, on finding, when he reached Warrington, that nine convicts were on the top of the coach, to grace his entrance into the metropolis. The very iron seemed to enter his soul, when he heard their chains clanking, as they descended and re-ascended the coach.

In the months of June and July, he preached occasional sermons at Worcester, Liverpool, and some other places, and presided at the second South Welsh district meeting, at Carmarthen. This was his first visit to South Wales; and, though he had frequently passed and repassed through North Wales, he had never preached there. In a letter to the biographer, he observes,—“South Wales, take it for wood and water, hill and dale, mountain and valley scenery, I think exceeds almost every place I have seen. To me, it is beauty itself; and this very day I was regretting, that I had not your eye and your hand, to lay it all down on paper.” He contemplated another visit to Ireland, and intended to spend the time there, which his brethren on this side of the water were obliged to devote to the sittings of the British Conference at Leeds, but was prevented.

In another letter to the writer, he observed,—“We have lost George IV., and got William IV. The deceased was the best constitutional king that ever sat on the British throne. May the successor be equal to him! I suppose that the present ministry will keep their places. Perhaps, as things are, we cannot get a better set: they never had an ounce of my confidence; the general election will soon make a busy and a sinful nation. Lord keep our people sound in the truth of the Gospel, and of the constitution!”

Contrary to Dr. Clarke's intention, and opposed to his wish, he, at the urgent request of his friends, attended the Leeds Conference, at which several resolutions were unanimously adopted, expressive of the determined hostility of the Wesleyan body to slavery. On the resolutions being moved, they were cordially seconded by him. He preached in Brunswick Chapel, on Acts xix. 20—22; but remarked afterwards, to the biographer,—“I am torn all to pieces by this day's work.” He proceeded from Leeds to Liverpool, and, on his way, spent some time in the neighbourhood of Manchester.

The Doctor at this time published, as a separate work, with a distinct preface, including his reasons for it, “The whole Book of Psalms. The texts carefully printed from the most correct copies of the present Authorised Translation, including the marginal readings and parallel texts. With a commentary and critical notes; and, at the end of each Psalm, a copious analysis of its whole contents.” Some of the parts of his general

Commentary being out of print, and having passed the 70th year of his age, he was unwilling—other reasons combined—to engage in the labour of superintending a new edition, and therefore authorized the biographer to correspond and treat with Mr. Paul, bookseller, New York, America, respecting the copyright, under the impression that, as he had derived no advantage from its sale, a new edition, with his last corrections, emendations, additions, &c., might be acceptable to the American public, whose demand had brought into the market, in that country, two stereotyped editions, by two different houses. This negotiation having fallen through, the writer was next authorised to negotiate with a London publisher, and with the exception of signing the agreement, which was afterwards amicably done by the Doctor's executors, he brought the matter to a close with Mr. Tegg, who agreed to give two thousand guineas for the copyright, which was afterwards settled down to £2,000. This enterprising publisher afterwards purchased the copyright of the Doctor's other Works, printed and in MS., and gave the principal part of them to the world, in 13 volumes, 12mo, with the exception of his Bibliographical Dictionary, the whole of which were committed to the hands of the present writer to edit, and to furnish such Prefaces and other matter as might be required to complete the whole. One interesting fact may be noticed in connection with the American edition of the Commentary. Mrs. Sigourney, in a letter to Mrs. Smith, daughter of Doctor Clarke, observes, in reference to some beautiful lines on his death, in her "Lays of the West,"—"A few years after I had written the heart-felt tribute to his memory,—it seemed as if he opened his hand to confer upon me a pleasant and peculiar benefit. One of our pastors (and it was then, rather a new custom among us) gathered around him the adult ladies of his church, in a Bible-class. It was observed when there were difficult passages in our lessons, I seemed to be furnished with information, which my compeers, though perhaps close students, had not obtained. On their inquiry it was found, that the cabalistic key to this theological erudition, was a copy of the learned Adam Clarke's Commentary, which had been lent me by a friend."

In the autumn of this year, the Doctor's attention was directed by three ladies, to the necessity of establishing Schools for children, in the destitute district of Ulster, which ladies, in connection with Miss Birch—the latter a munificent benefactress of the Shetland mission—placed funds at his disposal for the purpose. Into this work he fully entered, and, in connection with the Rev. S. Harper, Mr. M'Alwine, and others, established a number of schools, which were eminently successful, personally visited by him, and nursed with the tenderest care to the close of life; of which some highly interesting accounts have been laid before the public.

Having been pressed to visit the metropolis, and also Haydon Hall, in reference to some literary arrangements, the biographer passed some days

of deep interest with the Doctor and his family, especially in the library, and among the antiques, where a free and full range was obligingly allowed, and every facility was afforded for the gratification of curious as well as grave research.

Though the utmost restraint has been imposed in the composition of these pages, as to the act of taxing the Doctor's correspondence with the biographer, with a view to enlarge the work, it may not be deemed any great departure from the general rule prescribed, to introduce the following letter in this place, as it furnishes an interesting glimpse into "the inner man," as to the habit of thought and feeling indulged at the time; and the more so, as the whole was spontaneous, flowing as naturally from the heart as a stream from its fountain.

"Dec. 21, five o'clock a.m.,
Shortest day in 1830.

"DEAR EVERETT.—In the name of God! Amen. About three-score and ten of such short days have I seen; and, as my time, in the course of nature, as it is called, is now ended, (for the above time is its general limit,) I need to have little to do, as my time is at the longest, and this day is the shortest I may ever see; yet I have never fallen out with life: I have borne many of its rude blasts, and I have been fostered with not a few of its finest breezes; and should I complain against time and the dispensations of Providence, then shame would be to me! Indeed, if God sees right, I have no objection to live on here to the day of judgment; for while the earth lasts, there will be something to do by a heart, head, and hand like mine—as long as there is something to be learnt, something to be sympathetically felt, and something to be done. I have not lived to, or for myself—I am not conscious to myself that I have ever passed one such day. My fellow-creatures were the subjects of my deepest meditations, and the objects of my most earnest attention. God never needed my services: He brought me into the world that I might receive good from Him, and do good to my fellows. This is God's object in reference to all human beings, and should be the object of every man in reference to his brother. This is the whole of my practical creed. God, in his love, gave me a being: in His mercy he has done everything he should do, to make it a well-being; has taught me to love him, by first loving me; and has taught me to love my neighbour as myself, by inspiring me with his own love. Therefore my grand object, in all my best and considerate moments, is, to live to get good from God, that I may do good to my fellows; and this alone is the way in which man can glorify his Maker. Perhaps a man of a cold heart and uncultivated head might say, in looking into the articles of his faith, 'This may be the creed of an infidel, of a deist, or natural religionist.' I say, No. No such person ever had such a creed, or ever can have it. It is in and

through the Almighty Jesus alone, that the all-binding, all-persuading, all-constraining, and all-pervading love of God to man was ever known; and to me it is a doubt, whether there was, is, or could be, any other way in which God himself could, or can make himself known to the compound being man. Jesus the Christ incarnated; Jesus the Christ crucified; Jesus the Christ dying for our offences, and rising for our justification; Jesus sending forth the all-pervading, all-refining, and all-purifying light and energy of his Holy Spirit, has revealed the secret, and accomplished the purpose of that God whose name is mercy and whose nature is love. If I could conceive the wondrous Saviour to be a derived being—a begotten Deity, no matter how long ago, I could esteem him for his philanthropy, I could reverence him for the disinterestedness of his conduct—for I can esteem Newton, and I can reverence Howard. But Newton and Howard, with their wisdom and benevolence united, could not, though all the angels of God had come to their assistance, have made atonement for the offences of my soul, or bought for me an eternity of glory: this has Jesus (the underived, the unbegotten, the eternal sum of all infinite and eternal perfections) done by his manifestation in the flesh, and by the consequences of that manifestation. O thou incomprehensible Jehovah, thou eternal Word, the ever-enduring and all-pervading Spirit;—Father! Son! and Holy Ghost!—in the plenitude of thy eternal God-head, in thy light, I, in a measure, see Thee: and, in thy condescending nearness to my nature, I can love Thee, for Thou hast loved me. In thy strength may I begin, continue, and end every design, and every work; so as to glorify Thee, by shewing how much Thou lovest man, and how much man may be ennobled and beautified by loving THEE! O, my Everett, here am I fixed, here am I lost, and here I find my God, and here I find myself! But whither do I run, or rather rush? When I sat down to write, not one word of what is written was designed. I only intended to write a little on a subject in which you so kindly interested yourself, in order to render the last days of your aged brother a little more comfortable, by enabling him to continue in a little usefulness to the end:—not rusting, but wearing out. * * * * * ‘The powers of darkness,’ as Captain Webb used to say, ‘come down upon us like wet blankets;’ but all is not lost that is in danger.

“I have lately been called upon to enter into a work which, without giving me a groat, may employ the rest of my days. Some benevolent persons, chiefly ladies, some of them not at all known to me, have begged me to undertake the establishment of charity schools in those parts of Ireland, where neither the Methodists, nor any other, have set their foot. Now, the district where you and I were—*Port Rush*, and all its vicinity, where I proclaimed Jesus when but a little boy, has neither Sunday nor day-school, nor a place of worship of any kind. These schools I am now beginning; and there we shall open a school, under Methodist direction,

on the 25th. Already nearly £400 are offered to me for the work. There shall I turn my face, please God, as soon as the weather permits. Wishing you every blessing of all short and long days for a century to come, I am, dear Everett, Your's affectionately,—ADAM CLARKE.

“P.S.—I have thought of requesting you to turn your attention to the malevolent attack, in the number for August, of the ———. The review is constructed for the purpose of exciting prejudice. Some one has published a pamphlet on it, dated in Liverpool, signed ‘Josephus,’ but I know not who, nor even guess.”

In the early part of 1831, Peter Jones, a chief of the Chippeway tribe of Indians, whose native name was Kahkewaquonaby, was introduced to the notice and friendship of Dr. Clarke, by a recommendatory letter from the Rev. Wm. Case, a Wesleyan Missionary in Upper Canada. This chief was one of the first converts of the Chippeway nation; and had been employed in the wilderness, in pointing the wild men of the woods to the cross of Christ. One object of his visit was, to solicit donations for the cause of Missions among the Indians; and another was, to present portions of the New Testament to the British and Foreign Bible Society for publication, which he had translated into the Chippeway; in the prosecution of which he had derived essential service from Dr. Clarke's Commentary, being ignorant of the Greek, and for which he was anxious to tender his acknowledgments to the Doctor in person. To both the preaching and private conversations of this excellent man, the biographer has listened with unmixed pleasure, as well as to the ministrations of John Sundys, another Indian chief. Many of their traditional tales were distinguished for wild sublimity, and never failed to interest the heart and enchain the attention.

A gentleman from the United States—not in companionship with Mr. Jones—called on the Doctor at Haydon Hall, and expatiated, in the course of conversation, in a somewhat grandiloquent style, on the success of his (the Doctor's) Notes in America—the successive editions of the work—and the immense sums of money realized by it; anticipating some expression of pleasure in return: but no; the commentator drily inquired, —“Have they asked my leave to do so? and is it honest, in any person professing religion, to do it without my grant?” The gentleman instantly descended from his heights, whither he had been soaring in full expectation that the mind of his auditor had been caught up with him, and was not a little relieved by a change of subject. The truth is, as appears from various conversational notes made on different occasions, that a sharp correspondence had passed between the Doctor and the American publishers, on that subject.

On congratulating a friend on her birthday, he made some beautiful and appropriate reflections on the hilarity which such occasions give rise

to; but, on forgetting the precise day, while he remembered the month, he observed, that he wished her an Asiatic benediction, which was, "May your shadow be extended for ever!" and which he thus interpreted;—"May you have plenty for yourself,—and power, influence, and wealth, sufficient to protect and foster others:" subjoining,—“Let any of your friends go rationally farther, and I will try to send at least my wishes and prayers farther, and thus not permit any of them to outstrip me.”

Circumstances of a literary character having occurred to induce the Doctor to request the writer to pay another visit to Haydon Hall, a more ample opportunity than even the one just noticed was afforded, for the purpose of going over the literary and other treasures of which the owner of the residence had to boast: and here, without again drawing upon the reader's attention, a few remarks will close this part of the subject.

1. **LIBRARY:** (1.) *Printed Works.* To this, four rooms were appropriated, exclusive of a dressing-room, which occupied the surplus stock. The Doctor was somewhat chary in admitting strangers into the MS. department, as he had found to his cost, that some of the MSS. had suffered injury by careless hands. In *printed* works, in folio, quarto, and octavo, et infra, there could not be less, on a rough calculation, exclusive of MSS., than from eight to ten thousand volumes: and this calculation is supported by the sale catalogue afterwards made, which embraced several lots not specified, as well as exclusive of works bequeathed to private friends, and others retained by the family. The shelves occasionally exhibited two or three editions of the same work, representing the proprietor in the light of a collector. Viewing the number of classic authors, especially those of Greece and Rome, in their original tongues, and also works in other languages, it might be pronounced to have been one of the most scholar-like private libraries of modern times, collected in the space of about fifty years, by the efforts of one single man, in far from affluent circumstances, and in a situation equally unfriendly, in consequence of frequent removals from place to place, to an accumulated stock. One thought could not but force itself on an ordinary observer, and that was, the small proportion, for the library of an English divine, of English theological writers. The works of some of our most popular divines, among general readers, were not to be found. Of sermons especially, there was next to a dearth. The secret of this was traced by the writer to the Doctor's own mode of sermonizing, which was dissimilar from that of most men, he refusing to be led by either a national divinity or national prejudice. He was a child of liberty; he would submit to no fetters that the Bible itself did not impose. But, on glancing the eye along the shelves, the pure WORD of GOD was to be found, in its original tongues, and almost every other work, whether of *criticism*, *history*, or what else, that in any way tended to *illustrate* its pages. The *fountain* and the *stream* were seen in every direction; the latter not systematized

in sermons and bodies of divinity, but in the tomes of the greatest scholars and most accurate critics. The owner of the lore never appeared before his auditors or readers, in the systematic trammels imposed by his countrymen—in the shape and costume that characterised the generality of his compeers in the ministerial work, as cut out for them by their brethren and predecessors: his preaching partook of his library, and, like his Commentary, was as unlike Benson's, Henry's, and others—each excellent in their way—as it was possible to be. Drawing perpetually from the fountain head, from original classic authors, and from his own original intellectual resources, he was ever new, rich, bold, and varied. A few stray works had crept in among the mass—such as Paine's "Rights of Man," Byron's "Don Juan," and "Rabelais," and a few on matrimony, which might have been spared; but it is possible that some of them might have found their way to the shelves, as much from accident as from choice, having been bought in lots, or through a desire to test the intellect and argument of the author, rather than to tolerate his errors, and which could not well be separated from their companions, till the time of wedding set in. How, with his slender means to start with, and his often comparatively straitened means at different periods of life, he became possessed of works of such value,* was matter of astonishment to many,

* The prices which some of the works afterwards brought, when the library was sold by Evans, 93, Pall Mall, London, 1833, may be matter of curiosity to the bibliomanist:—Aristotle's Works, with copious elucidations from the Greek commentators, by Taylor, 9 vols., only fifty copies printed, £16;—Abulfædæ Annales Muslemici, Arabice et Latine, a Reiskio, 5 vols., uncut, Hafn, 1789, £8;—Athanassii Opera Omnia, Gr. et Lat. Editio Benedictina, 3 vols., best edition, fine copy, scarce, Par. 1698, £7 18s.;—Augustini Opera, Editio Benedictina, 11 vols. in 8, best edition, Paris, 1679; Appendix Augustiniana, Notis Clerici, Antwerp, 1703, in all 12 vols. in 9, fine, £19;—Chinese Imperial Dictionary, composed by order of the Emperor Kang Hi, about the year 1717, printed in Chinese characters on Chinese paper, in 4 cases, £7 7s.;—Auctores Classici Græci, in all 63 vols., in vellum, £22 1s.;—Auctores Classici Latini, in all 115 vols., uniformly bound in vellum, £20;—Archæologia, or Tracts published by the Society of Antiquaries, in all 25 vols., plates, uncut, £24;—Anglicarum Rerum Scriptores, a Gala et Fell, 3 vols., russiæ, Oxon, 1684, £11 11s.;—Andersoni Thesaurus Diplomatum et Numismatum Scotiæ, edente Rudimanno, plates, in russiæ, Edinb. 1739, £12 12s.;—Biblia Sacra Polyglotta, Hebraice, Chaldaice, Græce, et Latine, nunc primum Impressa, bound in red morocco, gilt leaves, Compluti, 1514—17, £42;—Biblia Sacra Polyglotta, Hebraice, Chaldaice, Græce, et Latine, unâ cum No. Test., Versione Syriaca, Philippi II. jessu edita et impressa; Studio Montani, 8 vols., Antv. Plantin. 1569—72, £24 3s.;—Biblia Sacra Polyglotta, Hebraica, Samaritana, Chaldaica, Græca, Syriaca, et Latina, Edente le Jay, 10 vols., bound in russiæ, Paris 1645—48, £21;—Biblia Sacra Polyglotta, Edente Walton, et Castelli Lexicon, bound in Russiæ, with joints and gilt leaves, ruled with red leaves by Dr. A. Clarke, London, 1656, £57 15s.;—Biblia Hebraica, Heb. et Lat., cum notis criticis, editit Houbigant, 4 vols., Paris, 1753, £8 18s. 6d.; Vetus Testamentum Hebraicum, cum variis Lectionibus, edidit Kennicott, 2 vols., Oxon, 1776, £8 18s. 6d.;—Biblia Sacra Arabica, edente Carlyle, large paper, only twelve copies printed, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1811, £18;—French Chronicles, viz., Froissart's, Montrelet's, and Joinville's Memoirs, by Johnes, in all 12 vols., £16; Biblia Sacra Latina, 2 vols., a very early and extremely rare edition, Argent Eggestein, circa 1468, £48;—Holy Bible, Biblia; the first complete edition of the English Bible, by Miles Coverdale; a book of great rarity, 1535, £63;—Holy Bible, Taverner's, with Preface by Becke,

and might be matter of curiosity to most. A solution seemed to offer itself in the following particulars:—first, after he became an author, his pen often furnished him with the “needful:” secondly, he was always on the look out; and his itinerant life threw him often in the way of works, which, by a fixed residence, he would never have seen: thirdly, his talents and character procured him many friends, and he had works occasionally presented to him: fourthly, he was the warm friend of William Baynes, Bookseller, Paternoster Row; Baynes felt it, and was in some instances his publisher; and, being in the habit of visiting the Continent, and purchasing largely, and often cheaply, valuable foreign works, he felt a pleasure in giving the Doctor the first chance of selection, without being at all exorbitant in his charges. The careful and judicious purchases of forty or fifty years, with even moderate means, are sure to tell a tale in real value, as well as in magnitude: but still, it was in the rarity, rather than the number of the works, that the library was to be estimated.

1549, £26 10s.;—Holy Bible, Cranmer's, Rouen, 1566, £12 5s.;—Byzantinæ Historiæ Scriptores Præcipui, Græce et Datine, a Variis Editoribus, emendati et notis illustrati, 23 vols. in 26, bound in vellum, Venetiis, 1729—33, £19 19s.;—Bocharti Opera Omnia, edentibus Leusdeno et Villemandy, 3 vols., in russia, L. Bat. 1692, £14 4s.;—Chrisostomi Opera Omnia, Gr. et Lat. edente, Montfaucon, Editio Benedictina, 13 vols., scarce, Paris, 1718, £26;—Concilia Magnæ Britanniæ et Hiberniæ, edente Wilkins, 4 vols., scarce, Lond., 1737, £9 18s.;—Constantini Lexicon, Græco-Latinum, fine, 1592, £8;—Dumont, Corp's Universal Diplomatique, &c., in all 16 vols., bound in 17, old French red morocco, gilt leaves, £30;—Ducange Glossarium ad Scriptores Mediæ et Infimæ Latinitatis, cum Supplemento Carpentierii, 10 vols., fine set, russia, Paris, 1733, £15 15s.;—Edmonson's complete Body of Heraldry, 2 vols, 1780, £7;—Ercolano Antichità, 9 vols., 1757, £9 17s.;—Sanctorum Patrum Græcorum Opera, Gr. et Lat., 15 vols., Wirceb., 1777; S. Patrum Latinorum Opera, 9 vols., Wirceb., 1780 £9 15s.;—Harleian Miscellany, by Park, 10 vols., 1808, £7 7s.;—Hamilton's Hedaya, or Commentary on the Mussulman Laws, 4 vols., very scarce, 1791, £9 9s.;—Grand Collection of Greek, Roman, Italian, and Sicilian Antiquities, in all 80 vols., best editions, plates, fine set, uniformly bound in vellum, £55;—S. Hieronymi Opera, Editio Benedictina, 5 vols., Paris, 1693, £8 15s.;—Horatii Opera, numerous plates Argent Gruninger, 1498, £3 3s.;—S. Hieronymi Epistolæ, extremely rare, printed by Mentelin about the year 1468, red morocco, £9 12s.;—Hickes, Thesaurus Vet. Linguarum Septentrionalium, 3 vols., middle paper, 1705, £7;—Morrison's Chinese and English Dictionary, £9;—Mac Curtin's English-Irish Dictionary, Par., 1732, £5;—Philosophical Transactions at large of the Royal Society, 103, vols. in 110, £52 10s.;—Plato's Works, by Sydenham and Taylor, with copious notes, russia, gilt leaves, 1804, £11 11s.;—Plutarchi Moralia, Gr. et Lat., edente Wytenbach, 5 vols., in russia, 1795, £4;—Montfaucon, Antiquité Expliquée et Représentée en Figures, avec le Supplement, 15 vols., best edition, large paper, Paris, 1719—24, £16;—Montfaucon, Monumens de la Monarchie Francoise, 5 vols., large paper, Paris, 1729, £21;—Larramendi, Dictionario Castellano, Bascuencey Latin, 2 vols. in 1, very rare, San Sebast., 1745, £5 7s. 6d.;—Milis Repertorium, Juris Canonici, russia, gilt leaves, Lov. per J. de Westfalia, 1475, £3 3s.;—Richardson's Persian Arabic, and English Dict., by Wilkins, 2 vols., 1806, £3 19s.;—N. Testamentum Græce, a Gerbelio, scarce edition, red morocco, Hagen, 1521, £3 7s.;—Novum Testamentum Græcum, edente Griesbach, 2 vols., large paper, printed only for presents at the expense of the Duke of Grafton, Hal. Sax., 1796, £7;—New Testament, translated by Tyndall, a rare edition, imprinted by Tylle, 1548, £26 15s. 6d.;—Newe Testament, bothe in Englysshe and Laten, of Mayster Erasmus's translacion, rare, imprinted by Powell, 1547, £10 15s.;—Mer des Histoires, 2 vols., Paris, par le Rouge, 1488, £16;—

(2.) *Manuscripts.* With the exception of a very few volumes, the whole of the manuscripts—of which a historical catalogue was afterwards published, by the Rev. J. B. B. Clarke, the Doctor's youngest son, in a beautifully printed and embellished royal 8vo. volume, pp. 236,—were collected as there stated, during occupations of unceasing and absorbing mental labour, peculiarly unfavourable to such an object;—but a wise man's eyes wander into every part, and a watchful, and skilful collector can overcome all obstacles, and is capable of realising almost incredible results. As no attempt had been made by the Doctor to form a collection with reference to particular portions of literature or science, no classification, of course, of the MSS. had been made, further than dividing them into European and Oriental, the subjects being so miscellaneous, that subdivisions, according to the contents of each manuscript, would have been inconveniently and uselessly numerous. Of these manuscripts, 625 in number, and some of them in two and three volumes, 281 were Euro-

Meninski, *Thesaurus Linguarum Orientalium, Institutiones, et Complementum Thesauri*, 5 vols. in 4, Vien., 1680, £17 6s. 6d.;—*Origenis Opera*, Gr. et Lat., a De la Rue, Editio Benedictina, 4 vols., Paris, 1733, £5;—*Purchas his Pilgrimes and Pilgrimage*, 5 vols., very rare, 1625, £27 10s.;—*Philo-Judæus*, Gr. et Lat., 2 vols., Amst., 1742, £5 17s. 6d.;—*Patres Apostolici*, Gr. et Lat., edente Cotelero, 2 vols., best edition, Amst., 1724, £5;—*Passerii Picturæ Etruscorum in Vasculis, Dissertationibus Illustratæ*, 3 vols, Romæ, 1767, £5 15s.;—*Scholtz, Lexicon Ægyptiaco-Latinum, et Grammatica-Ægyptiaca*, 1775—78, £3 12s.;—*Roderici Zamorensis Speculum Humanæ Vitæ*, Paris, printed by Ulric Gering, in the Sorbonne, about 1472, £7 7s.;—*Roderici Zamorensis Speculum Humanæ Salutis*, first edition, Romæ, Sweynheym et Pannartz, 1468, £15 15s.;—*Stuart's Antiquities of Athens*, 3 vols., original edition, 1762, £11;—*Sadee's Persian and Arabic Works*, 2 vols., Calcutta, 1791, £5 10s.;—*Stephani Thesaurus Linguae Græcæ, cum Glossariis et Appendice Scotti*, 7 vols., large paper, russia, Ap. H. Steph., 1532, et Lond., 1745, £19 19s.;—*Scapulæ Lexicon Græco-Latinum*, Lond., (Elzev.) 1652, Burnei Appendix ad *Scapulæ Lexicon*, Lond., 1789, 2 vols. in 1, £4;—*Sommerii Dictionarium Saxonico-Latino-Anglicum*, rare, Oxon, 1659, £5 17s.;—*Ditto*, £7;—*Schilteri Thesaurus Antiquatatum Teutonicarum Ecclesiasticarum, Civilium et Literariarum*, 3 vols., Ulm, 1728, £5 5s.;—*Snorii Historia Regum Norvegicorum*, edente Schoning, 4 vols., Haun., 1777, £4 10s.;—*Seldeni Opera*, 6 vols., 1726, £4 1s.;—*Scheuchzeri Physica Sacra*, £4 12s.;—*Schedel, Chronicon Nurembergense*, above 1,000 wood-cuts, 1493, £3 3s.;—*Thurloe's Collection of State Papers*, 7 vols., 1742, £8;—*Testamentum Græcum Polyglottum*, edente Huttero, 2 vols., Norib., 1599, £6 10s.;—*Novum Testamentum Græcum*, Gr. et Lat., Erasmi, first edition, very rare, Basil, 1516, £5;—*N. Testamentum Græcum*, edente Wetstenio, 2 vols., russia, Amst., 1751, £7 15s.;—*Taylor's Hebrew Concordance*, russia, 1754, £7 17s. 6d.;—*Tractatus Universi Juris in cum Congesti*, 28 vols., Ven. Zilettus, 1584, £18 18s.;—*Torfæi Historia Norvegia*, 4 vols., Hafn, 1711, £3 10s.;—*Ware's History of Ireland, and Lives of its Bishops*, portraits inserted, 2 vols., 1739, £7. A magnificent collection of Chinese drawings sold for £69, and Holloway's Cartoons for £27 6s.

The library of printed books commanded *ten days' sale*, Feb. 18—28, 1833, and produced £3,200, being about £500 more than was anticipated, in 2,101 lots. Erasmus's New Testament, for which the Doctor gave 1s., brought £10 15s.: Mr. Offer, who was present, left the room, and purchased another copy for 30s. The prices were, in many instances, arbitrary; some too high, others too low. Each day's sale was kept up with amazing spirit, and furnished many amusing incidents. The whole collection furnished an extraordinary instance of unwearied diligence and perseverance, worthy even of episcopalian imitation: but bishops, in the present day, are not ardent collectors of books.

pean, embracing, as to subject and language, Hebrew, Greek, Icelandic, Irish, French, Italian, &c. : comprising classics, grammars, vocabularies, missals, breviaries, versions, portions of, and commentaries on, the Scriptures; and others treating on alchymy, philosophy, theology, history, heraldry, poetry, &c. The Asiatic department was still more rich and varied: in addition to Hebrew and Greek manuscripts, there were others under several heads of Persian, Arabic, Syriac, Armenian, Singalese, Pali, Sanscreeet, &c., &c.; comprising, with several of the others, as to their contents,—in addition to alchymy, philosophy, history, poetry, theology, and versions of the Scriptures,—astrology, medicine, tales and romances, korans, law, &c. A more minute description of them may be subjoined in a note, collected from the “Historical and Descriptive Catalogue” already referred to, together with the advertisements connected with the sale, the writers of both of which had, in addition to their own skill in such matters, the minute inspection and experience of the Doctor for a guide.*

* In the European department, the MSS. connected with the *history* and *heraldry* of England, and of the Low Countries, &c., were particularly interesting and curious, as consisting of statutes, charters, &c., and as throwing considerable light upon various historical incidents connected with this and other countries. The *missals*, *breviaries*, *heures*, &c., were many of them most beautiful specimens of calligraphy and tasteful illumination; proving that our ancestors, at least, however mistaken they might sometimes have been in their piety, did not strive to serve their God with that which had cost them nought. The copies of the *Vulgate* were numerous; and the various readings were of the more consequence, because contained in MSS. upon the composition of which such evident care and industry had been lavished. Several of the *Irish* MSS. were of great age, and, like most *Irish* MSS., had suffered more from carelessness and neglect than from time. Their chief curiosity consisted in the insight they gave into the early literature of that people. The *Icelandic* MSS. were a most singular, and therefore invaluable, (some of them unique,) collection of the songs, legends, tales, history, and religion of the north of Europe, abounding in wild poetic imagery and deep natural feeling, and were the sources whence much of the spirit of our own sterling popular literature had indirectly flowed. With two or three exceptions, the remainder of these miscellaneous MSS. had their peculiar value, arising from their *subject*, *age*, *execution*, *ornament*, or some circumstance connected with their *history*. It would be difficult to conceive, on the testimony of the best judges, anything more splendid than many of the *ARABIC* and *PERSIAN* MSS.; the labour of a life appearing, in some instances, inadequate to produce such results. This excellence chiefly arose from so few of them being very modern; since the rule is pretty general, that, the older are the MSS., the clearer and more beautiful is the writing, and the ornaments more elegant and elaborate. This rule is maintained as holding good as well with European as Asiatic MSS. But, in addition to the purity of the writing, another very great advantage arises from their age, and that is, the much greater *correctness* of the text, as not only being written nearer to the author's own time, before numerous transcripts had multiplied mistakes, but, as being executed when only *learned natives* were the purchasers, and not imperfectly skilled Europeans, by whom incorectness would be less readily discovered; and, what will render well-executed MSS. exceedingly scarce, before the *press* had at all injured the race of scientific and able scribes, whose office must be ultimately destroyed by the cheapness and facility of printing. The oldest of the Asiatic MSS. were written A. D. 1024, 1490, and one written prior to these dates; but the far greater portion bore the dates of the 16th and 17th centuries, few being written in the 18th, and scarcely any of them so late as the present century. This is a characteristic deemed worthy of

2. The MUSEUM. In the museum were to be found ancient monuments and mosaics ; including an ancient Greek inscription to the memory of Tiberius Claudius Theophilus, the son of Tiberius Claudius Themistocles, of Besa ; an ancient Greek inscription to the memory of Melanchomas, a priest ; a curious and interesting Persian inscription, taken from Fort Amboor, then in the possession of Hyder Aly ; the Extacy of St. Francis, a very curious mosaic ; and a dead Christ attended by angels, executed in the Italian school of painting. To these

attention by the literati, because it designates such MSS. as the source whence correct texts may be formed, and thus such authors as Khosroo, Saeed, Hafiz, Anvery, Khakany, Oorfy, Jelaluddeen, Sady, may pour forth the music of their matchless verse, without the jarring discords created by ignorant copyists. The whole of the *Korans* were beautifully written, and some were superb. There was scarcely one of the MSS. in the collection which was an instance of careless penmanship ; most of them having evidently been the work of skilful and well-taught scribes, and some of them were the highest efforts of the reed. The *condition* of the MSS. could not be well exceeded. Where, in some instances, the worm, or the damp, or two heavy a hand in ruling, had in any way damaged a volume, it had been most carefully and neatly repaired, paper of the same sort being used to mend it, and stained to the colour of the original : the toil which this had sometimes occasioned, few can conceive ; the patience and care requisite for the task, still fewer would be capable of exerting : but the reparation was complete ; and some which had been in a state of absolute decay, had been raised from their ruins, and were, when examined, singularly fine specimens of valuable works. It is stated, as a remarkable fact, that the damage peculiarly incident to oriental MSS. very rarely extends to the *writing* ; hence, care has frequently restored a MS. from an apparently hopeless state, to integrity, and almost pristine beauty. A Persian MS. has been known to be pierced through in millions of places by the worm, and, unless held up to the light, the damage could not be perceived : in scarcely any instance had the animal passed through a single letter, something in the ink in all probability having turned aside its attacks from the writing. Not only in the original purchase of these MSS. had amazing expense been incurred, but in the expensive and splendid style in which a great proportion of them was bound, so that they formed a truly magnificent collection. The *Hebrew* and *Syriac* MSS. were held in more than ordinary authority, and one conceived to be of the very first importance. The *Paintings* were curious, as giving an insight into the manners, customs, and scenery of a remarkable people and a strange land : this was particularly the case with the *Chinese* paintings, which possessed a brilliancy of colouring and a *skill* of execution which had hardly been supposed to belong to Chinese drawing, a considerable knowledge of perspective being evinced by the views of their temples, &c. The *Singalese*, *Pali*, and *Sanscreeet* MSS. were not amongst the least curious, as some of the works were rare, if not unique, in Europe ; and others of them threw much light on the *Buddhu* religion and its usages.

This collection was left by Dr. Clarke to his youngest son, who, after describing the MSS., in Dec. 14, 1834, observed,—“I have frequently thought that such an unknown individual as myself was not the one most fitted to be the possessor of such a collection : it would be a most noble addition to even the best and most extensive MS. library in the country, whether public or private : and it is possible that the following three united circumstances may shortly separate them and their present owner,—a want of time to *use*, an inability to *increase* them, and my being apparently born only to occupy heavy curacies.” These MSS., which were afterwards sold by Sotheby and Son, Wellington Street, London, June 20—24, 1836—embracing four days, realised £1,804 5s. The famous MS. Bible, translated into the English language by Wiclif, in 2 vols., fetched £100. Since then, the elevation of the reverend gentleman to a prebend in one of our cathedrals, shows that he was “born to” something more than that of “occupying heavy curacies.”

may be added, a valuable collection of minerals, among which were found some rare specimens of metals, fluors, and precious stones;—a collection of coins, in gold, silver, and copper, including fine impressions of ancient and modern Greek, the upper and lower Roman empire, French, English, and other Europeans, a few coronation and oriental metals, a complete set of the zodiac rupees, &c.;—a cabinet, containing a very large collection of red sulphur casts from the antique; Indian, Burmese, Egyptian, and Chinese idols and figures, in bronze, stone, and wood;—numerous Chinese drawings and paintings;—Hebrew rolls, Singalese and Persian MSS., apart from the collection already specified;—several fac similes of ancient charters, maps, and charts;—an inlaid Florence table;—a powerful five feet telescope, by Dolland;—a capital sextant, by Jones;—two magnets:—an instrument to illustrate a series of lectures on mechanics;—model of a steam carriage;—large compass, Hadley's quadrant, &c.* To be allowed to go through such collections, with the Doctor himself by the side of the curious inquirer, accompanied with comments, illustrations, historical facts, characteristic notices, and occasional piquant remarks, was no common privilege.

The Doctor, being anxious at this time to carry out his plans in reference to the Irish schools, left London for Ireland, March 24; taking Bruerton, in Staffordshire, on his way, and preaching successively at Stafford, Burslem, and Woodside, across the Mersey, at Liverpool. He entered on board the *Chieftain* steam-packet, in company with his friend F. H. Holdcroft, Esq., April 8, and, after a voyage of seventeen hours, landed on the pier at Belfast. After preaching in the chapel at Donegal Square on the 10th, he proceeded to Antrim, and thence to Coleraine, Port Stuart, Port Rush, Cashel, Croagh, Billy, Diamond, Tobercarr, Ballyclare, and other places, where schools were either established or proposed, minutely examining the necessities of the places, and frequently preaching to the people. His labour was unusually severe, and his mode of travelling, in one of the open Irish jaunting cars—playfully denominated by him, “Jumping cars, or bone-setters,” was far from agreeable; especially taken in connection with the colder season of the year. He hoped, in the early part of his labour, to be able to embody, at least, 600 poor children, arranged in six different schools, under able and excellent teachers. His plan was, to travel over hill and dale to the most destitute places, in districts of several miles in extent, in which not a school of any kind existed, or had ever been known to exist, and where, on canvassing the places, “the poor people,” in his own language, “both Popish and Protestant, were, like true sons of Erin—red hot—mad—glad—to hear that their children might, without money and without price, be taught to

* The Museum was afterwards sold by Machin, Debenham and Storr, 26, King Street, Covent Garden, on Friday and Saturday, April 26 and 27, 1833, embracing two days' sale.

read, spell, and write their own names; and where they at last found, that there was neither religion, devotion, nor common sense, in *sheer* IGNORANCE:" continuing, "Charter Schools, Kilkenny Schools, Methodist Missionary Schools, Hibernian Schools, &c., if they ever came where these districts are, like the priest and Levite, they might have looked on, but they passed by on the other side." On unfolding his design, the people generally expressed an ardent desire to have a school. A day was then fixed to meet the parents and children, who, at the appointed time, were seen streaming down the hills and over the bogs, from two to three miles distant—east—west—north—and south. The fathers of the children were rarely present, being engaged at home, planting potatoes. The place of meeting being as central as possible, the Doctor first addressed the mothers, not one in a hundred of whom had a bonnet, and most without either shoes or stockings. His prime object was to impress them with the importance of EDUCATION; showing them the necessity of being able to read the Scriptures, and that the object before them was, to teach the children to fear God, to forsake lying, swearing fighting, &c., to keep the Sabbath, to reverence and obey their parents, to be grateful to their benefactors, and so, by industry and frugality, be able to procure honest and wholesome bread, and become useful and respectable members of society. He next turned to the children, and gave them suitable advice, urging upon them good behaviour, punctuality and cleanliness. That being ended, he introduced to their notice the teacher, whom he took the precaution to have decently clothed, telling them, that he would teach them to fear God, read, write, and cipher, free of cost. When these preliminaries were fixed, he then admitted the children into the school, laid his hands—in true apostolic style—on their heads, blessed them, prayed with them, and gave them some parting advices; the whole of the children dispersing with the understanding, that they would have to meet the next morning, precisely at nine o'clock. In this way, on one occasion, he admitted 133 children into school, from four to fourteen years of age, not one of whom had, like most of their parents, either shoe or stocking; and it must not be omitted, that this was sometimes done in the open air.

In one place, a dissenting minister, employing his influence with the vicar, to root the Wesleyans out of the parish, the worthy vicar, instead of yielding to his persuasions, stated his determination to encourage them, and paid the Doctor a friendly visit. Being a man of an amiable temper, and having a sweet voice, he read to the Doctor some of his poetical compositions, and sang him some of his verses; to each of which as much complacency was shown, in consequence of the kindly feeling manifested towards the schools, as for the poet and the songster. The Doctor, after nine weeks' absence from home, landed from the *Hibernia* steam-packet, at Liverpool, on Whit Sunday, May 22nd.

A little caution was necessary, in order to prevent jealousy from

creeping into a quarter from which he was anxious to steer clear, and in connection with which it was his desire to move in harmony. Previously to this, the Wesleyan Missionary Society had established schools in Ireland, and it having been reported that he had solicited subscriptions from various friends, fear was excited lest the one should impoverish the resources of the other; the consequence of which was, that a Resolution was entered into by the Missionary Committee, directing the attention of the Conference to the subject, which resolution was submitted to the Doctor by Dr. Townley, one of the general secretaries. On showing the biographer Dr. Townley's letter and his reply to it, Dr. Clarke observed, "Up to this time, only three persons have contributed; from no one have I, as yet, solicited a single fraction; and to one of the three persons, whom I never saw, and never may see, I wrote expressly, to inquire whether the money appropriated to the schools, would, in any shape, have been given to the Methodists, and the answer was explicit—No!" He further remarked, that he had taken the precaution to write to Mr. Harpur, the superintendent of the circuit, to inquire whether the committee had established any schools in the contemplated districts; and that the reply was, that the School Committee had never visited those districts, in consequence of a want of funds. He gave the teachers, who were all local preachers, £25 per annum: they deserved much more, he remarked, but as it was somewhere about the amount given by the committee, he did not wish to throw a temptation in the way of any one, to leave his situation for the sake of greater emolument.

Having a strong desire to see the schools again, and give all the aid in his power in order to their encouragement and establishment, he left home in the month of August to pay them another visit. But on reaching Liverpool, he was dissuaded by his friends from going; they urging as so many arguments in support of their entreaties, his own state of health, the sudden illness of some of the party that had engaged to accompany him, and the tempestuous state of the weather, during which storm, and on the same coast, *The Rothsay Castle* was lost, with the greater number of persons on board. In his own language, therefore, he had to "put his helm a-lee, and seek providential direction on another tack."

The Conference was at this time holding its annual meeting in Bristol, and made him a Supernumerary much against his will; in reference to which act he forwarded a remonstrance to the President; observing, "I am not clear that I should become a Supernumerary this year; but this I must leave with my brethren. I did not go out of my own accord; I dreaded the call, and I obeyed through much fear and trembling, not daring to refuse, because I felt the hand of God Almighty upon me: I knew the case of Jonah, and feared the transactions of Tarshish. I WILL NOT, THEREFORE, SET MYSELF DOWN: for though I cannot do full work, yet I can do some: I was a local preacher when called out:

I am not called to DEGRADE, in order to read for a higher title than that which I have; and a Levite past labour becomes a counsellor, but never enters into the ranks of the Nethinim!" When the Doctor employed the expression—"I *must* leave this with my brethren," it is not to be construed into the language of acquiescence; but as one man *must* always yield to a hundred. That he did not wish to be made a Supernumerary, and never considered himself as such, is evident from the fact of his having not only refused the Supernumerary allowance—though he had subscribed to the Fund from the commencement—but, when the money was sent to him (which is always done in advance) having returned it to the Conference: stating that he had done without it long, and he hoped he would be able to do without it to the end. The unpleasant feeling occasioned, however, was not allowed to settle on his mind; and on a friend adverting to it afterwards, and expressing his surprise that he took it so patiently, the Doctor laughingly replied,—“I am like Pontius Pilate,—ask, What is truth? and go away without waiting for, or hearing an answer.”

The subject of the Doctor's Supernumeracy demands a more lengthened notice than has been given to it, as it stands connected with another of the despicable attempts of Dr. Bunting to wound the feelings of this peace-loving, disinterested, generous, unassuming, noble man. We must refer our readers to a case noticed in “Methodism as it Is,” Vol. I., p. 325.* Mr. Reece's retirement from the regular work of the ministry is there mentioned. On this occasion, Dr. Bunting proposed, that a similar resolution should be entered into as that in the case of Messrs. H. Moore and J. Wood, in 1827. “This,” it is observed, “furnished him (Dr. Bunting) with a fine opportunity of aiming an indirect blow at Dr. Clarke, by stating that there was no Miss Nancyism about Mr. Reece; that having laboured 59 years, he was not disposed to indulge a foolish vanity to attempt his 60th, when he felt himself inadequate to the work; Dr. Clarke having wished to complete the 50th year of his itineracy. And yet Mr. Reece, whom we venerate both for age and character—character, whether private or ministerial—was obliged to have help before he retired. But the fact is, Dr. Bunting has long acted as though he would like Dr. Clarke placed somewhere in the back-ground of Methodism, and himself in the front, as the only object of admiration, and was to be paid off by a side wind.” His son William had been characterised as a “*nondescript* Supernumerary;” and himself as little better than a Supernumerary for a long series of years, with more than the full pay of a regular preacher, and scarcely a tithe of pulpit work, with the addition of Elijah Hoole to do the greater part of the *indoor* work for him in the Mission House. The “*Miss Nancyism*” of the case could not be more out of place, as applied to “plain, unadorned,” Adam Clarke, than to

* See Appendix also, No. 2.

any one preacher in the Wesleyan body, nor could the expression come with worse grace from any preacher on the Itinerant list, than from Jabez Bunting, who, from the first of his more public career, had been the MAN-MILLINER of Methodism, tricking it out into—RESPECTABILITY.

On the present occasion matters had come to a crisis. Dr. Beaumont had more than once stood up in support of Dr. Clarke; but in this instance, something in the shape of defence seemed necessary. Dr. Bunting could calculate on Mr. Watson as a supporter of his schemes. But, unintimidated, Dr. Beaumont braved them both, with others of the party of less note. This he did, with an invincible determination to pursue what he conceived to be the path of duty, as well as of friendship. The question was, as already stated, whether Dr. Clarke, the great ornament of Methodism, had been made a Supernumerary with his consent or not. Dr. Beaumont knew that the measure was adopted against Dr. Clarke as a mortifying insult, and that he had intimated in distinct terms his reluctance to be placed in a position so humiliating. The manner in which the whole thing was done and persisted in, illustrates very strikingly the managing methods of Jabez Bunting, in making other men subservient to his schemes. Mr. George Marsden had been President, Mr. Robert Newton now held that office, and Richard Watson condescended to be the great manager's man-of-all-work on the occasion. Why, asked Dr. Beaumont, did Mr. Marsden suppress the two letters addressed to him by Dr. Clarke, in order to prevent himself from being set aside like a worn-out horse? One can imagine that the inquiry was made with generous warmth. It suited Dr. Bunting to regard this with seeming horror; and with a strong odour of sanctity, which he could at any moment assume, he begged the speaker to defer so irritating a topic till after the preliminary prayer meeting. The indomitable champion returned to the charge with such vigour, that Mr. Naylor was put up to suggest the shocking impropriety of so young a man assailing a man so aged as the ex-President. This failing to intimidate, Dr. Bunting argued that he had lost the right to be heard there, since he had omitted to name the subject at the District Meeting,—a point in which he himself had frequently offended, and never deemed himself in fault. For this impertinence the objector received a smart hit direct in the teeth. "Dr. Bunting," retorted the gallant defender of right, "might have his opinion, but Mr. Bunting was not the Conference." At this stage, rose slowly, Edmund Grindrod, and, earning the commendation which he afterwards received from the Bunting family, moved that Dr. Beaumont had broken the law by coming without leave to Conference.

The carrying of this cowardly resolution silenced, for the moment, even the invincible Beaumont, who had, by the way, been urged by the venerable Henry Moore, and others, to attend the sittings of Conference—having received intimation of the designs of Bunting and his party.

Now, however, Dr. Clarke took up the dropped weapons for himself, by condescending to state numerous reasons, founded on his standing and his services, why he ought not to have been compelled to seem to sit down against his will. Next day, nothing daunted, Dr. Beaumont re-appeared in his place; but he no sooner attempted to address the Conference on another subject, than Richard Watson denied his right to utter one word, being, as he phrased it, “under interdict.” Dr. Bunting and his party knew their man; and, calculating on his generous indignation under a sense of wrong, thus goaded him into an attitude which they might characterise as one of defiance. The result was that he incurred a distinct vote of censure for impropriety of conduct. When the ruling party could neither answer his arguments or deny his facts, they took a mean and base advantage of technical objections, and put an ignominious muzzle on his mouth. First goaded and then gagged, he took up his pen and protested; but President Newton contrived to do with his protest, what he had done with the Jamaica Impeachment against his friend Bunting,* and what President Marsden had contrived to do with Dr. Clarke’s letters, “mis-laid it,” neither the letters of the one, nor the protest of the other, being allowed to come before the assembly. Oh, shame—shame on you, holy men, to play such tricks *after* the solemnities of a CONFERENCE PRAYER-MEETING before which the tender and hallowed spirit of a Bunting shrank back with horror at the thought of a single word being uttered to ruffle the devotional spirit of the Brethren! Jabez Bunting secured his object, as to the Supernumeracy of Dr. Clarke; but it was without removing him from his altitude, or adding the tenth of an inch to his own stature. He himself, if we are to look at his pulpit and other work as a “Travelling Preacher,” ought to have been superannuated many years before this period; and even when less able to work, he retained all his honours, besides being richly provisioned and housed. Adam Clarke, to the last, was a *labourer*, not a mere appendage or “hanger on,” in the vineyard of his God. And what is to be said of Richard Watson, with his many noble qualities, when looking at the vacillations† connected with his early history? Adam Clarke, on the other hand, neither turned to the right nor to the left. He was the same un-

* See “METHODISM AS IT IS,” Vol. I., p. 552, where Dr. Bunting is represented, while attempting to defend himself against certain charges, calling for his *Accusers*, at a time he knew he had no one to fear; parties being as little disposed to come forward at the time as Robert Newton, seated by his side on the Conference platform, with an Impeachment against him, in his pocket, from Jamaica, basely concealing it, to screen him from the charges, and from impending danger—a fact known to both the President and Dr. Bunting himself; the Rev. J. Manley, one of the Missionaries on the Jamaica station, being in England, and ready to substantiate the charges preferred.

† “Methodism as it Is,” Vol. I., chap. 5, &c., presents a humiliating picture of this otherwise noble man, as well as enters minutely, faithfully, critically, and largely into the policy and character of Jabez Bunting, laying bare his intrigues, duplicity, ambition, self-seeking, and despotism, in the whole of which the reader will be able to realise a full-length portrait of the *real Life* of the governing Head of Modern Methodism.

flinching adherent of John Wesley's Methodism, from first to last. He was entitled to the highest honours and privileges the Conference could confer. This was the last of the less covert insults of Jabez Bunting offered to this good man, barring what followed, when out of reach,—having prevented, during his own life, any formal official life of Dr. Clarke, authorized by the Conference, beyond a mere obituary for the Minutes, common to the ministerial brethren, and tried to damage, as far as he could, the Memoir published by the family, through the medium of the *Wesleyan Magazine*, by its Editor, Thomas Jackson, to say nothing of the influence he exercised in the Book Committee on the subject of Dr. Clarke's writings. As the excellent Doctor was never known to come into open collision with him in the Conference—leaving him to pursue his own plans, and to indulge his governing tastes—lending him, at the same time, his countenance and aid in anything that would essentially forward the work of God in Methodism—it was difficult for calm and thinking persons to resolve Jabez Bunting's conduct towards Adam Clarke to anything short of sheer ENVY—the infirmity of essentially weak minds, the venom of the reptile order of intellect. The hack that slowly draws its load can never compete with the speed of the locomotive. Envy is often slow, but certain. The quadruped cannot envy.

Argue as we may—let Dr. Bunting's friends furnish what defence they please for his conduct towards Dr. Clarke—it is as difficult to account for any proper motive for this measure as it is to perceive any beneficial result likely to arise from it, except, on one side, the gratification of what appeared to approach to a malignant feeling in a man, who, from early years, had looked with coldness, envy, and jealousy upon the object whom it was intended to degrade, and, on the other, the injury of the person aimed at, whose only ambition was, to retain, as long as he could, an honourable ministerial position in the denomination to which he was so sincerely and warmly attached, and to promote whose best interests he had lived and laboured close on half a century. Was there anything unreasonable in the wish expressed by the latter? Had the Conference no power to accede to it, or would it have been discreditable to it as an act? Would it have infringed on any direct law? Would the Connexion, or any solitary individual, have sustained the smallest injury by the grant? Had Adam Clarke been a party, or a litigious man, through whom the peace and harmony of the Conference had been disturbed at any time, and was likely to sustain further injury? Had the dignity and credit of the Conference never reaped any advantage from his presence and his counsels? Had he reflected no honour on the body by his general character, his learning, and his labours for both Church and State? Were any of the Connexional, or other funds, likely to suffer by acceding to his wish? Had he not laboured hard for all he had received from the Connexion? Had he ever, like the prime mover of

the measure, found it necessary to tax the sympathies and the pockets of his friends to rid himself of heavy pecuniary liabilities? Could it ever be said, that, in addition to this, a special fund was raised for him to secure permanent relief, while others, in “labours more abundant,” were passed by? Could it ever be said that he had £500 per annum coming in from the Connexion, that he had, like Dr. Bunting,* ever received a fraction beyond the regular allowance of the feeblest of his itinerant brethren? Could it do harm as a precedent? What, in the face of a refusal to receive any benefit from either Beneficent or Legalised Fund, the latter of which his own subscriptions entitled him! Talk not of *precedents*, and their *dangers*, when you have in the *prime mover* of the measure, a stranger to the toil and inconveniences of Itinerancy for a long series of years—amply provisioned—free from house-rent and taxes, while Supernumerary, to the last—high in official dignity and influence—a power, whether visible or invisible, in every Connexional Committee—governing and disposing everything agreeably to his will;—let such precedent, we say, be followed by only ONE like Dr. Bunting himself, and another ecclesiastical freak, like that of 1849, will seal the doom of Methodism for ever! “Pride,” says Calcot, “poisoned with malice, becomes envy.”

Referring to Scripture reading one day, he said to the writer, “I began to read the Old and New Covenants in January, 1830, in the two languages in which they were written: the Hebrew, I collated with an old English Translation; the Greek, I read alone, and every word aloud, to accustom myself to speak it regularly and correctly,—for the facility of speaking either it, or any other language, would be soon lost without this. I defy any one to pronounce any language properly, who only reads by the *eye*. I thought it might be the last year I might be permitted to go through again with the book of God; and, if so, I would take my leave of it in *full*. Some days I read two chapters in the Old Testament, and one in the New. On other days I could not do so much; but there were some, in which I could do more, and read four or five. This got me a little beforehand when I had to travel. At the Conference of 1830, I was a little back; but as I rose early, I accomplished the whole in the course of the year, in the midst of travelling, preaching, writing, and other employment.”

His pulpit exercises were now almost exclusively confined to “Occasional Sermons;” and among other places, he visited in the autumn, West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, where he was hospitably entertained by Mr. Charles Pinhorn. As he rarely spoke to any one in the vestry, before preaching, or even on his way to the house of God, it was not uncommon to see a crowd of persons waiting his descent from the pulpit to shake hands with him—one passing away to make room for others that pressed around him.

* See “Methodism as it Is,” Vol. I., p. 234; Appendix, No. 3, p. 634.

Towards the close of the year, he devoted part of his time in adding to his already collected materials for a second edition of the "Wesley Family," and had his collection enriched with various papers presented to him by Miss E. T. Tooth, and others.

On the 30th of December, he thus expressed his views and feelings on public affairs to the Rev. T. Smith, Classical Tutor of Masbro' College: "The year closing, 1831, has been to me the most eventful and trying of my life; without, fightings; and within, fears,—often unmingled with hopes. Yet, in the whole of its course, you have been present to my mind; and the welfare of yourself, your family, and your flock, have been the root and blossom of many a fervent desire. It seems that the agitation which is universal in the world, in relation to secular and political affairs, is only an external manifestation of that inward and personal agitation by which all individuals, of all society, whether religious or social, have been exercised. Danger, want, discontent, disease, disappointment, evil and foolish surmising, cruelty and oppression, have each got a separate personification; and with a fulness of purpose, and a fearful exertion of power, have pervaded all ranks, and are continuous in their exertions to confound, and ultimately destroy, all that is civil, social, and religious. I might have included murder in the above list, for such a tissue of domestic murders in a state, which one might say is more than civilised, has not so extensively stained the pages of any history. Vice, crime, and misery, increase; and genuine, sober, practical religion, does not, in my opinion—to use an American term—*progress*. If, through mercy, we cannot yet say, 'Abroad the sword devoureth,' we are obliged to acknowledge, 'At home there is death.' Our own country is far from being settled; and as for Ireland, I think there is every appearance either of a successful rebellion, or the extirpation of its inhabitants. A few men have frenzied the public mind, have the public conscience a keeping, and are incessant in instigating the people in their aggregate body of millions to deeds of darkness. Our nobility, *proh dolor!* have ceased to be wise, and our hierarchy seems to have committed a *felo de se*, and when the foundations are destroyed, what can the righteous do! Yet all may end well, if 'God rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm.' What wretched work against all religion and common sense at a famous chapel in London!* Oh, what is man, when God throws the reins of rational and religious restraint on the neck of the imagination! But that is only a slight symptom of the diseased state of general feeling. The Lord reigneth, be the earth never so unjust; and although clouds and darkness are round about him, yet righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

The feelings excited by a contemplation of the spirit of the times, were not much alleviated when carried into the circle in which he himself

* The chapel in which the Rev. E. Irving officiated, in which "strange tongues" were heard.

more immediately moved; being called upon to sympathise with the living, and lament the death of three of his friends in January, 1832,—Mr. William Baynes, Bookseller; the Rev. Thomas Roberts, M.A., Bristol; and Robert Scott, Esq., Pensford;—each of whom, which was no small stay to the soul, died in the full triumph of faith. Of Mr. Baynes, he was wont to say, that he knew a book, or a curiosity at a glance, without being acquainted with its exact character; that he had rarely ever found him deceived in his estimate of what he judged to be intrinsically good; and that his tact, as well as his laborious knowledge, served him, and made him the best old bookseller in London. On returning home, after praying with, and taking his leave of Mr. Baynes, he was overturned in the coach, near Harrow,—the night being foggy, and the coach without lamps. The coach was full of passengers outside, and had one more than the complement within. The whole of the luggage and outside passengers were projected into the ditch; the pole was broken, the windows smashed, and the coach side staved in. The Doctor was much trampled upon while in the coach, and lay about ten minutes, with three persons upon him, before he could be extricated from his perilous situation; after which he had to stand about an hour in the rain and the mud, before he could leave the place. He then took his carpet-bag in his hand, and walked from the “Swan” over the hill to Harrow, where he knocked at a door, and was refused admittance, though he gave his name; and thence to Pinner, where he met with kindness, and an open conveyance which took him to Haydon Hall. The next morning he received the tidings of Mr. Scott’s illness; and, shook and bruised as he was, took, at the earliest convenience, a coach for Bristol, and thence to Pensford, where he watched over his dying friend, till he entered the paradise of God.* He died in the eighty-fifth year of his age; and of his death, the Doctor remarked, “I would not have missed this sight for a great deal! I seemed to have gone thither in order to learn how to die.” While at Pensford, he was requested to preach the funeral sermon of his friend Mr. Roberts, but was unable, in consequence of a severe cold caught on the evening on which he was overturned in the coach.

Before he returned home, he had occasion to address a letter to his

* Mr. Scott invariably gave £100 per annum, for the support of the missionaries in the Zetland Isles, and £10 towards the erection of every new chapel, with various other helps. He left for the Mission also, £3,000 in the 3½ per cents., besides the following beneficences:—£1,000 General Wesleyan Missions; £1,000 Preachers’ Annuitant Fund; £1,000 British and Foreign Bible Society; £300 Naval and Military Society; £200 Strangers’ Friend Society, in London; £200 Baptist Missions; £200 Strangers’ Friend Society in Bath; £200 Hibernian Missionary Society; £200 Moravian Missionary Society; £200 London Missionary Society; £100 Tract Society, Bath; and £100 Tract Society, Bristol. The Doctor wrote from Pensford, immediately after Mr. Scott’s death, committing a paper to the biographer, respecting some legacies, which Mrs. Scott wished him to make a minute of, and which he wished to have preserved in case of further reference being needed.

Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, for the part which his Royal Highness had taken in the course of the preceding year, in stemming the torrent of political corruption, and availed himself of the anniversary of his Royal Highness's birthday for the purpose.

In the month of February, he received a pressing letter, signed by order and on behalf of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of New York, dated Dec. 23, 1831, inviting him to visit the continent of America, to assist in their Missionary labours, and in their Church assembly. He expressed, in his reply to Doctors and Messrs. J. Emory, B. Waugh, J. Bangs, T. Hall, and G. Suckley, his cordial good wishes for that rising state, and for the honour conferred upon him by the invitation; but regretted—though he had long waited for a Providential opening to visit America—that age, infirmity, and various engagements which he stood pledged to fulfil, prevented him from acceding to their wishes, as well as gratifying his own desires. Among other topics embraced in his letter of reply, he stated, “There is no danger so imminent, both to yourselves and to us, as departing from our original simplicity in spirit, in manners, and in our mode of worship. As the world is continually changing around us, we are liable to be affected by these changes. We think, in many cases, that we may please well-intentioned men better, and be more useful to them, by permitting many of the more innocent forms of the world to enter into the *church*; wherever we have done so, we have infallibly lost ground in the depth of our religion, and in its spirituality and unction. I would say to all, keep your doctrines and your discipline, not only in your church-books and society-rules, but preach the former without refining upon them—observe the latter without bending it to circumstances, or impairing its vigour by frivolous exceptions and partialities.”

He had a holy jealousy on this subject; and the following conversation, in a social party at which the writer was present, will develop more fully some of his views and feelings respecting it:—

Mr. Bromley.—“What was the Doctor's text this morning?”

Mr. S.—“This is a faithful saying,” &c.

Dr. C.—“Yes,” pleasantly, yet in the form of a quiet rebuke, “but not in the old way; the sermon bore no resemblance to your old, thread-bare common-place mode of preaching on the text.”

Mr. S.—“The congregation was very large, highly respectable, and there was strong feeling during the sermon.”

Dr. C.—“I thought once, they were all about to be converted.”

Mr. B.—“How does it happen, Doctor, that extraordinary and sudden conversions, are not so frequent among us as formerly? I scarcely ever hear of any good being done now under my ministry; and there was a time, when I rarely went out into the circuit without seeing souls converted to God; and I think I preach as well now as ever I did.”

Dr. C.—"I cannot tell what the reason is, but most assuredly something is radically wrong. You preach the truth, and preach it as well as ever. Perhaps the doctrine of the Witness of the Spirit, and that of Deliverance from all Sin, are not so insisted upon as they once were. If something were not materially wrong, God would not withhold success. I have perceived *one thing*—a visible study to bring the world into the Church: it appears in ornamented chapels, organs, &c. &c. I did not like the chanting of that solemn hymn, when I preached in —; it was aping a fallen Church. I know I am an old man, and may be accused of the petulance of age; but trust an old man for once: if we bring the world into the Church, we turn the Spirit out!" Here he quoted a very beautiful couplet, expressive of the experience and authority of age, which was answered by a couplet from Pope's *Homer*, by—

Mr. B.—

"Cool age advances, venerably wise,
Turns on all hands, its deep discerning eyes."

Dr. C.—"I do not wish to say you are a fallen Church; there is a redeeming principle in Methodism yet. My heart is with you; and when my spirit has passed away,—if God permits,—it shall return, and be a stirring spirit among you again. But it is evident there is a failure somewhere."

Mr. B.—With his hat in his hand,—“You must let me go, or before I reach home, I shall think I am going to be lost.”

Dr. C.—"And I will go to my bedside and pray that I may not be lost."

Mr. B.—"And so will I, Dr. Clarke. Farewell!"

Dr. Clarke was no croaker; but like an affectionate father, his love was mingled with holy fear.

Speaking of the agent of a friend of his, who had to draw £19,000 out of a concern, and of whom he entertained but an indifferent opinion, he remarked, "Mr. S. thinks, I dare say, that he can see the sun, moon, and seven stars, all clearly shining from the bottom of Mr. D., and letting in light from thence to his soul, and there is no shaking his confidence; but he will find him to be unsound to his cost."

The month of February was more than usually distinguished for correspondence, engagements, and introductions. Among other particulars that might be noticed, he renewed his acquaintance with Dr. Southey, the Poet Laureate,—attended a *levée* or *conversazione* of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, where he was introduced to the notice of, and had conversations with, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Chichester, Professor Lee, the famous *Ram mohun Row*, surrounded by foreign Ministers, lords, chief functionaries, learned foreigners, &c., and occupied different pulpits, in preaching occasional sermons.

Looking abroad on public affairs, he observed to the biographer,

March 9th, "The Reform Bill is still pending: it has not yet passed the lords, so far as I have heard; and I begin to entertain serious doubts, whether it will not again be thrown out by the lords. Then we shall have a change of Ministers, and every soul for the worse. Those we have now, are badgered by the unprincipled part of the Opposition—the borough-mongers and their creatures; so that we may well believe they (the Ministers) will be glad to back out of such miserable harness, and seek quiet and life elsewhere. I thought, however, it was a good omen to see at Kensington Palace the other evening, the chief of the bishops, such as Canterbury and London, and several of the Opposition Lords and Commons; as well as the Ministers, and several of their friends: and, by a CARD, which I received two days ago from His Royal Highness, I am invited to the palace to a similar meeting on the 24th instant, May 19th, and June 9th. The duke is well-known to be strongly on the Ministerial side; and, I say in my heart, would all these men, with opposite sentiments, meet thus together, to shake the hand of friendship, if still determined to continue opposed to each other on the great question?" In the course of this month, the Doctor, agreeably to a promise made to Dr. Hawes, preached a sermon in behalf of the Royal Humane Society, for which occasion City Road Chapel was obligingly lent by the trustees.

April 9th, he gave the following summary of some of his more public engagements: "The Missionary Secretaries are in want of help for their coming anniversary, and have come in the most earnest and affectionate manner to me, begging me to help them. I have at once submitted, though it is likely to throw work upon me, which I shall scarcely be able to bear. I had been previously engaged to Birmingham and Sheffield; I must now be at Birmingham on the 22nd and 23rd,—return back to London, for Queen Street, on the 27th, and Southwark on the 29th: then set off for Sheffield, where I must be May 5th and 6th; and get, if I can, to Belfast, or Donagadee on the 12th. I am in an indifferent state of health; and there is too much reason to believe, that all this travelling and preaching, coming so close together, will upset me." His journey to Birmingham, two services on the Sabbath-day, five hours at the public meeting on the Monday, travelling the whole of the Tuesday, and a two hours' walk in the rain to reach the coach, with intervening labour, but ill prepared him for the annual sermon at Great Queen Street, in the metropolis, on the Friday: there, however, he appeared, and a Divine unction attended the Word. On the Sunday, he was so much exhausted that he found it difficult to go through the service at Southwark. Connected with this service was the baptism of four children, one of whom was Susannah, the daughter of Dr. Beaumont, supposed to be the last child Dr. Clarke baptised in England. The sermon was not delivered with his usual freedom; but at the font, in his own language, "the remaining spark burnt out afresh." With a countenance, radiant with

inward light and hallowed feeling, and a strength of voice unheard in the sermon, he held up the child, with his eyes directed to heaven, saying, "We receive an immortal into the Church of Christ;" accompanying the same with an overwhelming address to the parents and to the audience. Though he said but little at the public meeting at Exeter Hall, the material of his speech was of such a character, that he was importuned by the secretaries to allow it to be published. His labours at Sheffield were exceedingly heavy—even distressing, but unusually beneficial.* He seemed, on the morning of the public breakfast, in Carver

* "Few, probably," says Montgomery, "are here now, who will not call to mind one who was in our midst, on the like occasion, last year,—one who, by his sermons from the pulpit on the Sabbath, his address at the public meeting on the Monday, and his farewell to the breakfast party next morning, most effectually served the cause which he was engaged to plead, by making those who were privileged to hear him determine to render their own services more effective thenceforward; witnessing, as they did, the zeal, faith, and love of that venerable disciple towards the close of his career.

"Who among us does not remember—nay, which of us can forget—the two discourses referred to?—the simple energy with which they were poured forth, the unction of the Holy One that accompanied them, and the devout feeling so interfused as to overpower the sense of admiration which the learning, the love, the transcendent ability displayed in the composition, were calculated to excite. Then his address to the meeting from this platform—standing as he did where your esteemed superintendent now sits, at my side—though uttered under the pressure of great bodily weakness—was hallowed throughout by such demonstration of the Spirit and of power, as to leave an imperishable recollection of its influence upon our minds; while, with patriarchal grace, he told the simple tale of his own early experience of the Gospel; and showed how it immediately constrained him to sally forth, boy as he was, among the mountains and valleys, to the hamlets and scattered huts, in the wild neighbourhood where he was born, with New Testament and Hymn-book in hand, preaching and praying, reading and singing, wherever he could collect a few peasants, or women and children about him, to hearken to his voice, or join with him in worship. The scene, too, after the breakfast in the adjacent vestry, I have been assured, (for my duty detained me elsewhere,) was most touching and impressive. He knew not how to give over, while from the fulness of his heart his mouth spake. His last words—of which more and more fell from his lips as he lingered in the room, and could not depart without again and again exhorting the company to diligence and fidelity in the service of the Lord,—those last words left a blessing behind which can never be taken away from those on whom it descended: even as Elijah, before he was carried up to heaven in the chariots of fire already waiting for him, may be supposed to have turned back and spread abroad his hands in benediction towards the sons of the prophets who tarried on the other side of Jordan, while he on whom his mantle was to fall, accompanied him to the farther side.

"Such was ADAM CLARKE, when we last beheld him. I must add, that he who, in his youth, had been the evangelist of his native district, in his old age became the apostle of the remotest isles of Britain's empire. It is a hundred years this very day—this 22nd of April—it is a hundred years precisely, since the ship from Copenhagen, which carried out the three missionaries to Greenland, came in sight of the shores of Shetland, but having no message of mercy to deliver there, 'passed by on the other side.' The time of their visitation might not have been come; and the man was not yet born, who was destined to bear the special message of salvation to the poor inhabitants of those forlorn regions. Years upon years rolled away, before ever he was called in the course of his long life to that missionary enterprize, when his brow already wore that earthly 'crown of glory—grey hairs found in the way of righteousness,'—of which the very appearance gave note that ere long he must change it for a 'crown of righteousness that fadeth not away.' In God's time, however, he was called thither and so faithful was he found in the ministry there, that, while the seas assail the rocks, and

Street vestry, as if beatified. On retiring, as he walked down the room, he was heard singing, and the last word that died upon the ear of the company was—"Hallelujah, hallelujah." From Sheffield, he proceeded to Bruerton and Stafford, at both of which places he preached; and from the former of which he started for Liverpool, May 18th, where he arrived on the same day, and entered on board the *Corsair* steam-packet, and sailed for Ireland,—arriving at Donaghadee at five o'clock next morning, after "a pleasant passage of fifteen hours." Though he was attacked with spasms at Liverpool, he was perfectly free when he reached Ireland; but otherwise extremely feeble.

Persecution raged at this time at Jamaica; in reference to which he remarked,—“I see that there is a flame kindled in our inheritance, and I feel that I am needed: the terms in which Mr. James speaks of my services, as he calls them, are affecting. I shall pocket and seal up all my causes of complaint; join myself even to the forlorn hope, at the front of the storming party, and mount the breach for the God of Armies in the defence of his people!” In this spirit of self-sacrifice he consecrated his remaining strength, mental and physical, to the advancement of the general work, the Zetland Missions, and the Irish Schools.

He continued at Donaghadee from May 19th to June 2nd; during which time he was able only to preach twice: once at Donaghadee, and once at Newton Ards. He observed to his friend, Mr. Forshaw,—“When I left Liverpool, I was poorly; I have since been very ill. You know when a man totters he may easily be thrown off his centre of gravity: I was tottering when I came here, and now I am thrown down.” He took cold, had a rheumatic seizure in his face, an attack of gout in the foot, and was seriously affected in his bowels. Medical aid was called in, and he was confined within doors, and partly to bed, in the house of the Rev. E. Harpur, where he observed, “Even angels could not show me greater kindness.” Having experienced a slight improvement, he proceeded to Belfast, June 2nd, and preached with great difficulty in the chapel, in Donegal Square, the day after. On the 4th, he took coach for Antrim, where he remained with his friend, the Rev. A. M.; to whose niece, Miss E. M. Loriman, he wrote on the 6th, from Coleraine: “You know pretty well in what state I was, when I left you yesterday morning; and it will not surprise you to hear, that I grew much worse on the way; indeed, I suffered much; and by the time I got to Ballymena, was scarcely able to proceed any further.” At Coleraine, he domiciled with his hospitable friend, Mr. M'Alwaine. But up to the 17th, he had to remark to the friend whom he left at Antrim;—“I have been laid up

the rocks repel the seas, on the coasts of Shetland, the name of Adam Clarke will be held in sacred remembrance, and that day be called blessed in its annals, on which it was first said, ‘How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!’”

ever since I came here, and have not yet even seen Port Stuart. Last night I received a dismal letter, written from the Swan Hotel, Birmingham, stating, that my son, Theo., who had come off to see me, and take me home, had been overturned in the coach : his right arm wounded, and his right thigh much bruised ; and that he is now at the above inn, and employed a person to write for him, as his wounded arm prevented him ! I wrote back by the same post, stating that I should set off immediately, and stop nowhere till I got over the channel. I cannot get off to-morrow, as unfortunately, there is no conveyance from this place to Belfast. I have been once out on the car, but worn out by the fatigue. I am far from fit to undertake such journeys and voyage. The packet that I wish to go by, sails on Tuesday at one o'clock : the other does not sail till Thursday." Though he had conversations with the teachers of his schools, he was unable to visit them in person : the accounts, however, were highly satisfactory. He insisted on the Bible being the grand school-book. He was averse to the Government plan of leaving the Bible out of the schools, which he considered to have been proposed merely to conciliate the Roman Catholics.

Such was his state of health, that he was able to occupy the pulpit only twice, while at Coleraine—on the 10th and 17th ; which place he left on the 20th, slept on his way at Antrim, and reached Belfast on the 21st. His inability to fulfil his mission in Ireland respecting the schools, the accident which had befallen his son, and his own sufferings and prostration of strength, combined with the desolating spread of the cholera, exercised an unusually painful influence upon his otherwise unflinching spirit, though he was still preserved from "dread." The latter, taken in connection with the disordered state of his bowels—naturally tender, as he once observed to the writer—led him to remark—a remark in which he felt a deep interest,—“I find that the cholera is got to Liverpool, and a universal terror has struck the hearts of the people : all have lost their confidence and courage, and consequently are more likely to receive than to resist the infection.” After a rough passage on board the *Chieftain* steam-vessel, with heavy rain and the wind right a-head, he reached Liverpool on the 22nd, when he crossed the Mersey, and took up his abode at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Forshaw. He should have preached on Sabbath 24th, but his disorder increasing, he “could neither walk nor stand.” Here he remained a few days, experiencing often much pain from the inflamed state of his foot, with his ear ever open to the dreadful ravages of the cholera ; observing, on one occasion,—“I have not strength to fly from the plague ; I resign myself to the Sovereign of heaven and earth ; He can keep me from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, as well as the destruction that wasteth at noonday.”

He left Mr. Forshaw's on the 30th, for Worcester ; stating, “In leaving Liverpool, I thought I had left the cholera behind me ; but when

I came to Chester, I found it had got there before me ; we drove on to Wrexham, and there also was the cholera. My lame foot I wrapt in a wad of straw ; it soon got very warm, and continued so the whole day, consequently, the intense jaculating pain was prevented." He reached the house of his son-in-law, Mr. James Rowley, about five o'clock, much exhausted ; and, July 2nd, arrived at Haydon Hall, where he heard of his son's (Theoderet) greatly improved state, and found the other part of the family in health. The change in his appearance made a deeply painful impression on the family.

July 6th, he wrote to the biographer, giving a detailed account of his journey and of his sufferings, evidently a memoriter transcript from his journal ; observing, " On reaching Worcester, I began to get increasingly unwell, took the coach for next morning at six o'clock, and got to Uxbridge at half-past five p.m. ; left the coach, and could get no other conveyance than a pony-chaise, without apron, foot-cloth, or cover ; was exposed to the evening air, got to Eastcott, became almost worse than I had yet been, with new complaints ; and here I lie, very helpless, but with the hope of getting better. During my whole stay at Coleraine, I was not able to do one stroke of work I went there to perform, but had incessant suffering from that to this hour. How mysterious is all this ! While at Liverpool, the friends pressed me much to attend the Conference. I believe they were quite sincere—and they begged me to stay while I was in the neighbourhood ; and I even thought of returning, but I think my health will not suffer me."

Though urged not to go to Conference by Mrs. Clarke, he observed afterwards, that he had duties yet to perform in reference to Shetland and the Irish Schools ; and besides, he earnestly wished to leave his testimony for God and Methodism once more in the midst of his brethren. That TESTIMONY was strikingly given to a friend, while at Conference, just one month before his death, and left, as if designed by Providence, as a monument of his faith and affection :

" *In perpetuam rei memoriam.* I have lived more than threescore years and ten ; I have travelled a good deal, by sea and by land ; I have conversed with and seen many people, in and from many different countries ; I have studied all the principal religious systems in the world ; I have read much, thought much, and reasoned much ; and the result is, I am persuaded of the simple, unadulterated truth of no book but the Bible ; and of the excellence of no system of religion but that contained in the Holy Scriptures ! and especially CHRISTIANITY, which is referred to in the Old Testament, and fully revealed in the New. And, while I think well of, and wish well to, all religious sects and parties, and especially to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, yet, from a long and thorough knowledge of the subject, I am led most conscientiously to

conclude, that Christianity itself, as existing among those called Wesleyan Methodists, is the purest, the safest, and that which is most to the glory of God and the benefit of man ; and that, both as to the creed there professed, form of discipline there established, and the consequent moral practice there vindicated. And I believe, that among them is to be found the best form and body of divinity that has ever existed in the Church of Christ, from the promulgation of Christianity to the present day. To him who would ask, ‘Dr. Clarke, are you not a bigot?’ without hesitation I would answer, ‘No, I am not; for, by the grace of God, I am a Methodist.’ Amen.—ADAM CLARKE.”

He only asserted for himself, in this strong language, what he ceded to others,—every man preferring his own religious community and creed to those of others ; thinking, however, “well of, and wishing well to,” other sections of the Christian Church.

Addressing another friend, July 25th, he observed, “It appears to me, that my public *work* is nearly done ; at least my *labour* must terminate. But I have the satisfaction to know, that I have not *rusted* out, but worn out. And there is a better satisfaction than even this,—that I have neither worked nor laboured in *vain*.”

He evidently had a presentiment of his approaching dissolution ; while at Coleraine, he settled all his affairs with the bank, relative to the schools ; and on the 27th of July, he delivered up the Shetland Mission to the Conference, which was to be received into the missions. He gave up also the £3,000 of his trusteeship for the Shetlands, which he held under the will of Robert Scott, Esq., and the £400 which he received from the Hon. Sophia Ward. These acts were closed by offering the Irish Schools to the School Committee.

A vote was passed unanimously, that he should preach before Conference, in place of the Ex-President, on Sunday morning, 29th. To this he strongly objected on the ground of health ; but a repetition of the vote, and the importunity of his brethren, overcame him. His text was Gal. vi. 15. There was a large attendance of preachers, and an overflowing congregation. He apologised for not being better prepared, having been absolutely forced into the pulpit. He proceeded in his usual perspicuous way, explaining that by the “circumcision” the Jews were meant, and by the “uncircumcision” the Gentiles,—comprehending the whole Gentile world. By the “new creature,” or, as it might have been translated, “new creation,” was meant the Christian dispensation, which he forcibly explained and enforced by embracing two parallel passages : the first exhibiting obedience to the commands of God ; the second, “the faith that works by love ;” the third the text—“a new creation.” While dwelling upon one portion of his second general division, he made such an impression upon his hearers as had been rarely witnessed, except under

his own ministry. He stated, that it was usual with the older divines, to distinguish faith into two parts,—the faith of *adherence*, and the faith of *assurance*. It was the opinion of some, that the faith of assurance had not been enjoyed since the apostolic age. In his own country, he remarked, it was reported, that peculiarly holy men once obtained it by agonising with God in prayer, but he could tell them that others than those in “olden times” had enjoyed it; that he himself, when a boy, wrestled with God in prayer for it; and that such was his agony of soul, that the spot on which he prayed, in the corner of a field, was like ploughed ground, when he rose from his knees. He further remarked, that he was no sooner converted to God—had no sooner become a “new creature”—than he went through the villages and hamlets, telling the people what God had done for his soul. The report got spread, continued he, that “little Adam Clarke had obtained the faith of assurance.” Here he burst forth in the most impassioned strain,—“Yes, glory be to God! *I had got it—and, what is more, I still have it.*” The manner in which he uttered these expressions produced an overwhelming, electrical effect upon the audience. This was, indeed, a blessed “testimony” before the Church—childhood and hoary age blending in the same person—the one only a short remove from the cradle, and the other within a month of the coffin; for, on the evening of that very day month—the Sabbath of God—forty minutes before the Sabbath was closed, the consecrating hand of his Maker was upon him, honouring him with a removal from one Sabbath to another, with scarcely a step between; to enjoy, in full fruition, on the evening of the same day in heaven, the Sabbath of which he had experienced a foretaste upon earth in the morning. The sermon, as a whole, was not first-rate; but, as an opinion had become prevalent, that the Doctor had felt a slight alienation of spirit, some short time, from his brethren, in consequence of the treatment he had received from certain quarters, the testimony which he bore on the subject of personal piety, and the melting tenderness with which he preached, dissipated every doubt, and seemed to bind all in the bond of love,—himself exhibiting the appearance of ripe fruit shaking from the tree, and about to be gathered into the garner of God. In this view, the sermon may be considered as important; and some of the materials embodied in it, as a key to the Doctor’s state of religious feeling, and the fine spirit which he breathed towards his ministerial brethren, and especially the ruling part of them.

Looking at the Doctor in the vestry of Brunswick Chapel, the biographer was deeply affected by his altered appearance: the venerable man perceived it; and in order to turn it off, grasped in his hand the front part of his waistcoat, which hung loosely round him, and said, “There was something here, which is not here now; but,” he added, while directing his eye downward, “I feel most for my legs, which have supported me so

long and so well: the one-half of them seems to have run away and left me."

At Mr. Comer's, at dinner, he seemed to catch the spirit which he displayed in the vestry, and was more than cheerful—even playful. The etymology of names being noticed: his own, he said, was no doubt from a *clerk*—a writer; "Mr. Clough's" continued he, "from a *dingle* or a *thicket*; and as for Mr. Taylor," looking across the table, and laughing, "if he had been the trade of his forefathers, he ought to have been elevated on a table, rather than by its side."

The writer having to leave for Manchester, the Doctor agreed to call upon him, August 1, on his way to Reddish House, Stockport; which he accordingly did, in company with the Rev. Benjamin Clough; when an engagement was made to spend the next day at Mr. Smith's in company with Mr. Bromley, Mr. J. Campion, of Whitby, and others.

Finding, as he expressed himself, that there was no "knotty business" likely to be brought before the Conference, he signified his wish to leave before the close of its sittings; assigning as a reason, not only his state of health, but the desire he had to be with his family during the ravages of the cholera. "God," said he, "is visiting this nation; he is visiting this town, which has become a place of death; he has long had a reckoning with us as a land: we are in the midst of disease; it is in the metropolis; my house will be filled with children; there is no barricading the house against the scourge; I must go and be with them." Let this be connected with a *now*, mysteriously singular, and almost prophetic remark, at Reddish House. The cholera was the subject of conversation; and the case of Mrs., wife of the Rev. J. Hickling, being mentioned, who had painful apprehensions of the disease, but was delivered in prayer, by the application of a text of Scripture to her, which she took as a revelation from God, confidently observing, that she would never be visited by the malady. A part of the text was uttered, and the remainder not being correctly quoted by the speaker, the Doctor being familiar with the passage, took it up, and said, "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee," &c. (Ps. xci.) The Doctor knowing the impositions which many well-meaning persons practise upon themselves, and being averse withal, to anything like daring confidence in a world where so many casualties are constantly turning up to endanger life—and evidently finding himself in the presence of an awful power—a tremendous scourge, in fact, which, from its mysterious movements, gave promise of security to no one person, in whatever place, season, or climate, and which God, without the least infringement on either justice or mercy, might employ as his marksman either in the church or in the world, said, "Mrs. H. may have such an impression, and she may believe she has been told so, but this I know, *that God hath not so spoken to me.*" This sentence, up to the time of his

death, was like a suspended blow—the hand being invisible that menaced it, and it was only afterwards, that its full weight was felt upon the spirits—reverencing it the while, and hearing in it the voice, and seeing in his death, the hand of HIM in whom he stood in awe, and of whose dispensations he beheld himself the legitimate subject.

Conversation was maintained, at intervals, with great readiness and cheerfulness, and the Doctor appeared rallying from previous languor. Speaking of the human constitution, its changes, and the *vis vitæ*, or principle of life, he entered largely into the subject, maintaining the principle of life to be the same in all creatures; and dexterously supported his position by an appeal to the writings of Moses, in his Notes on part of which he refers to the experiments of Dr. Hervey, subsequently improved by Dr. John Hunter, on the vitality of the blood—grounding the whole on, “The life of man is in his blood.” Mr. B. adverted to the Scriptural fact, that our life is hid with Christ in God, with a view apparently to elicit further remark, and supported McKnight’s view of the subject; to which the Doctor replied, “Our life, our *being* is hid with him, and preserved by him as the author and supporter of life: He has only to withdraw his hand and we instantly sink.” Then, recurring to the principle of life being the same in all, he laughed, and said,—“It must be so: it may be said of this, as the old philosopher, who wished to establish a point, said of nature—‘There is salt, sulphur, and mercury in everything.’”

The communication of Colonel Nichols being named, on the destruction of the Slave Trade, the Doctor—great an enemy as he was to slavery, yielded to the side of gradual emancipation; observing, “I was always for immediate emancipation, but the more I reflect on the subject, the more I am persuaded a just, slow, and sure emancipation is the best. The owners have a property in the slaves, such as it is, and we must be just before we are generous: the slaves want a preparation for liberty, and that will want a little time; and by doing it gradually, it will be sure, and therefore, more safe. I can answer all my former objections, and uproot all my former arguments.” Mr. B. urged immediate emancipation. “I say so too,” replied the Doctor, “if it can be done with safety and advantage to the slave; but of two *evils*, choose the least; of two *sins*, choose neither. Gradual emancipation appears to me the best; we do not gain what we wish by it; but we may as well have a mouse in the pot as no beef.”

The subject of the cholera being adverted to again, he said, “Some persons characterise it as an *epidemic* spreading over the face of a district, or a country; for my part, I am disposed to look upon it as coming immediately down from above, like a volume of miasma:” and then, pausing, asked, “If that volume were to come down upon this town and neighbourhood, who among us would be able to bear the tremendous pressure?”

Though without any “dread,” as he expressed himself, of the painful visitation, the tidings of its ravages, brought it frequently on the *tapis*; and he dwelt with tender interest on the death of the Rev. John Storry, who became a prey to its ravages.

The Doctor returned to Liverpool by way of Manchester, where the biographer left the carriage close by St. Peter’s Church—shook hands with him—and saw him for the last time, August 2, about four o’clock in the afternoon.

Having engaged, at the earnest solicitation of his son, the Rev. J. B. B. Clarke, to attend a public meeting at Frome, convened in aid of the District Visiting Society—a Society established through the instrumentality of his son, and patronised by all the constituted authorities of the town, the Marquis of Bath, the Earl of Cork, the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, the county representatives, and the clergy—the Doctor left the house of his friends Mr. and Mrs. Forshaw, Oakfield, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, for that place, taking Worcester on his way, where he spent a night with his daughter, Mrs. Rowley, and her family,—all of whom were well, though the cholera was within only a few doors of them. Next day he proceeded to Bath, and the day after to Frome; attending, in the latter instance, the public meeting, August 9, and preaching in behalf of the charity, in the Wesleyan Chapel, the Sabbath following;—grounding his discourse on Acts xiv. 22. From Frome he proceeded to Weston-super-Mare, with his son and family, where he domiciled with his old friends Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, of Bristol, who were there at the time for the benefit of the sea air. On Sunday morning, the 19th, he preached at Westbury. Several friends from Bristol were present on the occasion; and, among others, his brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Exley, who was high in his praise of the sermon, when relating the circumstance to the writer. The Doctor was unusually animated, and a special influence attended the service. Monday, 19th, he proceeded to Bath, and thence to London, accompanied by Mr. Exley’s son, who was to have accompanied him to Haydon Hall, to assist in arranging his philosophical and other apparatus, but was prevented from accomplishing the purpose proposed. Having slept at the house of his friend, Mr. Hobbs, Bayswater, and visited his son, Mr. Theodoret Clarke, and his daughters, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Hook, he left London, and reached his own house on the 22nd, about seven o’clock in the evening. Thursday and Friday, 23rd and 24th, are stated to have been devoted chiefly to the work of answering correspondents; the Shetland Mission and Irish Schools, occupying a due share of his attention. In family worship, he invariably referred to the cholera, by name, and prayed that the members might be preserved from its influence, and prepared for sudden death. Having engaged to preach at Bayswater on Sunday 26th, he left home on

the Saturday, in company with Mr. Hobbs, who had arranged to convey him to London in his chaise.

In the early part of the evening, on his arrival at Bayswater, he was much fatigued; and, as the evening advanced, was unusually languid. On the Rev. Thomas Stanley, who followed him soon after into a world of spirits, and still more suddenly, requesting him to fix a time for a charity sermon, he replied, "I am not well; I cannot fix a time; I must see what God is about to do with me." At supper, he was silent, and his languor seemed to increase; partaking only of a little boiled rice. From the time of his leaving Bristol, his bowels had been considerably affected, though free from pain, which was marked by him as somewhat unusual. He took some opening medicine, and retired to rest at an early hour; but the diarrhoea increased upon him in the course of the night; and he was up earlier than usual in the morning. At six o'clock, Mr. Hobbs was called up, and on coming down stairs, saw the Doctor dressed, and ready to proceed home; he said to his kind host,—“My dear fellow, you must get me home directly; without a miracle I could not preach; get me home,—I want to be home.” Mr. Hobbs, seeing his afflicted state, replied, “Indeed, Doctor, you are too ill to go home, you had better stay here; at any rate the gig is not fit for you, I will go and inquire for a post-chaise, if you are determined to return to Eastcott.” Mrs. Hobbs, Miss Hobbs, and Miss Everingham, were roused, and immediately at hand; but ere this, he had sunk into a chair, in a state of exhaustion. Finding him very cold, a fire was instantly lit, and the three ladies proceeded to rub his hands and forehead, and afford him all the sympathetic aid within reach, till Mr. Charles Greenly, of Chatham, arrived, who had come to town the preceding evening, and who had professionally attended the cholera hospital in that place. Mr. Hobbs, in the meantime, called in a medical gentleman in the neighbourhood; and both of the attendants pronounced the disease to be an attack of the cholera. He was too weak to be taken up-stairs, and was conveyed to bed in an adjoining room. The Doctor's sons, Mr. John and Mr. Theodoret Clarke, were sent for, and arrived shortly after, the former accompanied by his cousin, Mr. Thrasyacles Clarke, who had been many years a surgeon in His Majesty's Navy, and had frequently seen cases of cholera in the east. Dr. Wilson Philip was also sent for, who arrived about nine o'clock; and all the means which skill, experience, and attention could devise and employ, were used to arrest the progress of the disease—but in vain.

“My dear Doctor,” said Mr. Hobbs, with Christian tenderness, “you must put your soul into the hands of your God, and your trust in the merits of your Saviour.” The faint reply was—“I do—I do.” On the Doctor's illness being announced to the congregation, it produced a

most distressing sensation ; Mr. Thurston left the chapel, and hastened to the house of Mr. Hobbs, when, on finding in the midst of the hurry and alarm, that Mrs. Clarke had not been sent for, he immediately proceeded to Haydon Hall, and returned with Mrs. Clarke to Bayswater, a little before four o'clock in the afternoon. On entering the room, the Doctor feebly extended his hand toward her ; and on his daughter, Mrs. Hook, approaching him, he with equal feebleness opened his eyes, and strove to press his fingers on her hand. He spoke to his son Theodoret, in the morning, and asked, "Am I blue?" fully alive apparently to the disease, its symptoms, and effects. And at noon again, when his son was moving from the bed side, asked with apparent anxiety—"Are you going?"

In the language of Mrs. Smith, the Doctor's daughter, from whose deeply affecting account of his last moments these remarks have been chiefly borrowed, "Dr. Wilson Philip again visited him in the afternoon ; but Mr. Thrasycles Clarke and Mr. Greenly never left his room, nor relaxed their efforts to save a life they saw to be fast hastening away. The female members in this kind family forgot all personal risk in attending upon the affliction of one who to them had been so often the minister of peace. His two sons chafed his cold hands and feet frequently in the day, and often stepped behind his head to lift him higher on his pillow. Hope did not abandon them, nor could Mrs. Clarke be brought to believe that death had made a sure lodgment, and that life was fast sinking under his power.

"From the first Dr. Clarke appeared to suffer but little pain: the sickness did not last long, and a slight degree of spasm which succeeded it had all passed away before eleven o'clock in the forenoon: but there was a total prostration of strength, and difficulty of breathing, which, as night advanced, increased so much, and proved so distressing to Mrs. Clarke, that she was obliged to be removed into the adjoining room.

"A few minutes after eleven, Mr. Hobbs entered the room where she was sitting, and in deep distress said, 'I am sure, Mrs. Clarke, the Doctor is dying.' She passed with him once more into the sick chamber, and said, 'Surely, Mr. Hobbs, you are mistaken, Dr. Clarke breathes easier than he did just now ;' to which Mr. Hobbs, in strong emotion, replied, 'Yes ; but shorter.' At this moment Dr. Clarke heaved a sob, and his spirit went forth from earth to heaven !

"The heart knows its own bitterness ! but what can equal the anguish of that emotion which first tells the wife that she is a widow, and the children that they are fatherless ? They feel its pang once—to forget it no more !"

Just after the Doctor's death, Mrs. Smith, his daughter, found some quarto post paper, ruled, stitched, and covered, laid on the table, undisturbed,—such as he was accustomed to write his sermons upon, when

disposed to preserve them, as if he had intended to enter his views on the subject to which he purposed directing the attention of his hearers on the morning of the day on which he died, but was unable to proceed further than with the text;—which was legibly written out;—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live." John v. 25. In sure and certain hope of a resurrection unto eternal life, he lived; and as he lived, so he died, at twenty minutes after eleven o'clock at night, August 26, 1832, in the seventy-second year of his age.

The funeral of this venerable man took place in the burying-ground behind the Wesleyan chapel, City Road, London, on Wednesday, the 29th of August. The pulpit was covered with black cloth on the melancholy occasion. The hearse, which contained the body, accompanied by three mourning coaches, left the house of Mr. Hobbs, Bayswater, where he died, about twelve o'clock, and reached the chapel at one. By that time, though the day was exceedingly wet, and arrangements had been made to render the funeral strictly private, a great number of friends were assembled, waiting the arrival of the mournful procession.

The body, which had been closely soldered in a coffin of lead, on being taken from the hearse, was carried into the chapel, and rested near the door on supporters placed there to receive it. The Rev. Joseph Entwistle, who met the corpse, accompanied by all the preachers present, read the solemn service, and delivered a short address, which was concluded with prayer.

The grave in which the remains are interred, is next to the vault in which the ashes of Mr. Wesley moulder in repose. It is about twenty feet deep, and in ground never before used; the coffin resting on a foundation of brick and cement, and, to give height, the sides and ends secured with masonry.

When the body was consigned to the ground, all the relations were greatly affected; but none more so than Mr. John Wesley Clarke, Dr. Clarke's eldest son. In many parts of England, it is customary for the friends to drop a little earth upon the coffin. Guided by this custom, Mr. J. W. Clarke held out his hand, apparently to receive some earth. This being given, he squeezed it for a moment, then put it to his lips, as in the attitude of kissing it, and, immediately dropping it on the coffin, burst into tears. Unknown to the spectators, that piece of earth enclosed something more valuable than itself. Mr. J. Clarke, in the interim between the death and burial of his revered father, went to the separate members of the family, without apprising any one of his design, and cut a lock from the hair of his mother, brothers, and sisters, their children, &c.,—folded the whole in a small piece of paper,—had that paper in his hand, and as the day was wet, the mould enclosed it, as he

pressed it, and dropped it on the coffin ; an interesting instance of filial affection ! depositing a portion of himself and of the family, while yet living, in the tomb of a parent.

Funeral sermons were preached in several of the chapels on the occasion ; some of which were published, as those delivered by the Revs. Messrs. H. Moore, J. Beaumont, W. France, J. Anderson, W. Tranter, P. Garrett, &c.

The great Robert Hall died in 1831 ; but death, in the year 1832, reaped, during the first eight months, a still mightier harvest of the illustrious dead. Ere the close of September, European literature lost Goethe, Cuvier, Bentham, Mackintosh, Clarke, and Scott. Admired as Dr. Clarke was as a preacher, he was still more eminent as a biblical annotator and Scripture critic. His edition of the Bible, which has all the advantage of his vast Oriental learning, is a book of the highest reputation ; nor less esteemed, in its place, is his “ Bibliographical Dictionary ” for its immense labour and research. It is not too much to say, that he was admired by men of all religious denominations for his profound knowledge, and mild unassuming deportment.

His views on all doctrinal subjects were substantially one with *the body* ; and where any difference existed, they related to some abstruse points, on which it is folly to dogmatise, and still greater folly to cherish any ill feeling ; for truth, justice, and freedom will eventually triumph. The very same persons, at different periods of life, may see reason to change their views. It were sad, indeed, if study and experience did not at all operate to correct the crude speculations and imperfections of youth. Little good can be secured, by allowing the light to enter by a small aperture, limited and obscured by a creed. It is only by opening and exposing the mind to the full beams of eternal Truth, that the soul will be warmed and expanded, and made capable of reflecting its image in our ordinary deportment. Bigotry and arrogance seem to be qualities inseparable from ignorance. Every true friend of the human race will pray for the diffusion of that heavenly light which increases a love of the truth ; and, at the same time, enlarges and purifies the affections. It is a consolation to hope, that in the various processes of providence, defects will be supplied and imperfections removed ; and that the workings of the mind, and the circumstances in which we shall be placed, will conspire to produce perfect felicity.

The style of Dr. Clarke's preaching and writing, might not, on all occasions, please a fastidious taste and ear ; but he was a messenger of the Most High to *the people*, and wrote and spoke in language they understood and did not fail to feel. The approbation of a few hypercritical readers and hearers was, to him, less than nothing, in comparison with the devout emotions of thousands of hearts led to the Saviour : this was a source of supreme contentment to his mind, and the memorials of

his usefulness surround him now, and will, doubtless, increase so long as our language is known.

Concerning those who die in the faith of the Gospel, abundant sources of consolation open themselves to mourning survivors. The sounds of our lamentations may well be hushed by the voice from heaven;—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord—henceforth they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." The great lesson to be drawn from such afflictions, to the living, is—to prepare for an eternal re-union, by the aid of the grace which sustained and crowned them, to overcome even as they overcame, and are now at the right hand of the Father.

The departure of relatives, deepens the sadness of the mind; childhood and youth, and the domestic hearth encircled by joyous faces, cheerful by the promptings of joyous hearts, and the endeared parents, and the advices given, and the bright hopes cherished—all rise and pass before us, as the visions of past enchantments—as the paradise viewed from a bleak world, in which we once lived, but which we can no more enter: thus pensive and despairing our meditations might well be, had we no means of looking forward to the future for scenes of friendship, happiness, and perfection. But even the hope of the coming glory not only supports, but elevates the soul above the mists and turmoil of earth; and if mere hope can effect so much, who can pourtray, or even conceive, the transports, or rather the serene and boundless felicity of actual enjoyments! Christians, as they advance in years, gradually advance in their appreciation of the Gospel; experience detects and exposes the worthlessness of objects which once seemed valuable and so abated the force of piety; and experience also discovers the inability of mere earthly objects to yield satisfaction. During the lapse of years, friends drop into the grave, and new ones are not easily made; the pleasures arising from uncertainty, so exciting during the period of youth, diminish with advancing years, and then we seek for something stable, on which the eye and heart and affections may rest amid coming vicissitudes and afflictions, and the prospect of death, and the revelations of the unseen world: and the only rest which can be found, is in the simple truths of the Gospel!

APPENDIX.—I.

RULES OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY,

*Instituted at Manchester, September 23, 1803.**

IN *PHYSICA Causa* quærendi, in *ETHICA Ordo* vivendi, in *LOGICA Ratio*
intelligendi versatur.—ISIDOR.

Object of the Society :

1. To gain useful knowledge in order to diffuse it;—to cultivate Literature and Science in general, **POLEMIC POLITICS** and **POLEMIC DIVINITY** only excepted.

Number of Resident Members :

2. Not to exceed **THIRTY**; but to admit, on its own rules, corresponding Members to the amount of **FIFTY**.

3. **TWO SECRETARIES OF ARTS, &c.**, whose business is to register accounts of new discoveries in Arts and Sciences, curious facts in natural history, notices and explanations of antiquities, inscriptions, &c., and to write official letters on these subjects to corresponding Members.

Who may be admitted Members of this Society :

4. Scientific persons, of all religious sects and parties, (for Science knows nothing of religious divisions;) and as the Rules preclude all controversies on **RELIGION** and **POLITICS**, consequently that union and good understanding, which are essential to all institutions of this nature, can never be impaired, how different soever the religious tenets of the Members may be. But no person shall be admitted as a Member, who is not of an unblameable **MORAL** conduct; nor be continued as one after he has forfeited that character; as the Members of this Institution are of opinion, that no person can successfully cultivate those Sciences, the end

* In 1801 an Institution of a similar nature, under the same name, was established at Liverpool, between whose Members and those of this Society a Literary Intercourse is kept up.

of which is to promote piety towards God, and beneficence towards men, whose moral conduct is not conformed to the unchangeable principles of integrity and truth.

Conditions on which Members are admitted :

5. No person shall be admitted, either as a resident or corresponding Member, but on the following conditions:—1st, of his producing an ORIGINAL PAPER, on some question proposed by the Society ; or on some subject of his own choosing, immediately connected with the object of the Institution ; or, 2dly, an ORIGINAL TRANSLATION of some useful and important matter, taken from any of the dead or living languages, European or Asiatic ; or, 3dly, an EXTRACT from or EPITOME of some important and useful work, which is either too voluminous to be easily read, too scarce to be readily met with, or too dear to be purchased by the generality of readers.

N.B. RECENT Publications of every kind are excluded from the provision in this last Clause : ANCIENT, and COMPARATIVELY ANCIENT works shall alone be the subject of such epitomising or abridgement. No person is expected to produce a paper *previous* to his admission.

6. Each Member shall produce such a paper in his turn. The paper shall be read by its author, if a resident Member ; or if from a corresponding Member, shall be read by the Secretary, or the person to whom it is sent ; and if any person neglect to bring or send in his paper by the time appointed he shall forfeit 10s. 6d.

7. All corresponding Members shall furnish the Society with a paper at least every SIX MONTHS.

Mode of conducting Business :

8. As soon as a paper is read, the subject of it shall be freely and minutely discussed by the Society ; and each Member shall speak in his turn without interruption, once for all on that subject, unless by way of explanation. But in this, and all such cases, the President shall have power to prevent desultory and irrelevant conversation ; and to determine when enough has been said on the point.

9. One night each Month shall be devoted either to BIBLICAL CRITICISM, PHYSICO or ASTRO-THEOLOGY, or to EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

10. Two or more Members may write upon the same subject, and in matters of importance this shall be preferred ; 1. That the subject may be amply considered ; and 2. That the Members may have a greater opportunity for improvement, by having their talents called more frequently into action.

11. All papers, when revised and fairly transcribed by the authors, shall be deposited with the President, for the use of the Society.

12. Every three months, if found expedient, FIVE Members, chosen by ballot, shall be appointed as a Committee of Inspection, to examine said papers, and select from them such as they may deem of most importance; these papers shall be read at a meeting of the Society, and the opinion of the Members taken by ballot, relative to the propriety of their being made public. The papers not admitted after such inspection and reading, shall be returned to their authors; and no paper shall be published in the name of the Society without its consent; but the author, on his request, shall be permitted to publish it himself, should he think that the Society delays the publication too long.

Miscellaneous Regulations.

13. To carry the design of this Institution more effectually into practice, certain ARTISTS shall be chosen, who may be present at each Meeting of the Society; and who, hearing discussions concerning improvements in the mechanic Arts, Machines to be constructed, models and drawings to be made, shall be employed to make such models, plans, &c., as the Members shall devise for the exemplification of the principles laid down, but such artists shall not be bound by the rules which oblige the THIRTY resident Members to be constant in their attendance. The artists to be chosen also by ballot, and be subject to all Rules, &c., of the Society, in the same manner as the resident Members, only not be considered in the number of the THIRTY.

APPENDIX.—II.

DISREPUTABLE MINISTERIAL TREATMENT OF DR. CLARKE.

THE conduct of some of the Wesleyan Preachers towards Adam Clarke, led on by Jabez Bunting, was long matter of notoriety, as well as grief to his numerous friends; the party, seeking in various ways, to insult and degrade him, while living, and to detract from his merit when dead. A writer, in one of the Metropolitan journals, adverting to the subject, observes, "That not only was Adam Clarke the object of unjustifiable hostility, but the same party sought to insult and degrade his attached friends, two of whom were made to feel the exercise of their revengeful power, through the medium of the Conference, in 1849, by an unrighteous expulsion from the body." The reader will have perceived, in perusing the Memoir, that Adam Clarke was especially set apart for the ministry by the Rev. John Wesley, in a solemn manner, and so great was Mr. Wesley's regard for Mr. Clarke, then not more than twenty-two years of age, that he admitted him into full connexion after travelling as a preacher only eleven months. Mr. Wesley opened, and continued to the last few days of his life, a free, confiding, and important correspondence with him, which confirmed the latter in those noble principles of independence of action which he so eminently excelled in, and which so greatly aided his elevation in the estimation of Europe and the world; while this independence was, in no small degree, the terror of the growing power of the Bunting party of the Conference. John Wesley appointed Mr. Clarke one of his executors.

The year following Mr. Wesley's death, the Conference made its first attack on Mr. Clarke, as appears from a letter written by him to Henry Moore, his countryman and co-executor to Mr. Wesley's will. This letter is dated November 2, 1792, and its allusions are to the conduct of Dr. Whitehead, in reference to Mr. Wesley's MSS. Dr. Coke was then manager-general of the Conference, but was afterwards supplanted. Mr. Clarke thus proceeds;—

"When the late extraordinary address was carrying on by Dr. Coke and Mr. Pawson, I opposed it with all my might. I was flattered to accede to it;—this was in vain. I was threatened; this no way shook

my determination to oppose. I was then told, 'Your father has been a great expense to Kingswood, and this, if you continue to oppose, may be brought up against your feelings in such a way as you do not now know.' His father had by due authority been placed at Kingswood School, as a Tutor; and availing themselves of this, they hoped to bring him over to their views. The reply to this was, "What expense has my father been?" 'Oh! the Conference gave him fifty pounds.' 'Well, that shall not cause me to act against my judgment; and my father shall neither be beholden to you, nor to the Conference.' I went home, took a list of the best books I had in the world to two booksellers:—'What will you give me for these, ready money?' 'Forty pounds.' Porters were ordered, and my heart's blood was packed up and sent off. Next I sold some of my philosophical and astronomical instruments, which I had been collecting for years, and raised about ten pounds more by them. I then went and paid down to Mr. Whitfield fifty pounds on behalf of the Kingswood school. They were thunderstruck—confounded! They saw, and saw painfully, that, by the grace of God, I was incorruptible, and not to be turned from following the dictates of my conscience by threatening; and that a man in my case 'could swear to his own hurt and change not.' Were I with you I could make you weep; and freeze and thaw your blood. The books are gone, and some, too, of the best and the scarcest in Europe, which no money can replace. My Mary wept, and from my own strong eyes a reluctant tear now and then dropped! But it is passed, and by the grace of the Lord of the universe I still live independent of those parties who tried to inthral me."—*Vide Henry Moore's Life.*

Such conduct was discreditable to the parties. Adam's father had been placed at Kingswood as a tutor, by authority, as every way qualified to discharge the duties of the office, and the "fifty pounds" showed that he was worthy of the trust reposed in him. Why upbraid the son with that which belonged to the father, if even the latter had done wrong? Did they expect the father to discharge the office gratuitously? If he received a salary, it was what others had done who preceded him. And if the "fifty pounds" was extra, it was the more to his credit!

During the years 1806-1808, "Mr. Clarke regularly preached in all the different chapels in his then widely-extended circuit, besides engaging in much pastoral labour, visiting the sick, comforting the afflicted, &c. In the discharge of his duties, his health and strength suffered much injury." During these years he was subject to very great, but little known, or even suspected, pecuniary privations, which could not turn aside the stern integrity or the disinterestedness of his generous mind, as the following example will testify.

In the month of June, 1807, so great and important had been

Dr. Clarke's "gratuitous exertions in the British and Foreign Bible Society," that the committee of that Society, as has been seen, unanimously voted him the sum of £50. The following reply is copied from the original in Dr. Clarke's handwriting:—"With great respect and gratitude I return the £50 which have been kindly sent me by the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society. To no principle whence my services proceed, to no feeling of my heart can I reconcile the acceptance of the Society's bounty. What I have done was for the sake of God and his truth; and I feel myself greatly honoured in having a part in this blessed work. * * * God forbid that I should receive any of the Society's funds: let this money, therefore, return to its source, and if it be the instrument of carrying but one additional Bible to any place or family previously destitute of the words of eternal life, how much reason shall I have to thank God that it never became part of my property!"

In February, 1808, Dr. Clarke was engaged by the government in a commission on the public records of the kingdom. For some time he refused any remuneration for his services, until a remonstrance from the commissioners obliged him to receive an annual income much below the average given for such important services. We learn, from a letter written by the secretary to the commissioners to Mr. Clarke (the original of which is now on the table), that the Doctor afterwards relinquished £50 a-year of this limited sum, that so much might be added to the income of one of his assistants. Methodist preachers of the present day, although now well and regularly paid, exemplify no such liberality, but rather the contrary, especially in the *Mission House*, where Dr. Clarke's small friend—Dr. Bunting—sat supreme in "easy circumstances," with Mr. Hoole to relieve him of labour. (See "*Methodism as It Is*," vol. i., p. 197.)

In the summer of 1808, Dr. Clarke was appointed principal librarian of the Surrey Institution. This office he faithfully served one year, and then resigned from a conviction of the evil effects the secular duties were likely to have upon his heart and mind—a fear apparently unfelt in the Mission-House. He refused any remuneration for his services. To attend to the duties of this office, the Doctor had to discontinue week-evening preaching, and, in consequence, he refused to accept more than half his ministerial stipend, this being then the only means he had of subsistence for himself and family, and for more than a year *he had not received any of this!* The pecuniary privations he was subject to on this account are referred to in an unpublished letter of Dr. Clarke, bearing date, April 26, 1809. He says: "I have no doubt Mrs. ——'s is a case of real distress, and I should be glad to help her, but when you hear that I have not received one *groat* since last Conference from any quarter, and that we have been obliged to borrow money to get food, you will perceive *I can do nothing*. According to my promise to my brethren

I have relinquished all sources of support, and they have been so perfectly kind and considerate as to leave me without a penny, when, to *please them*, I sacrificed £600 per annum during life. Yet God is sufficient, and I must trust in him alone." Do Methodist preachers of the present day give up place and pension worth £600 a-year, to "please their brethren" and remain in the ministry? Jabez Bunting is represented as giving up lucrative prospects, which he never had, nor was likely ever to enjoy, with a view to elevate his character; but he is sadly dwarfed when placed by the side of the man whom he sought to degrade. (See "Methodism as It Is," vol. ii., p. 409—411.)

The original prospectus of Dr. Clarke's Commentary is open on the table, and is dated June 12, 1810. Soon as it appeared a meeting of the Methodist Book Committee required Mr. Benson to draw up a prospectus announcing another Commentary, to be published in parts, the same as Dr. Clarke's—to be the same size, price, type and paper as Dr. Clarke's; the first part to appear immediately. Without asking Mr. Benson if he felt qualified for the task, he was told by the dominant party that he must do it, and that all the weight and influence of Conference would be at once given to the new Commentary, and all the preachers were urged to promote its sale. Efforts were made to bring out the first part before Dr. Clarke's; so that "the Society" might commence subscribing to the Conference Commentary before the prior-announced and legitimate original work could get out of the printer's hands. There is evidence of the mischief produced by this dictatorial conduct of the Conference in the various circuits, but which is withheld for the present. But a word on the issue of all this. Did the Conference compensate Mr. Benson for his ready submission to write against an equally pious but more learned brother? Ask his pious son, the Rev. Samuel Benson, chaplain of St. Saviour's, Southwark.

If he, through modesty, throws a veil over the sad picture, we can answer from his own mother's (Mrs. Benson's) letters—carefully preserved—can show that the family suffered privations to which the preachers' families of modern times could scarce give credence. How fared Dr. Clarke and his commentary? Let Mr. Tegg and Mr. John Mason compare ledgers, and then give the answer. Every bookseller in England and America can answer this question. Persecution is the best recommendation of a good work; hence Clarke's Commentary is found wherever the English language is known; while the other, being chiefly a compilation, can scarcely live in England with the aid of ill-designed though well-executed pictures to recommend it. Clarke's "Commentary," when revised for a new edition, was offered to the Methodist Book Committee. This infallible corporation would not reprint certain sentiments the "Commentary" contained, and so declined the offer. The family of Dr. Clarke proposed to omit from the notes every line the Conference

objected to, but, in the terms of a note, copied from the book-room journal, they still declined to purchase. The copyright was then offered to Mr. Tegg, by Mr. Everett, commissioned by the Doctor, when Mr. Tegg, with his usual liberality, bought it at once—giving £2,000 for the copyright, and before he died, had realised by the sale of the work the princely sum of £30,000. The Bunting party in Methodism know this, and yet they tell the “people called Methodists,” in their published Minutes annually, how anxiously they labour to get profits “for the spread of the Gospel.” Do they publish an account of the appropriation of the profits of the book concern? Is it true, that this petty tyranny of the “dominant party” has not yet permitted a copy of Dr. Clarke’s “Commentary” to find its way into the library of the Didsbury Theological Institution? Let the librarian answer;—for it is well known, that John Hannah, the Theological Tutor, has been heard, with a view to show his superior wisdom, to speak disparagingly of the work; so that if found on the shelves, it will not be there by his consent. Jabez Bunting had, by this time, become a power in the Book Committee, and the more effectually to preserve Dr. Clarke’s Commentary in the back ground, urged, some time after this, Mr. Watson to undertake one, but this project failed, as Mr. W. only lived long enough to finish one volume, showing, as in his “Institutes”—both excellent—a great deal of borrowed learning.

In January, 1819, Dr. Clarke wrote a letter to the missionary secretaries to report the progress in education, &c., made by the priests who had been placed under his care by the committee. The following is a copy of the letter (*vide* “Methodist Magazine,” March, 1819). In the June number of the same Magazine are found two pages of unjust and bitter strictures on Dr. Clarke’s letter. In the July number of the same work is a brief, formal objection taken by the missionary secretaries to the above strictures against Dr. Clarke’s veracity and moral character; and in the August number the same officials prevail upon the editor to publish more than seven pages of very formal “remarks” on the above-named strictures. In the same month sat the Conference at Bristol, whence a correspondence issued with Dr. Clarke at Millbrook, which has never been published except by reading the letters in Conference. The first consists of two resolutions. The first resolution is—“That in future the editor of our Magazine, before he insert in that work any communication which involves the character, opinions, or writings of any preacher, or the general interests of the Connexion, shall have the consent of the majority of the Book Committee.” The second resolution assures Dr. C. of the “affectionate respect of their body,” and invites him to the next Conference. The clause in the second resolution, relating to Dr. Clarke’s opinion on the Sonship, is written, notwithstanding the accompaniment of “affectionate respect” with undeserved keenness and severity, and

shows the "hand of Esau" to be in it. The Doctor's reply must have been sensibly felt. The Conference letter is signed, "Jonathan Crowther, President; Jabez Bunting, Secretary." The president probably signed the letter innocently enough, but who will undertake to say as much for the secretary?

Turn now to Dr. Clarke's reply, dated August 5. The following extracts are not garbled: "The editor has, it seems, published hitherto what he pleased (in the Magazine), and as no censure is placed upon the late unprincipled conduct of that Magazine and its publishers, I am left to seek redress where it may promise to be found. For the sake of *continued union* with my brethren, I have, without one sigh, sacrificed not only honours, but thousands of gold and silver. I believe they have in general deeply felt the unchristian usage I have received, not only of late, but for some years past, through the medium of the Magazine; and if I have ever fallen in the opinion of any of them, it was in consequence of my bearing silently such unjustifiable attacks when the means of repulsion were amply in my own power." Here follows, in Dr. Clarke's letter, the appeal which has been alluded to, which is thus summed up:—"If the Conference thinks proper to *record* the blackening clause already referred to, I beg the favour of being speedily informed of it, as in that case I shall be obliged to make a communication to the brethren, of some importance to myself, before they close their sittings." Will the reader find it difficult to premise what was the nature of this communication? If he does, he can be told.

Methodism could ill spare Dr. Clarke at that time. On this subject there is much to say, suggested by the honourable mention of the doctor in the lately published "Life of the First Viscount Sidmouth," relating to which, the unpublished letters of Lord Sidmouth (at that time the first Minister of the Crown) to Dr. Clarke, reveal some facts of singular interest to Methodism, which have an important bearing on the point now considered, but which is omitted at present. Had Dr. Clarke felt the iron hand of tyranny and despotism, swayed by the Bunting party, then in the plenitude of its power, when he wrote the above letter to the Conference, after thirty-eight years' active service as a Methodist preacher? But the worst is not told yet. The Conference reply to the Doctor's letter, dated Aug. 6, was signed in the same way as the former letter. It was as cruel in sentiment as it was dictatorial in expression. That it in no way met the wishes of the deeply grieved, insulted, and innocent Doctor, will be seen from the following extract from his second reply to the President of the Conference. It is dated Millbrook, August 9. He proceeds: "I now call upon the brethren through you, Sir, their present head under God, to do me justice against the act of the publisher or publishers, of a certain letter printed in a late number of the 'Methodist Magazine,' because

among other reprehensible things, that letter contains insinuations grossly prejudicial to my moral character. What *you* have done by a recent vote, does not embrace or touch my case, though it ought to have done it most pointedly, but it is merely intended to prevent a recurrence of such dangerous conduct in reference to others; but the injury to a brother who loves you is entirely passed by, and no solemn vote of the Conference condemns the outrage done to him; but the public, who do not know him, are left to suppose that he is 'ignorant of the moral state of the nation; can neglect the interests of his country; sit in his study and write lies in favour of missions.' I demand no punishment to be inflicted on the writer of these sentiments; none on the publisher or publishers of his letter. I leave them to the Judge of all the Earth; but I do demand, as a member of the Methodist body, a positive vote of censure on that letter. This need not take up five minutes of the time of Conference; and if this be not done, the good sense and feeling of the brethren will at once perceive what the alternative must be."

By the kind consideration of an ex-president of the Conference, a supplemental letter of Dr. Clarke, more pointed than even the foregoing, is in possession. If needs be the correspondence can be published *in extenso*, with notes, critical and descriptive, by a preacher who was present at the Bristol Conference in 1819.

For years, these facts had been known to many of the preachers; but to the dominant party, which had so long ruled supreme, they had no warning voice. Now the "people called Methodists" must know them. Tyranny and persecution continued as rampant and unsparing as ever, even towards senior preachers of the body, who had most faithfully laboured to maintain the spiritual character of Methodism against the secularizing influences of localised rulers. These persecutions, since the death of Dr. Coke, had but one source, and were found so severe, that the vitality of Methodism was threatened by them—the timid were awed almost to death by them—and thousands dared not open their lips against the power exercised without mercy by their rulers. "Let the Manchester laymen," one observes, "or the score itinerant preachers (so called) who had been so long snugly housed in the metropolitan preserves, disprove the statements, if they can. Unless this tyranny be broken by the people or the legislature, it will break up Methodism. How many preachers' sons of the Methodists have now livings in the Church of England? The president and secretary of the late Conference can both answer this question, and also give the reason, no doubt, why their sons have not submitted their necks to the yoke of their fathers. But allow a word more about the venerable Adam Clarke."

When seventy summers had silvered the head of Dr. Clarke, he naturally sought for more easy employment than had fallen to his lot during so long a life of Herculean labours; commenced too early in life

for himself, and closed, alas! too soon for the church and the world. He had often expressed a strong objection to being put down as a supernumerary; this went for nothing in Conference—the ruling power must be absolute—Dr. Clarke was “put down.” Open at p. 310, vol. iii., of Dr. Clarke’s “Family Life.” In a letter there, he says: “I feel that I have been ill-used in that work which God called me to, and which Mr. Wesley, with his own hands, confirmed me in,—by their (the Conference) setting me down for a supernumerary against remonstrances made to the president himself, Mr. G. Marsden. When I found how it was, without opening the paper containing the usual annuity given to the superannuated preachers on their becoming such, I returned it immediately, and told Mr. Stanley not to enter my name on the next preachers’ plan.” Is it to be thought that Dr. Clarke knew not by whom, and from what motive it was, he was put down? On this subject, evidence in the Doctor’s handwriting, dated only eighteen days before his death, which has never yet been published, and was originally confided to a friend of the senior missionary secretary’s, is still available.

Time fails at present to tell of half the acts of tyranny shown towards Dr. Clarke by the Conference, from the date of Mr. Wesley’s death. There are many unpublished letters and documents in possession, kindly lent or sent, by Methodist preachers of sixty, fifty, forty, thirty, and twenty years’ standing in the Connexion, some of which would make a strong man of sensibility shudder were he to read how the Doctor was persecuted, because he refused to be a party to, or to sanction the doings of the “Bunting-upon-Coke” government, without once writing a line in reply. It is certain, however, that they will not always be unpublished documents. There is a sad chapter yet to be published, of perverseness, tyranny, and persecution shown to the memory of that truly great man and profound scholar, since his death, as well as to the greater part of his endeared personal friends, which has not been noticed.

Turn to the “Methodist Magazine” for February and March, 1833; read there the review of Dr. Clarke’s life by the book-room editor, (the Rev. Thomas Jackson, President,) the literary mouthpiece of the Conference; then say if he has any “bowels of mercy” towards a man whom he nevertheless denominates, at page 213, “one of the most distinguished scholars of his age.” If wiser men had not so called Dr. Clarke before the reviewer, the world would not receive his testimony after reading his review. Did George Osborn ever happen to open the “Methodist Magazine” at the page and year named, before that young aspirant after place wrote his attack on the unsullied purity of Dr. Clarke’s memory? There is in hand a 96-pounder full charged in reply to that young man’s petty impertinence in a number of the *Watchman*. Why do not the preachers read early Methodism?

How fared the unflinching and stern friend of Adam Clarke, Mr. S.

Drew, when in the hands of the same Conference editor? Open at page 361 of the "Imperial Magazine" for 1834; read the letter there; then ask if the officials of the Methodist Conference ever attacked the memory of Dr. C. in the person of his friend Drew?

Some of these instances of unkindness to unoffending worth have been noticed in the Memoir; but here they are more expanded, with additional light thrown upon them; and they are grouped together, the more deeply to impress the mind of the reader with the strength of Dr. Clarke's attachment to John Wesley's Methodism, and his unwavering endeavours to promote its interests, while suffering from some of his brethren.

One of the worst cases, perhaps the worst, is the conduct of the BOOK-COMMITTEE towards him, in reference to the "WESLEY FAMILY," which has been partly noticed in the Memoir, but not fully brought out, in mercy to the wrong-doers and their prime instigator—JABEZ BUNTING: the case, however, is more largely dealt with, in "Methodism as It Is," vol. i. p. 116—118.

Mr. Thomas Marriott took a deep interest in the publication of "THE WESLEY FAMILY," and rendered good service to Dr. Clarke in its composition, by furnishing him with valuable materials to work upon, all of which the present biographer has bound up in an interleaved copy of the first edition, showing the superior value of the second over its predecessor. Mr. Marriott felt highly indignant at the conduct of the Committee—the men themselves, apparently deeply *conscious* of *wrong-doing*, and not a little *ashamed* of it, having to resort to duplicity and prevarication, if not to direct *falsehood*, to put a decent face upon their conduct when accidentally brought to light. The writer has a large correspondence between himself, Mr. Marriott, and Dr. Clarke on the subject, part of which, will sufficiently confirm the truth of the statements as they stand in the pages of "Methodism as it is," and which are here recorded, to be handed down to posterity with a portrayal of Adam Clarke.

In a letter of Dr. Clarke to the present writer, on the general subject, he observes, "I shall send them (the Papers of the Wesley Family) to the Book Committee to be disposed of as they think proper." He adds, in reference to the *first* edition, having given the Committee power to do with the MS. what they thought proper,—“they left out many things which I should have left in,” and other things “were changed.” “The work was mostly printed off while I was working in Scotland and Ireland. I am busy with a second edition, which will be a noble book in 2 vols.” March 11, 1824.

The conduct of the members of the Committee was such, as would have disgraced mere men of the world. This is a serious charge; but the Secretary is cited to support it.

“TO THE REV. ADAM CLARKE, LL.D.

“SIR,—I am directed by the Book Committee to transmit to you the following Resolution—‘That Dr. Adam Clarke be respectfully requested to accept 30 copies of his Memoirs of the Wesley Family, together with the grateful acknowledgment of the Committee acting on behalf of the Conference, for the very satisfactory manner in which he has brought that work to its completion, and for the liberality with which he has acted toward the Connexion in this business.—I am, Sir, yours very respectfully,
RD. WADDY, Secretary.’”

As a return to the Doctor for his literary toil, and a proof of the genuineness of their “*grateful acknowledgment*” of his “*liberality*,” they compliment him with “30 copies” of the work drawn out of its vast profits, crowning the whole with an expression of the pleasurable emotion felt at the “*satisfactory manner*” in which the work had been completed, and the entire “*business*” had been prosecuted and closed. To show the completeness of their *satisfaction*, as well as the sincerity and amount of their *gratitude*, they no sooner obtained the work, than they began, in the esteem of the author and donor, to mutilate it, by leaving “*many things*” out which he would have retained, and “*changing others*,” which ought to have remained as they were! What a mortification to an author, already in favour with the public! And who composed the board around which the critics sat? Go at once to the head,—the man, who, at least, considered himself such. Just a little before the date of Dr. Clarke’s letter of March 11, 1824, at a time when the biographer was in London, the warehouse of the Book-room, 14, City-Road, was relieved of a quantity of “*dead-stock*,” the accumulation of years. Among some tons, sold as *waste paper*, was to be found JABEZ BUNTING’S maiden sermon on “I am doing a great work,” preached before the teachers and children of Sabbath Schools, Reece’s “*Martyrology*,” &c. &c. ; but none of Adam Clarke’s works were to be found among the *waste* !

Dr. Clarke having reason to believe, that the *first* edition of the “Wesley Family” was sold, presented a second edition, greatly enlarged, (which was afterwards published in his “*Miscellaneous Works*,” by Tegg) in the same handsome way as the first, which was thus acknowledged—

“14, City Road, 13th Jan., 1829.

“THE REV. A. CLARKE.

“DEAR SIR,—Your letter proposing the publication of a second edition to the ‘Wesley Family,’ in 2 vols., octavo, was laid before the Book Committee, and I am directed to transmit to you the following Resolution, viz. :—‘That a respectful and affectionate letter be addressed to Dr. Clarke, informing him that part of the first edition is not yet sold

off; but the Committee hope that at some *future period*, a new edition will be called for, when it will afford them pleasure to see before the public the *additions* and *improvements* referred to in his letter.—I am, dear Sir, very respectfully,

RD. WADDY, Secretary."

On the fly-leaf of the letter in which the Doctor transmitted a copy of the letter to his friend, Thomas Marriott, Esq., and which was transmitted by the latter to the biographer, he wrote as follows:—"Dear Mr. Marriott, I have received this letter [the above] by this post. Do you know what the *intent* may be? *You* inquired about the sale of the Wesley Lives, and you were told 'it is entirely out of print, and there was not a copy to be had at the Book-room.' Mr. Loutit went and enquired, and he was told the same story. He went to the shop in P.N.R. [Paternoster Row] and inquired, and they said there were only about three copies left. What, then am I to understand by this official letter?—Yours truly,

A. CLARKE."

This letter will be found p. 183 of this volume.

What is to be thought of the sincerity of men, who profess to address a "*respectful* and *affectionate*" letter to a highly respectable brother-minister, who had laid the body to which they belonged, and from which they derived their support, under serious obligation,—who left the man in such a position, after his generous offer, as to deprive him of any advantage to be reaped from the work, by publishing it himself,—and who, rather than allow the flock to be fed with "knowledge and understanding," would, in the exercise of unchristian and unbrotherly feeling, place an interdict on its appearance? They prevented, as far as they had it in their power, the "*future period*" from ever arriving, which they expressed a "*hope*" they should see, and which would "*afford them*" so much "*pleasure!*" There was no "let or hindrance," except in themselves, to exercise the brightest "*hope*," and satiate themselves with "pleasure" of the purest kind—"the luxury of doing good." The *first* edition was out of the *market*—a *second* edition was *wanted*—that, itself, was in their hand—and there was no *lack of funds*, to prevent it from being put to *press!* And look at the trick resorted to, in order to prevent the appearance of a lie, and as though conscience could be preserved pure in the sight of God in the midst of such duplicity and *un-*"brotherly kindness;"—they keep "two or three copies" on the *shelf*, to enable them to say to the Doctor that the first edition is not sold off, and *retain* them there for the purpose of keeping a second edition out of the market! We are reminded, in the exercise of such conduct, of a remark by Southey:—"There is a species of falsehood which consists in nothing but truth, but by telling a part of the truth, producing all the effects of *falsehood*." (Letters, vol. ii., p. 302.) Such was the respect of these devout men,

towards a ministerial brother and benefactor. In all these meetings, Dr. Bunting, who had them packed with his nominees, friends, and supporters, and who themselves gained an influence, and somewhat of respectability, by their elevation, could, at any time, command a majority, for or against, any man or measure he pleased.

A sketch of the character of Mr. THOMAS MARRIOTT, who was so indignant at the conduct of the Book Committee, and who was so anxious to see the second edition of the "Wesley Family" published, was given to the public, in the "Wesleyan Times," of March 26, 1866, drawn up by Mr. John Middleton Hare, the writer of "RETROSPECTIVE GLANCES" of successive Wesleyan Conferences, in the columns of the same Journal. The Sketch closes with,—“Although till death he was Treasurer of the General Chapel Fund, and Member of the Committee of Privileges, we do not find his name on the Missionary Committee. An old Methodist, who knew him well, and visited him in his later days, declared him to be displeased with Dr. Bunting's proceedings. He was a constant reader of the 'Wesleyan Times' in order to see what was going on ; but, as he said, he did not confess the fact to everybody. 'I am too old to contend,' he observed to one of his friends. 'My friends are nearly all preachers, or preachers' men ; and I should not like to be forsaken or abused, which would inevitably follow, were I to declare my real sentiments.'” In these remarks there was a reference to the disruption of 1849, its antecedents, and effects, when the despotic character of Dr. Bunting reached its acme, and the Conference was condemned by the British Public, civil and religious, for the unrighteous expulsion of three of its Ministers.

Mr. Marriott's position in life—the time he devoted to the interests of the Connexion, especially the Chapels, and his annual subscriptions to the Missionary, and other Funds, entitled him to a place on the MISSIONARY COMMITTEE ;—but, but—he would have had a *voice* in that Committee on Missionary affairs, against the management of which there were so many complaints, and in which Dr. Bunting was deeply implicated ;—he was also an exact man, and as the wise man's eyes are in his head, it was proper that he should be kept in the outer circle, so far at Missionary matters were concerned ; and besides, he was the known, attached friend of Dr. Clarke. This, with Jabez, settled the business. He had not only given full proof of his love to the Missionary cause for a series of years, during life, but left £10,000 to the Missionary Fund at his death. Mr. Marriott gave proof too, that he not only loved Dr. Clarke, but the Doctor's friends, having, according to the writer of the Sketch, “left, among other bequests, £100 to James Everett, an old friend” of his own, as well as of Dr. Clarke.

The Book Committee, not only prevented an augmentation of the profits arising from the sale of Dr. Clarke's works, through the influence

and unjustifiable prejudice of Dr. Bunting, but lavished its wealth on Dr. Bunting's favourite—Richard Watson. Dr. Beaumont, in the latter case, as a member of the Committee, said, "I deem it incumbent upon me to protest against the decision of the Book Committee in the bargain made by it for the papers left by Mr. Watson, as it recognises principles which never were, and which I hope never will be, admitted and sanctioned in the Connexion; as not leaving to the Conference the power of a veto even upon a transaction in which all its Members are essentially and equally concerned; as a partial and extravagant expenditure of a large amount (£2,000) of public money, the return of which, in clear profit for a long time to come is not even probable; and as diverting to the benefit of individuals that money which ought to have been employed in carrying on the triumph of the Gospel among our home population—contrary to all our oft-repeated professions, and to the spirit and genius and practice of Methodism, whose object, aim, and vocation are, not to take care of particular persons, but to spread Scriptural Christianity throughout the land." (See "Methodism as It Is," vol. i., p. 119.)

Dr. Clarke was not only pursued in this Committee, by the insatiable spirit of envy, for a course of years during life, but it was found in active operation after his death, on the Committee objecting to the erection of a monument to his memory in Ireland, objecting to give countenance to it even so much as by advertisement. Dr. Beaumont also lifted up his voice on this as on other occasions,—saying "Having, as a member of the Book Committee, been called to consider some subjects of general interest, and disapproving as I do, on public grounds, of the decisions upon them which have been adopted, I have no alternative left me but to lay my dissent before those whose duty it is to approve or condemn the act which I deplore, as wrong in principle, and injurious in effect. The Rejection by the Advertising Committee of the Advertisement of a Monument to Dr. Clarke, I object to, as an infringement on the principles of justice and liberty, whilst the reasons on which that objection is said to be grounded are, in my opinion, frivolous and vexatious, irrelevant and inadequate, calculated to create an impression on the public mind highly injurious to the character of Dr. Clarke, or dishonourable to the Committee; nor can it, I humbly conceive, consist with the welfare of the Body, that the absolute disposal of such an application should be committed to a small knot of men, since it is possible that it may be composed entirely, or for the most part, of persons who, from prejudice and other overshadowing causes, may be incapacitated to deal with it fairly and properly."

The spirit manifested in this case, is in perfect keeping with the past. The reader has seen from the Memoir, vol. ii., p. 188, that Dr. Clarke, while resident at Millbrook, built a chapel, at his own cost, in a neigh-

bourhood in which was a large, poor, Roman Catholic population, out of which were formed a congregation, a Christian Society, and a Sabbath School. On leaving Millbrook, he offered it for ever to the Conference, on condition only that they would be at the expense of the writings: this was refused. When he thought of selling the estate, he reserved a piece of ground for the purpose of erecting a chapel upon it, in the place of the one referred to; and this he actually did. On the event of the building ever being shut up, he had made provision for seats, pews, and pulpit to be delivered up to another Methodist Chapel. But the envy and jealousy which had so long pursued him, occasioned this boon to be rejected, as if his pursuers had been afraid, as in the case of the Monument, lest any memorial of him should survive his earthly existence—themselves being so infatuated as to suppose, that, by such efforts, they could obliterate the memory of such a man from the public mind. They had done their utmost to prevent the sale of the “Wesley Family;” they had pushed forward other works to keep his writings in the background; and they did what they decently could to prevent the circulation of his Commentary in the body. But in vain. His Monument stands in Ireland in open day; his printed and published works may be pointed to with the same feelings—so far as his friends are concerned—as Sir Christopher Wren pointed to St. Paul’s—his fame, as a scholar, bearing no mean comparison with that of the great architect, for solidity, durability, and extent. Alas for the fame of Adam Clarke’s prime, envious pursuer; it died before himself, and so “slack was the market” for his “LIFE,” that its sale could not keep it alive. “Envy,” as a writer observes, “only sets the stronger seal on desert.” If a man’s credit be so well and firmly built as to remain unshaken by calumny and insinuation, envy itself will even venture to commend him for his benefactions, as did the Book Committee, in the case of Dr. Clarke; but whatever they gave with the one hand, they were sure to take away with the other. They could extol his liberality, while they refused the gift, and thus deprive him of the credit which might redound from it in handing it down to posterity. Envy sows beside all waters, and insinuates its poison into every action of human life.

The secret of Dr. Bunting’s power lay in COMMITTEE, with *closed doors*. Most of the Committees during his reign, originated with himself, either directly or indirectly; and the members that composed them were either his “thick and thin” supporters, or among Bunyan’s “Pliables;” on any one becoming restive, or otherwise, he was presently ousted, like Counsellor Matthews, and S. D. Waddy. In each of the Connexional Committees, he was certain generally to be one. It would have been unhandsome to pass by their leader; and to prevent himself from being forgotten, he was certain to turn up at the time of nomination. On the erection of the Mission-House, in Bishopsgate Street,

there was one General Committee, and several sub-committees; and the Rev. J. P. Haswell, who was on one of them, being stationed in London at the time, stated to the writer that "one Committee did not know what another was doing," while Bunting was familiar with the whole. Mr. Squance, too, stationed also in London, stated that the preachers in the metropolis, with the exception of Dr. Bunting and two or three of his intimate friends, were as ignorant of Connexional matters as their brethren in the provinces. JABEZ was in the secret of all;—was in every Committee either in person, opinion, influence, or by proxy, —pervading, by a kind of mysterious influence, the whole. These committees, all primed and loaded by him, previously to their meeting in Conference, and constituting, at the same time, the principal actors in that Conference, no single power could possibly withstand them, and any marked man was sure to suffer under the withering influence of the many, without any *one* being particularly to blame; for Committees, as Dr. Dixon observed, "are never hanged." The prime mover was behind the back of his fellows; the blame, like Spoil, was divided among the many, and he, the mover of mischief, rejoiced in the hope that he would be lost in the crowd, and be the less blameless.

Such conduct was unbrotherly, and the more so, because of the open, unoffending, benevolent, obliging conduct and demeanour of such a man as Dr. Clarke. He was not a man, who confessed to having set his heart upon appearing as the *first* man in the body, but was satisfied with appearing on the floor of the house in common with his ministerial brethren. He never threw himself in the way of office—never sought for it—rather shunned, than suffered it to be imposed upon him! His industry was without a parallel among his brethren; and while it formed a marked contrast to the indulgence and indolence of the few, it was in admirable keeping with the steady, persevering, industrious habits of his patron, friend, and model—John Wesley. Like Wesley, he would never allow "*rich men to be necessary*" to him, whether for the purpose of answering his personal ends, or hanging upon their bounty. Knowing that gold blindeth the eyes, he rejected all monied offers, which very often acts the part of a bribe, and place a barrier in the way of remonstrance, correction, and reproof, when most needed. Even in the case of salary, he has been known to refuse either part or whole, when other lawful and urgent duties have pressed upon him, and prevented him from rendering his full tale of circuit-work, as a Methodist preacher. *Work and wage* went hand in hand. Nor was he ever either indifferent to the duties of the pulpit, or sought to shun them, by imposing them upon others, but has been known to offer his services to relieve another. He was a day labourer, not a loiterer, in the vineyard of his Divine Master. His life, as a Methodist Preacher, was a Practical Comment on John Wesley's "Twelve Rules of a Helper." He never made *Laws*, to which

he did not render obedience himself. In this, his example was a model for his ministerial brethren, one of whom is stated to have enacted laws for others, by which they were annually tested, while he himself lived, in fifteen different instances, in the constant and flagrant breach of them. (“Methodism as It Is,” vol. ii., p. 227—633; and Liverpool Minutes.)

APPENDIX.—III.

DISRUPTION OF 1849 IN THE METHODIST BODY.

For a period of several years, Dr. Clarke had perceived the gathering strength and fatal effects of JABEZ BUNTING'S crooked policy, which tended, in his own expressive language, "*to bring the world into the Church*;" appearing in "ornamented chapels, organs," &c., &c.; seriously affecting the simplicity, spirituality, and efficiency of both preachers and people. But he was a man of peace,—he had no ambition for rule,—his time was fully and laudably employed with the useful rather than the decorative;—in preaching, writing, and other matters, of vital importance calculated to set his fellow-men on the move for a blessed immortality. Many of the evils too, he hoped, would, in due time, from the light and piety in the body, when once *felt*, cure themselves, or speedily be cured by others. Alas, they were too artfully contrived, too insidiously and plausibly introduced, and bound up with too many personal interests, of office, honour, ease, power,—not omitting occasional emolument, to be removed without a struggle. They shaped themselves into the three great evils of CENTRALIZATION, SECULARIZATION, and LOCATION, which, while they gave rise to various other evils, placed a fearful amount of power, either directly or indirectly, in the hands of their originator, fatal to the interests of Methodism, and destructive of the Rights of the People,—himself the JOHN WESLEY of his day, except in his wisdom, his piety, his ingenuousness, disinterestedness, simplicity, forbearance, self-denial, integrity, liberality, candour, unceasing toil, and usefulness—anything, in short, except being the right man in the right place. The preachers were converted into spies upon each other. Complaints were everywhere heard of extravagance, display, incorrect accounts, the exercise of arbitrary power, mismanagement, mal-appropriations, &c. The storm, at length, burst forth, in 1849, the melancholy rehearsal of which, is to be found in "*METHODISM AS IT IS*, with some of its antecedents, its branches and disruptions; including a *Diary of the Campaign of 1849*, protracted during a period of seven years; with a special reference to the Character, Power, Policy, and Administration of the *Master Mind* of John Wesley's Legislative Successor," in 2 vols., 8vo. The motto—"The People will not submit to you as they have submitted to me;" was John Wesley's prophetic warning to the preachers.

Well had it been for Methodism, if Jabez Bunting had never entered its sacred enclosure. It was not a little painful feeling, that extorted from Dr. Clarke the expression which has given rise to this note,—“I can remain no longer in England, to see Methodism, as left by John Wesley, destroyed;” an expression which would have had emphasis added to it, if his stay on earth had been protracted a few years longer.

Two or three remarks may be made for the enlightenment of persons not well versed in Wesleyan politics. When the people complained, they were either repulsed, rebuked, or expelled; or, if more tenderly dealt with, were told “*that their grievances were altogether imaginary.*” (“Methodism as It Is,” vol. ii., p. 598.) One of these preachers was a biographer of Adam Clarke, the Rev. JOHN W. ETHERIDGE, “Ph. D.” He was asked by those who knew the difference between *real* and *imaginary* evils better than himself,—as to the *Rights* of the People :

“1. Is it no *grievance* that the *veto* upon the *admission* of *members* is taken away from the *Leaders’ Meeting*, or rendered *valueless* by their regulations—so that you may be *associated* with the most exceptionable character, at the will of the *preacher*?

“2. Is it no *grievance*, that you can be *cut off* from *Christian communion* by the same arbitrary will, and that, in *defiance* of a *Leaders’ Meeting* in your favour, the only *appeal* being to a meeting of *five preachers*? Nay, you can be *quietly dropped* by the *preacher*, without a *charge*, and without the *intervention* of any *church meeting* whatever, as hundreds have been since the September—[1849]—visitation of the classes?

“3. Is it an *imaginary grievance*, that, when a *resolution* is proposed to any *meeting* of the *Church*, if *unpalatable* to the *preacher*, he can *leave the chair*, by which the meeting is held to be *dissolved*, and any act that may be done afterwards is deemed *invalid*?

“4. Is it an *imaginary grievance*, that the *law* is just what the *superintendent* for the time being declares it to be, so that one *practice* prevails in one circuit which is to be held *invalid* in another?

“5. Is it no *grievance*, that a body of *preachers* take upon themselves to *legislate* for the whole *community*, without the *members* of the *Church* having the slightest *voice* in the matter?

“6. Is it no *grievance*, that the *people* are precluded from *approaching* the *Conference* for *redress* of *grievances*, at any time, except *three days* in *June*, and even that *concession* is clogged with so many *restrictions* as to render it *valueless*?

“7. Is it an *imaginary grievance*, that all *offices* in the *Church* are *filled up* with the *nominees* of the *preachers*, thereby *excluding* many who, from their *piety* and *talents*, are calculated to be *eminently useful*, if they do not appear to be what is technically called ‘a preacher’s man?’”

These are but a small moiety of the evils complained of ; but they are sufficient to show the character of others, and that men, capable of perpetrating them, would not be found very nice in other matters. The secrecy maintained by Dr. Bunting, and those denominated the Clique, excited suspicion ; suspicion led to inquiry ; inquiry to exposure. The policy of the "MASTER MIND" of Methodism, so called, was examined, and found anything but agreeable, except to the few, in its working, and its effects. Missionary affairs were scrutinised so far as the four Secretaries and two Treasurers, would allow them to be known, and found sadly incorrect, by Mr. Craig, of Dublin, and a gentleman at Leek, in Staffordshire, and many other accountants ; and this, too, after being annually and systematically "cooked," to use a modern coinage, in order to meet with acceptance.* Mr. Gabriel, a highly respectable gentleman, and a member of the Missionary Committee, was denied an inspection of the books, in a matter in which every member of the Committee was interested.† Everything proceeding from this Secret Clique of Six Infallibles, ensconced in this small enclosure, at Centenary Hall, inaccessible to all others, with One Hundred Thousand Pounds, more or less, passing annually through their hands, was to be taken for granted as infallibly correct. The evils in all the departments of Methodism, were so numerous, and being traceable to one source, it was deemed high time to *attempt*, at least, a cure.

The work commenced by a series of small tracts, entitled, "Fly-Sheets ;" anonymous, and as no small proof, that the parties were genuine lovers of Methodism and of peace, and had no selfish ends to answer, they were printed at their own expense, post paid, and to prevent the several Societies from being disturbed on the subject, their circulation was confined to the PREACHERS, with whom the evils originated, and who were naturally considered the most competent persons to apply the

* The following is an illustration. Mr. Josiah Hill noticed some of the expenses in the Missionary Reports, respecting the Secretaries, to Mr. B., of London, a member of the Missionary Committee. The friend replied, "I do not think it would be prudent to enter every item in the Missionary Report,—say, so much to the Secretaries to go to a watering place in summer for a little recreation. Poor people who know nothing of the expenses attending such places, would startle at the sum, and it might damage the funds ; but what I object to, is,—the *alteration of figures*. I saw an entry of £10 in one book ; some time afterwards I saw the same item altered into £200. What became of the £190 ? It is to this, and such things, Mr. Hill, that I object." Mr. Hill named this to a warm supporter of the policy of Dr. Bunting, who refused to admit it. "Well," replied Mr. Hill, "I am so satisfied with the authority, that I will undertake to go to the Mission House, go to the room where the book is to be found, and lay my hand upon the page where the entry is said to stand, and if I do not find it there, according to the statement of my informant, I will forfeit £200 to the Missionary Fund." This was communicated to the Missionary Secretaries by Mr. F., of Hull ; but they permitted judgment to go by default, by declining to reply. Books thus settled, and placed in the hands of auditors, without *vouchers*, will rarely fail to be returned—"Signed, and found correct."

† "Methodism as It Is," vol. ii., p. 267, 318, 322, 323.

remedy, as well as the most proper to commence the work. Instead of improving the occasion, by appointing a committee to inquire into the truth of the allegations, which conscious innocence and the general good would have suggested, the parties implicated acted the part of persons who felt that their misdemeanours were detected, and likely to be exposed, and who hoped, not only to prevent further notice by intimidation, but that the blow, aimed at themselves, would be diverted in its course by a sudden rebound. Alas, after the lapse of many years, the authors remain undiscovered, and the infatuated inquisitionists are still at school, learning the simple lesson—that the discovery of an *author*, cannot disprove a *fact*. Not only have the evils complained of in the “Fly-Sheets,” been proved, but vindicated; and that vindication has been CONFIRMED without a single REFUTATION. *Denials* have appeared, as they would be found among criminals at the bar in a court of justice; but such denials would be received by neither judge nor jury without *evidence*.

While Dr. Bunting and his co-partners, were trying to screen themselves, and to drown the voice of the complainants, by calling for the authors, the whole Conference should have demanded from him a disapproval of the allegations; the latter being the first business, as evidence had been adduced, and was also of the first moment; these being disproved, then search for the maligners, and punish accordingly. Innocence would at once go to the charge—meet, and rebut it; guilt will go to anything, and anywhere, to prevent examination and elude detection.

Jabez Bunting, who was himself shy of being tested, was an adept at testing others. There were three general tests during his reign, after he formally became the “PRESIDENT’S ADVISER;” namely, on occasion of the establishment of the “Theological Institution”—the publication of the “Wesleyan Takings”—and the issue of the “Fly-Sheets.” He was personally interested in each. In the first, his object was to establish a pet scheme of his own; in the second, he gave currency to a flattering likeness of himself, modestly mixed up with a little “voluntary humility;” and in the third, he vainly strove to relieve himself of a large amount of odium thrown upon his administration. After these, a fourth appeared at his instigation, under the Presidency of Thomas Jackson, in his Manifesto, so called, from Richmond,—a man distinguished as the humble servant of his “Adviser.” The tone assumed by the last of these “*Declarations*”—a full account of which, together with the others, is to be found in “Methodism as it is,” was equalled only by that from the Vatican. The preachers were required to affix their names to those Declarations, and so to sign themselves slaves, or take the consequence. In 1849, they were required to declare that the “Fly-Sheets” were full of “lies and wicked slanders.” This placed conscientious men in an awkward position, who were aware of the truth of most, if not the whole of the allegations,—in many cases from personal knowledge, and in others, from

the evidence adduced. From thirty to forty of those who refused to sign, were selected for the test, and seven of them had the question put to them—"Are you the author of the 'Fly-Sheets?'" but severally refused to turn the Methodist Conference into a Romish Inquisition, by giving a categorical answer—"Yes," or "No." Three of these were expelled, viz., Messrs. J. Everett, Samuel Dunn, and Wm. Griffith, Junior,—two were degraded, Daniel Walton, and J. C. George,—and two censured, J. Burdsall, and James Bromley. The first three were summoned to appear at the bar of Conference, on the motion of Mr. W. M. Bunting, without knowing the reason why, and contrary to rule, which required a written notice, with a specific charge. This was dispensed with,—and so also were charge, accuser, witness, evidence at the bar; no one appearing—for a good reason, none could be obtained; and as there were neither men nor materials for the work, the clique, in frenzied mood, proposed that the parties summoned should do it themselves. For not doing this, they were expelled from the body—turned upon the world—deprived of house and salary, and severed from a twenty, thirty, forty years' fellowship of endeared Christian friendship. While Conference had the disgrace, they had the glory, and shared in the good opinion of the public, with that of a large portion of the Wesleyan laity. Such testing was as little to English taste as Lynch Law to the lovers of liberty. What says the celebrated Dr. Arnold? "He who bribes or frightens his neighbours into doing an act which no good man would do for reward; or from fear, is tempting his neighbour to sin; he is assisting to harden or lower his conscience; to make him act for the fear or from the favour of man, instead of for the favour or from the fear of God; and if this be a sin in him, it is a double sin to tempt him to it."

Jabez Bunting entered the "*field of strife*," in early life,—so early as the period of his ministerial probation, in a joint pamphlet with Mr. James Wood, then travelling in Manchester, about 1800.

We find him afterwards at Manchester, if not in person, encouraging John Stephens, the Superintendent of that circuit, with his countenance, counsel, and influence, disturbing the minds of the people with high-sounding toryism, and costing the Society the loss of about 500 members. For this feat Mr. Stephens was afterwards recommended to the Presidential Chair by his co-worker, who assigned the same as a reason why he should be placed there, as he subsequently did, in the elevation of Edmond Grindwood, for doing his bidding at Leeds, in the Organ case—1828, when Jabez formally assumed the title and office of the PRESIDENT'S ADVISER! While the loss at Manchester, in 1819, cost 500, that at Leeds amounted to 1,000. The establishment of the Theological Institution in 1834-1835 was still more disastrous in a numerical sense—being calculated at not less than 25,000. The Institution was a noble object, was much needed, and calculated to do much good, under God;

but it was sadly marred by the perversity, selfishness, exclusiveness, partialities, and mis-management of its proposer, which gave rise to hostile views and feelings, and brought out the entire case in the "DISPUTANTS."

After this came the famous ever-to-be-remembered YEAR of MISRULE, crowned with "QUESTION UNDER PENALTY," for which, the CONNEXION had to sustain the loss of 100,000 members, besides a further loss of hearers,—the whole chargeable on the spirit and policy of Jabez Bunting and his Helpers.

No sooner was the outrageous conduct of the Conference of 1849 brought before the public, than a storm burst forth; "JABEZ BUNTING" and "METHODISM"—"EVERETT, DUNN, GRIFFITH,"—were names posted in every town, occupied a place in every newspaper, and engrossed the conversation of persons of every age, every creed, and every grade in society,—with expressions of execration on the one hand, and sympathy on the other. The expulsion took place in *August*, and before *September* had closed, nearly the whole of the PUBLIC *Journals* of the three kingdoms had *Leading Articles* condemnatory of the Act, from the "Thunderer," so called, the "DAILY TIMES," down to the smallest paper in the Provinces. A list of these papers was published, with the title and place of publication. In the list *against* the Conference were found 15 Metropolitan Weekly Journals,—67 Provincial,—13 of the larger Monthly and Quarterly Periodicals, exclusive of others that followed the short period specified.

The harmony of the Public Press on the occasion, is not to be passed over without remark,—having, in such an extraordinary manner, as by compact, affixed its deep, broad, black seal of reprobation on the perpetrators of these despotic acts; perpetrated in the House of God, under the guise of religion, and pronounced a "*righteous judgment*." The conductors and proprietors of these papers, as a class, were men of high character and respectability—men of talent, judgment, and experience—and had been before the public for years—differed from each other on many other subjects—on slavery, education, the corn-laws, free-trade, the navigation laws, religion—in short, almost every other subject, whether of science, philosophy, wit, peace, war, history, &c.; but here were ONE—one in view, feeling, and expression; their united thunder rolling over the land, their lightning flashing in every eye; and the bolts falling around in every direction, where tyranny dared to show its front.

The expelled, though smitten, were not deserted; Christian Ministers—such men as Dr. Cox, Dr. J. Campbell, Dr. A. Fletcher, Dr. Redford, Dr. Burns, and a host of others, both in the metropolis, and in the provinces—threw open their pulpits and places of worship for them, in which to exercise their ministry—Congregationalists, Independents, Baptists, Methodist New Connexionists, Primitive Methodists, Methodist Associationists,—Ministers and Religious Communities perfectly disin-

terested, and apable of coolly and dispassionately viewing the whole subject, pronounced in favour of the expelled divines,—giving them the right hand of fellowship; crowding upon them with invitations to officiate in their several places of worship, and furnishing them with ministerial labour for months to come.

In addition to Press-work, outside of Methodism, at the commencement of the Disruption, several of the newspapers kept up a running fire upon the Conference, with leading articles, and letters from correspondents. Extracts from the Leaders were published in the “Wesleyan Times,” weekly; to which may be added, other periodicals—“The Wesley Banner”—the “Wesleyan Reformer”—and the “Wesleyan Review.” Nor was this all; as many as 118 different Controversial Tracts issued from the press, on the stirring subject of Conference despotism, ranging from 4 to 6, 12, 24, 30, 40, 50, 70, 80, 100, and 279 pages, 18mo., 12mo., 8vo., 4to., and royal 8vo.; scattered broad-cast throughout the Connexion and the country.

The three brethren, now without the Wesleyan pale, were importunately pressed with applications from every part of the kingdom to visit the different Societies, and state their case, and so correct and counteract the false impressions in many quarters, made by the mis-statements of the Conference. The “DAILY TIMES” professed to ground its judgment of condemnation on the Official Report given to the public by the President. And this itself was deemed sufficient with other portions of the Press. There is no gainsaying—“Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee.”

“Messrs. Everett, Dunn, and Griffith,” it was stated (Sept. 3rd) in the “DAILY TIMES,” and other metropolitan papers, “appeared at Exeter Hall, on the evening of Friday, Aug. 31 (1849), when they laid their case before the public. On that occasion, we had an opportunity of seeing them. Mr. Everett is between 60 and 70 years of age; Mr. Dunn about 50; and Mr. Griffith perhaps a few years more than 40. They have been Wesleyan ministers for the periods of 43, 30, and 20 years respectively.

“It is very rarely we are called to remark on the ecclesiastical proceedings of the numerous dissenting communities which divide with the Church the vagrant affections of this isle. Their foundation and government is on the voluntary principle. *Volenti non fit injuria*, and it would be a very idle piece of knight-errantry to protect an injured Wesleyan or Independent who has of course in his own hands the most effectual remedy. If we are led to depart from the rule of non-interference, it is because we find a very large and respectable body of Englishmen committing an apparent violation of English usage and principle. Speaking only from our first impressions, after a perusal of the statements published by the aggrieved parties on the one hand, and the Wesleyan Conference on the other, we must say that the latter has just taken a step

which smacks more of the Inquisition than that of a British tribunal. So far, of course, the character of England is concerned, and, as guardians of that character, we are justified in expressing, at least, our surprise, and asking for further information." Touching on "Question Under Penalty," it is further remarked, "Whether such a course be right or wrong, it is at best perfectly unique in this country. No other British tribunal possesses or claims the authority to put a 'brotherly question' to a suspected person, and require 'a frank and brotherly answer.' The rule of all our courts, both ecclesiastical and civil, is charity, which 'hopeth all things,' and which assumes everybody to be innocent till he is proved guilty. These gentlemen are punished on mere suspicion, and for refusing to criminate themselves. We never heard the like in this country, at least in modern and peaceable times. Talk of the Star Chamber! A man might hold his tongue before that court, stand his trial, and escape if the evidence did not support the charge. Of the parties themselves, of the *Fly-sheets*, or the usual practice of the Conference, we know next to nothing. We take these proceedings on the statement of the Conference; and we pronounce them at once an outrage on our old English principle of fair play." Then follows:—

"Never was a more magnificent spectacle witnessed within the walls of Exeter Hall than was then presented. That immense room was crowded with intelligent, enthusiastic, and religious *men*. We merely refer to the circumstance as a peculiar feature of the meeting, and as showing how deep and intense is the interest excited by the recent proceedings of the Conference. That body may have tried to persuade itself and others that the *people* were indifferent, as well as distant, spectators of its doings, and had no sympathy with the men who have been unrighteously excommunicated, because suspected of the authorship of works that will yet have to be answered, and for refusing to be parties for transforming the Wesleyan legislature into an inquisition. If they think so still, after the confessedly unexpected demonstration on Friday, we shall confess them sunk in a hopeless hallucination. That meeting says, in unmistakable terms, 'set your houses in order.' "

In another London paper, whose writers were present, it is observed, "London is not easily moved. But London *has* moved, is moving, and, like all large bodies, when put in motion, it will not soon or be easily controlled. The state of the metropolis was indicated on Friday. We should as soon have expected the presence of Dr. Bunting himself, as that of some who were there. They have never been known to hint a thought in opposition to Conference; but, as one said, 'a thirty years' blindness' had given place to light. Such men would, a year ago, have thought it equivalent to sacrilege to attend any such meeting as that we have reported, but they do not now. They feel that Methodism has been

outraged by its executive, that other principles than justice and mercy have dictated Conference acts; that the dread of inquiry implies 'conscious guilt;' that if the 'Fly-Sheets' had contained nothing but falsehoods, they might easily have been disproved, and then had the authors sought out and punished, if found. They begin to have shrewd suspicions that there has been much misplaced confidence."

A third remarks, "There were no artificial means adopted; no packing or puffing; no collusion. The men were unknown in London. Neither Mr. Everett nor Mr. Dunn had ever been on a London platform. This circumstance elicited loud cries of 'shame' at the meeting, and has given rise to considerable disapprobation since. The *why* and *wherefore*, we dare say, could be satisfactorily explained by Dr. Bunting! The despotism of the Conference produced the meeting, and the meeting has produced a deeply-seated conviction of the absolute necessity of a thorough reform, if Methodism is to see and bless the next generation. Parties came expressly from distant parts of the country to attend the meeting. The presence of so many clergymen, and other ministers belonging to various denominations, proves that the struggle just begun is watched and sympathized in with the liveliest feelings."

A melancholy tale has to be appended to what has been stated. JABEZ BUNTING had wounded the spirit of others than that of Adam Clarke; his policy and bearing had lacerated the feelings of not a few of his ministerial brethren,—simple-minded, devout, earnest, useful men,—had sought and secured the ecclesiastical death of three others, in 1849; and had otherwise seriously affected the free, healthy, successful working of the system left by JOHN WESLEY among "the people called Methodists." He had been charged with misrule in certain papers called "Fly-Sheets," supported by the strongest evidence;—the charges remained unrefuted;—he sought to shield himself by taking vengeance on the exposé;—suspected and punished without proof of guilt;—the People sympathized with the three sufferers;—he threatened vengeance on them—took it,—and Methodism sustained the loss. James Wild, Esq.; one of Dr. A. Clarke's executors, just dead (1866), stated to the writer and others, that Dr. Bunting said, in a committee in which he was present, on the agitation being noticed, "I am ready, at the risk of the loss of any number of members to maintain the fundamental principles of our Constitution;" not, observe, the principles of the New Testament and JESUS CHRIST, but the Minutes of Conference and John Wesley;—the one Human, and the other Divine;—a man-made "Constitution," and immortal souls purchased by the blood of Jesus Christ; the one framed for good and with the best intentions, and the other collected at immense cost, in men and means, and exposed to the possibility of being lost for ever. On another occasion, the heartless and godless expression, a little varied, was repeated with greater

emphasis :—"Every member that sympathizes with them," that is, the three outcasts, "shall be expelled." President Thomas Jackson, the "saintly President," added his weight to it, about the same time, when on an official visit to Norfolk, which was regarded as one of the strongest holds of the insurrection, where he announced a general razzia. "Expulsion," he said, "must be carried on throughout the land—to the extent, if necessary, of *every member*; and then," he added, "we shall have the chapels, and we can begin again." *Every person*, he is reported to have said, "taking part in agitative meetings, shall be expelled—*every delegate*, without exception, cut off." On a shrinking brother saying such measures would ruin his circuit, the inexorable President replied, "You must do your duty, Sir; every agitator must be expelled."

Mark! They were persons, not opposed to John Wesley's Methodism, but who believed all the essential doctrines he taught, experienced the saving truths he inculcated, walked by his rules, and exhibited the morality of Jesus Christ. Their only faults were, first, that they disapproved of the *injustice* and *cruelty* of the men who threatened them with excommunication. Secondly, that they manifested SYMPATHY—that relic of goodness in fallen humanity—towards their expelled brethren, and thus soothed these sufferers under their labours and sorrows. Did the "GOOD SHEPHERD," who "left the ninety and nine" to go into the wilderness, in order to seek the "one" that was lost, set no higher value on his flock? Would JOHN WESLEY have thrown them away, like worthless weeds? Would ADAM CLARKE—nay, did he ever, manifest such recklessness or heartless indifference for the present and eternal welfare of his fellow-creatures? Hundreds of exemplary Christians, of both sexes, the young and the hoary-headed, in the same circuits, were severed from old friends and associations—from places where their forefathers had worshipped and which they had built—where they themselves had been baptized, and in whose grave-yards the ashes of their dead reposed.

In the Minutes of Conference is reported,

In 1851,	Great Britain,	a decrease of	56,068,	—Ireland,	292
„ 1852,	Ditto,	ditto	20,946,	Ditto	775
„ 1853,	Ditto,	ditto	10,298,	Ditto	432
„ 1854,	Ditto,	ditto	6,797,	Ditto	375

Here, within the space of about five years, we have—say, the loss of little, if any less, than 100,000 members, and we may calculate on twice the number of hearers. Now, in the year 1866 the Old Body, after *seventeen years* of MINISTERIAL and EDUCATIONAL toil, with an annual EXPENDITURE of some Hundreds of Thousands of Pounds, at Home and Abroad, is short, by many thousands of Members, in numerical strength, of what it had, when the work of Expulsion commenced; and

many years, to all human appearance, will pass away before it regains its ancient strength and efficiency. The Wesleyans can look with greater pleasure at the days and labour of such men as the Hoppers, Mathers, Bensons, and Clarkes, than to the days of the Buntings, the Jacksons, and the Osborns. Why, the OFFSHOOTS from the Old Body, embracing the New Methodist Connexion, Primitives, and others, number in members, upwards of 400,000.* Methodism has been the means, under God, of saving multitudes of souls; and in the hands of such men as its Apostolic Founder, Adam Clarke, and others, like minded, it may yet become a Power in the world and an ornament to the Christian Churches around.

N.B.—“Methodism as It Is,” vols., 8vo., contains a History of the entire movement.

* An excellent paper on the “GROWTH OF METHODISM” appeared in the *Wesleyan Times* of June 4th, 1866, signed “ETHELBERT,” who, in his opening paragraph, observes to the Editor, “In my last letter I called attention to the numerical growth of Methodism in Great Britain during the present century. In that letter I showed most conclusively, that the numerical yearly growth during the year from 1801 to 1834 had averaged 5,400, while during the years from 1835 to 1865 the average yearly increase had only been about 1,254. Bad as that picture was when looked at, in any aspect, it will appear still worse when contrasted, as I propose now to do, with the numerical growth of Methodism in America.” He adds, “The total membership of Great Britain and Ireland at the opening of this century was 113,762, while the total membership in the United States was only 64,894, a little above half that in the mother country. In 1864, see the contrast: in Great Britain we have 329,668; in the United States they have 928,320, being nearly three times as many as the total of the parent society. The inquiry rises spontaneously, Whence this difference? In what has America the advantage? In what does she differ from us now? It is true she had to suffer immensely in 1844 by the disruption on the slavery question, by which her total in the Northern States, was reduced from one million one hundred thousand members, to only six hundred and forty thousand members; yet she began to flourish again with unabated vigour, and continued the same rapid increase till the late suicidal war reduced the total considerably. The decrease for the year ending in 1864 is attributable to the war, and all churches in the country have shared in it. But an American writer says, ‘We are rapidly repairing the latter losses. Thus far the centenary year has been signalled by revivals and additions. It is estimated that, at our recent rate of increase, we shall gather in this year about 300,000 souls.’” The writer in the *Wesleyan Times* proceeds, “In the United States all notion of building up a great ecclesiastical system has been lost sight of. The thing has grown in spite of all opposition; but there has been no influence there similar in its character or effects to that exerted so prejudicially by Dr. Bunting on English Methodism. We are not disposed to dwell more in detail on the darker phase of Methodist influence; it is very fully exemplified in a work now in course of publication, entitled, ‘Methodism as It Is.’ American Methodism has not been influenced by such movements as the Kilhamite separation, or the Bourne and Clowes excision, or the O’Bryan excision, or the Leeds Organ dispute, or the Theological Institute and Dr. Warren dispute, or the outrageous assumption of Conference authority in 1849—1850, all which have helped to paralyse Methodism at home, and the effect of the Conference on the home societies has been to reduce the annual increase of members from 5,400, as it was from 1801 to 1834, to 1,254, all it reached during the last past thirty years. Not so has been the growth of Methodism in the United States. The Bunting policy of the Methodist Conference was one of the greatest fatalities ever connected with Christendom; and till that policy is reversed Conference Methodism in Great Britain will decline till it dies out.”

I N D E X .

- Abbeys, vol. ii. p. 227
 Abbey Street Chapel, ii. 156
 Abbott C., ii. 31, 65
 Abbotsford, ii. 190
 Aberdeen, ii. 211
 Abernethy, Dr. J., ii. 61
 Abn-Joseph, ii. 214
 Abraham's Sacrifice, ii. 55
 Abstinence, i. 237
 Abyssinians, ii. 214
 Academy, Royal Irish, i. 326 ; ii. 158
 Acceptability, i. 89, 100
 Accident, Coach, ii. 271, 277
 Accident, Serious, ii. 217
 Accommodation, Domestic, i. 91, 92, 205
 Acrostic, An, i. 277
 Acts xiv. 22 : ii. 283
 Acts xvi. 30 : ii. 91
 Acts, Map of, ii. 155
 Adages, Old, i. 7
 Adamson, W., i. 91
 Addington, Dr. S., ii. 70
 Advice, Good, i. 313
 Advice, Wholesome, i. 187, 339, 362
 Æneas's Address, i. 67
 Æneid, i. 77
 Æsop's Fables, i. 37
 Affairs, State of Public, ii. 270, 274
 Affection, Paternal, ii. 9
 Afflicted, The, i. 298, 302, 317
 Afflicted, Attention to, ii. 68, 80
 Affliction, i. 161—164, 173, 182, 183, 272, 273, 302 ; ii. 276, 277
 Agamemnon, ii. 246
 Age, Old, i. 136, 144, 146 ; ii. 247
 Agherton, i. 16, 54
 Agitation, Religious, i. 209
 Agriculture, ii. 148
 Agrippa, Cornelius, i. 37, 38, 44
 Akbery Ageen, i. 236—239
 Albums, ii. 179
 Alchemy, i. 39, 101, 195
 Alderney, i. 114, 120, 123
 Ale, ii. 68
 Ale, Prime, ii. 63
 Alexander's Hebrew Bible, ii. 186
 Alfred the Great, ii. 172, 198
 Algar, J., i. 74, 76—79
 Allen, J., i. 286 ; ii. 14
 Allison on Taste, i. 18
 Alliteration, i. 341
 Alnwick, ii. 17
 Alstone, i. 285
 Altrincham, i. 215
 Alwine, Mac, ii. 252, 276
 Amens, i. 277
 American War, Wesley on the, ii.
 Amore, Mr., i. 125
 Amusements, Juvenile, i. 45, 46
 Anarchy, ii. 67
 Andrews, Petit, i. 323
 Anglesea, Isle of, i. 156
 Angling, i. 22, 23, 26, 27
 Anglo-Saxon Language, ii. 172
 Annesley, Dr., ii. 147, 164, 215
 Annesley, Miss Eliz., ii. 164
 Annesley, Miss S., ii. 164
 Anonymous Attack, i. 333
 Anstey, Richard, i. 355
 Antinomian, An, i. 93, 98
 Antinomianism, i. 68, 287, 288
 Antiquarian Society, i. 271, 326
 Antiquities, ii. 261
 Antiquities, Irish, ii. 189, 215, 238
 Antoninus, ii. 121
 Antrim, ii. 42, 156, 179, 242, 246, 249, 251, 276
 Anxiety, i. 19
 Ape, ii. 11, 28
 Apocalypse, ii. 25
 Apocryphal Question, ii. 204
 Apprenticeship, i. 61, 62
 Arabian Nights' Entertainment, i. 37, 41
 Arabic Books, ii. 187
 Arabic Language, ii. 33, 123, 193, 197
 Arabic Verb, ii. 187
 Arabic Version of Bible, i. 314, ii. 186
 Aratus, ii. 71
 Armagh, i. 358 ; ii. 39, 40
 Arminians, i. 347
 Arminian Magazine, i. 132, 138, 140
 Arnold, Dr., ii. 56, 121
 Arrive, Mr., i. 124

Arthur, Mrs., i. 298; ii. 198
 Arthur's Seat, ii. 174
 Article, Greek, ii. 85, 179
 Asiatic Customs, ii. 150
 Asiatic Researches, i. 238
 Asiatic Society, Royal, i. 326; ii. 171
 Ass, The, ii. 98
 Assembly, General, ii. 176
 Astrology, &c., Works on, i. 38, 39,
 227
 Athenian Oracle, i. 256
 Athenodorus, i. 187
 Atherton, W., ii. 161
 Atmore, Charles, i. 257; ii. 212
 Atonement of Christ, ii. 114
 Aubin, St., i. 109, 119, 126, 128, 132
 Auction Book, i. 179
 Augustine, i. 365
 Augustine, St., ii. 112, 183
 Ault, Mr., ii. 128
 Austle, St., i. 97, 99, 108
 Authors, Ancient Christian, i. 328
 Averell, A., ii. 116

B

Bacon, Lord, i. 152, 211
 Baddily, Rev., i. 137
 Baghvat Geeta, i. 236, 238
 Bagster, ii. 33
 Bailey, Judge, ii. 14
 Bailey, Dr., i. 72
 Baillies on the Arabic Verb, ii. 187
 Baines, W., ii. 27
 Balcarres, Lord, ii. 231
 Ballads, i. 28, 34
 Ballyaherton, i. 16; ii. 41
 Ballymena, i. 65; ii. 42
 Balta Sound, ii. 230
 Bandinell, Mr., ii. 65, 66
 Bandon, ii. 177, 178
 Bandon, Lord, ii. 179
 Bantry, ii. 178
 Baptism, ii. 197, 244, 274
 Baptism, Adam's, i. 6
 Baptism of Buddha Priests, ii. 130
 Barber, Thomas, i. 53, 54, 57
 Barclay's Argensis, i. 227
 Baron's War, i. 355
 Barrett, Dr. J., i. 177, 311, 312; ii. 38,
 39
 Bates, ii. 215
 Bath, i. 85, 86, 88, 150, 152, 153
 Bath, Bishop of, ii. 283
 Bath, Marquis of, ii. 283
 Bathurst, Lord, ii. 131
 Bathing, i. 23, 26
 Baxter, R., i. 370
 Baynes, W., i. 230; ii. 271
 Bayswater, ii. 237, 283, 284
 Bean, Rev. J., ii. 10

"Beast," Number of, ii. 3
 Beasts, Restoration of, i. 255
 Bealie, Mr., i. 367
 Beaumont, Dr. J. E., ii. 174, 205, 274
 Bede, The Venerable, ii. 73
 Bedford, T., i. 312
 Bee, The, i. 339
 Beet, J., ii. 182
 Beggar, King and, ii. 182
 Begging in Chapels, ii. 53, 54
 Belfast, ii. 156, 158, 177, 246, 249, 251,
 262, 276
 Bell, i. 312
 Bellingham, J., ii. 62
 Belvidere, Earl and Countess of, ii. 157
 Belzoni's Narrative, ii. 153—155
 Bench, King's, i. 355
 Benediction, Asiatic, ii. 256
 Benevolence, Instance of, i. 94, 137
 138
 Benevolence, Public, &c., ii. 82, 84,
 103
 Bennett, F., i. 61, 62
 Benson, Joseph, i. 167, 200, 201, 212
 —214, 220, 225, 316, 344; ii. 45,
 61, 111, 152, 153, 184, 257
 Bentley, D. J., i. 311, 326, 342
 Bentley, Professor, ii. 211
 Bergen, ii. 230
 Bernard, i. 331
 Bernard's "Isle of Man," ii. 63
 Besetting Sin Conquered, i. 137
 Betting, i. 20
 Beza's New Testament, i. 138
 Bible, The, i. 179, 195, 225, 319
 Bible, Dr. Clarke's Pocket, i. 79, 80
 Bible in Rhyme, i. 78
 Bible, Old Manuscript, ii. 27
 Bible, Perusal of, i. 58
 Bible, Pocket, Use of, i. 63, 70
 Bible, Reading the, i. 339, 340; ii. 168
 Bible Society, British and Foreign, i.
 308, 309, 320, 324, 343, 369; ii. 35,
 56, 90, 165, 204, 255
 Bible, Translations of, i. 225
 Bibles, Collections of, ii. 168
 Bibliographers, List of, i. 274
 Bibliographical Dictionary, i. 274, 275,
 283, 301; ii. 117, 287
 Bibliotheca Sussexiana, ii. 238
 Bibliotheque Oriental, i. 246
 Bigland, Mr., ii. 155
 Biography, Remarks on, Preface, i. v.
 —xii., 1, 2
 Biography, Tact for, ii. 184
 Biographical Miscellany, i. 318
 Biot, French Philosopher, ii. 220
 Birch, Miss, ii. 252
 Birmingham, ii. 90, 91
 Birstal, ii. 139
 Birth, Time of, Disputed, i. 3, 141
 Birthday Salute, ii. 255

- Bishop, A. B., i. 164
 Bisson, Jenny, i. 125, 126
 Bitterness of Spirit, ii. 1
 Blaauw, W. H., i. 355
 Blacksmith, Village, ii. 140
 Blackwall, ii. 70
 Blair, Surgeon, ii. 165
 Blashford, Miss, i. 173
 Blessing, The Pope's, ii. 7
 Blessington, ii. 167
 Blomfield, Bishop, ii. 234, 235, 273
 Blood, Vitality of the, ii. 232
 Bodleian Library, i. 358; ii. 65, 66
 Boethius, ii. 172
 Bogan, Zachary, i. 77
 Bolden Book, ii. 65, 66
 Bolingbroke, ii. 172
 Bolton Abbey, ii. 139
 Bolton, Miss, i. 211
 Bonaparte, N., i. 335; ii. 237
 Bond, T., i. 157
 Bonnet, Charles, i. 255
 Book Committee, ii. 184
 Books, i. 137, 138, 162, 178, 184, 198,
 211, 212, 227, 228, 330
 Books, Borrowed, ii. 225
 Books, Classical School, i. 11
 Books, Duty on, ii. 151
 Books, Hermetical, i. 101
 Books, Nursery and Children's, i. 40
 Books out of Place, ii. 93
 Books, Valuable, ii. 257, 261
 Boroughmongers, ii. 274
 Bos, Lambert, ii. 179
 Bossuet, ii. 6
 Boswell, ii. 107, 108
 Boswellising, ii. 107
 Bosworth, Mr., ii. 172
 Bowdler, i. 330
 Boyd, H. S., ii. 85, 87, 92, 179
 Boyd, Mr., i. 6
 Boyle, Hon. R., i. 185
 Boyle, Mr., i. 163, 165
 Boyne, Battle of the, i. 32, 33
 Brackenbury, R. C., i. 109, 113, 117,
 118, 123, 124, 129, 131, 153, 164
 Brackenbury, Mrs., i. 113
 Bradburn, S., i. 175, 185, 187, 188, 190,
 191—193, 202, 248, 249, 287; ii.
 109, 110
 Bradford, Jos., i. 103, 131, 217, 276
 Bradford, Wilts, i. 72, 74, 91
 Bradford, Yorkshire, ii. 201
 Brady, i. 355
 Brandt, Dr., i. 271
 Bread, Want of, ii. 198
 Breastplate, Arch Druids', ii. 189
 Bredin, J., i. 65, 68, 126
 Breeding, Good, ii. 8
 Brettell, John, i. 52
 Bridaine, Life of, ii. 5, 6
 Bridgewater Canal, i. 276
 Briggs, Miss, i. 169
 Bristol, i. 72, 81, 85, 86, 88, 129, 135,
 150, 151, 153, 154, 230, 231; ii. 73,
 198
 Britannicus Codex, i. 177; ii. 38
 British Constitution, ii. 67, 141
 Broadbent, J., i. 363; ii. 69, 205
 Bromley, J., ii. 273, 281
 Brook, Henry, ii. 236
 Brookes, Mr. and Mrs., i. 252, 253; ii.
 152
 Broom, The, i. 267
 Brotherhood of Man, i. 135
 Brown, Captain, i. 276
 Brown, George, ii. 239
 Brown, Lieut. J., i. 110
 Bruce, i. 194
 Bruerton, ii. 240
 Buckley's Scipio, i. 274
 Buddha, Priests of, ii. 128, 150, 152
 Bull, Bishop, ii. 71
 Bulls, Papal, i. 357—359; ii. 67
 Bulmer, Mr. and Mrs., i. 225, 226; ii.
 23
 Bunting, Dr. J., i. Preface, xiii., xvi.,
 111, 169, 317, 331, 344; ii. 59, 60,
 89, 120, 133, 139, 164, 170, 213, 234,
 242, 265, 267, 268
 Bunting, Henry, ii. 70
 Bunyan, i. 331, 332, 340
 Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, ii. 63
 Burdsall, J., i. 213
 Burgess, Dr., ii. 31
 Burial of the Dead, ii. 37
 Burnett, Bishop, ii. 2
 Burns, Robert, i. 340; ii. 174
 Burnside, i. 52
 Burravoe, ii. 231
 Burslem, ii. 239, 240
 Burton, Miss, i. 268
 Bury, Refusing to, ii. 37
 Burying Places, i. 231
 Butterworth, Rev. J., i. 276
 Butterworth, Joseph, Esq., i., 224, 225,
 254, 260, 303, 316, 336, 344, 355;
 ii. 23, 28, 31, 38, 43, 62—67, 85,
 135, 138, 140—143, 166, 202, 204,
 206, 212, 224
 Butterworth, Mr. and Mrs., i. 225, 226,
 254
 Buttras, i. 225
 Buxton, ii. 161
 Byng, Gen. Sir John, ii. 81
 Byron, Lord, ii. 257
 Byzantine Writers, ii. 3

C

- Cayley, J., Esq., ii. 202
 Cayley, Mr., ii. 66
 Calloway, J., ii. 151
 Calton Hill, ii. 174
 Calvin, i. 365
 Calvinism, i. 364; ii. 127, 190
 Calvinists, i. 346
 Cambridge, i. 359; ii. 63, 94
 Cameron, Rev. —, i. 19
 Campion, J., ii. 228, 281
 Candlish, Dr., i. 133
 Candour, ii. 14
 Candour and Charity, ii. 95
 Canning, Mr., i. 221
 Cannon, Inscriptions on, i. 365
 Canonbury Square, ii. 185
 Canterbury, Archbishop of, ii. 147
 Carelessness, ii. 105
 Carey, ii. 166
 Carlisle, City of, ii. 174
 Carlisle, Sir Anthony, ii. 167
 Carlisle, the Infidel, ii. 150
 Carlyle, Dr. J. D., i. 324, 325
 Caroline, Queen, ii. 150, 159, 160
 Carrickfergus, Siege of, i. 3, 32
 Carrieres, M.D., i. 321
 Carte, i. 355
 Carte Collection, ii. 66
 Cartoons, i. 141
 Case, Rev. W., ii. 255
 Castel, i. 275
 Castlereagh, Lord, i. 347
 Cato Street Conspiracy, ii. 150
 Causeway, Giants', ii. 42
 Carne, J., ii. 155, 157
 Cayley, J., i. 351
 Celibacy, ii. 172
 Ceylon, ii. 128
 Chalmers, Dr., i. 133, 178; ii. 203
 Chamber's Encyclopædia, i. 108
 Chandler, Bishop, ii. 73
 Channel Islands, i. 131
 Chapel, City Road, i. 306
 Chapel, Erection of, i. 60
 Chapel Opening, ii. 201, 214
 Chapel Opening Tumult, ii. 180
 Chapels for the Poor, ii. 125
 Chapels, Settlement of, ii. 115
 Chappell, G. R., ii. 223, 238, 244
 Chappell, Miss Har., ii. 223
 Chapter House, i. 359
 Character, i. 291
 Character, How Formed, i. 211
 Character, Public, i. 305, 306, 309
 Characteristic, i. 142
 Charlemont, ii. 40
 Charles I., i. 358
 Charles II., ii. 215
 Charlotte, Queen, ii. 239
 Charters, Ancient, ii. 65, 66
 Chaucer, i. 27, 332
 Cheerfulness, i. 259
 Cheese, Rich, i. 299
 Chevy Chase, i. 30, 34
 Chewstoke, i. 236
 Chichester, Bishop of, ii. 273
 Chieftain, The, ii. 277
 Children, Feeling for, ii. 100
 Children, Love to, ii. 91
 Children, Swinging, ii. 9
 Children, Treatment of, i. 163
 China, ii. 203
 Chiromancy, i. 39
 Cholera, ii. 277, 278, 281—284
 Christ, Divinity of, ii. 3
 Chronicles, 2, xxxv. 20—24, xxxvi. 1, 2, ii. 154
 Chrysostom, St., ii. 87
 Church, Lieutenant, i. 16
 Church, W., i. 97, 117
 Church, Captain, ii. 42
 Church and the World, ii. 273
 Church, The Established, ii. 204
 Church Gifts and Lands, i. 356
 Church Hours, Preaching in, ii. 158, 199
 Church of England, i. 83, 87
 Cicero, i. 106
 Cingalese Priests, ii. 128, 133
 Circuits, Large, i. 89, 95
 Clare Hill, i. 136
 Clarke, Dr., Ancestry of, i. 2
 Clarke, Dr., A Life of, i. Preface, xiii.
 Clarke, Dr., Appearance of, i. 106
 Clarke, Dr., Character and Learning of, ii. 20, 21
 Clarke, Dr., Unkind Treatment of, ii. 113
 Clarke, Dr., The Family of, i. 3
 Clarke, John, Adam's Father, i. 4, 5, 231
 Clarke, Mrs., Adam's Mother, i. 4, 7, 8, 26
 Clarke, Mrs., Death of Adam's Mother, ii. 44
 Clarke, Mrs., i. 163, 164, 180, 182, 370; ii. 173, 285
 Clarke, J. B. B., ii. 259, 283
 Clarke, J. E., ii. 3
 Clarke, J. and T., i. 111
 Clarke, Joseph, ii. 201
 Clarke, J. W. ii. 38, 165
 Clarke, S., ii. 215
 Clarke, Thras., ii. 284, 285
 Clarke, Tracey, i. 3, 118, 267, 338; ii. 69, 155, 165, 198
 Clarke, William, i. 32
 Clarence, Duke of, ii. 221
 Class Meetings, i. 57, 184, 313
 Classes, Meeting of, i. 140, 150, 153, 277, 334, 335, 340
 Classics, Variorum, i. 283
 Classical Journal, ii. 27, 28
 Clavis Biblica, ii. 131, 132

- Clayton, J., i. 334
 Cleanliness, i. 115
 Cleanthus, Hymn of, ii. 71
 Clergy, Established, ii. 234
 Clock, A, ii. 198
 Clonites, The, ii. 158
 Closet Communion, ii. 224
 Clough, Rev. B., ii. 128, 281
 Clunk, The, i. 49
 Clutton, i. 150
 Clyde, ii. 177
 Cock-fighting, i. 20
 Cock Road, i. 238, 240
 Coin, William and Mary, ii. 61
 Coincidence, ii. 234
 Coins, Old, ii. 120, 196, 226, 262
 Coke, Dr., i. 97, 123, 126, 140, 166, 176, 214, 247, 313, 344; ii. 36, 73, 83, 117, 128, 163, 205
 Coke, Dr., Life of, Preface, xiii.
 Cold, Intense, i. 342
 Cold Weather, ii. 68
 Coleman, Andrew, i. 59
 Coleraine, i. 54, 61, 62; ii. 156, 177, 246, 276
 Coleridge, i. Preface, vii., 142
 Collections in Chapel, ii. 53, 54, 82
 Colleges, ii. 193
 Collins, B. B., i. 176
 Collinson, Agnes, i. 226
 Colombo, ii. 129, 132
 Comer, Mr., ii. 281
 Comfort, French, ii. 209
 Commentary, i. 177, 178, 212, 213, 228, 229, 233, 234, 236—238, 295, 301, 356, 362; ii. 20, 23, 28, 34, 62, 63, 68, 70, 89, 114, 144, 152, 171, 172, 179, 185, 190, 195, 201—203, 220, 239, 252, 255, 287
 Commerce, ii. 148
 Commissioners of Public Records, i. 321, 356, 358, 367
 Communicant, ii. 183
 Communion of Saints, i. 135
 Compliments, ii. 152
 Conchology, ii. 195
 Conference of 1849, Preface, xiv.
 Conference, Harmony of, i. 182, 200, 204
 Confession, i. 333
 Confidence, ii. 281
 Conflict, Mental, i. 118
 Confusion, i. 157
 Conscience, i. 64
 Consideration, i. 142
 Consistency, ii. 76, 77
 Contentions, i. 156, 157, 200, 209
 Contentment, i. 193, 203
 Controversy, i. 364, 365, 369
 Controversy, Aversion to, i. 95
 Conversation, i. 330, 368; ii. 107
 Conversational Biography, i. Preface, viii.—x.
 Conversions, i. 238, 240, 241
 Conviction and Conversion, i. 55
 Convicts, ii. 251
 Conway, i. 156
 Cooke, The Family, i. 90, 110, 116, 126, 131, 164
 Cooke, Captain, ii. 227
 Cooke, Eliza, i. 90, 110
 Cooke, Mary, i. 74, 91, 110, 112
 Cooke, Mr., of Dublin, ii. 155
 Cooke, Sarah, ii. 165
 Cooper, Mrs., i. 369
 Coopman, Mrs., i. 165
 Copies and Originals, ii. 215
 Copper Ore, ii. 157
 Cork, ii. 177, 198, 199
 Cork, Earl of, ii. 283
 Comer, Mrs., ii. 281
 Cornwall, i. 257
 Cornwall, Visit to, ii. 137
 Cornwallis, Marquis, i. 336
 Cornwallis, Sir William, i. 368
 Correspondence, i. 213, 313, 318; ii. 186, 238
 Correspondent, The, i. 167
 Corsair, The, ii. 245, 276
 Cottle, Jos., i. 38
 Cottonian Collection, i. 359
 Count, an Italian, i. 103, 104, 116
 Country, Love of, i. 336
 Courage, i. 14, 15
 Covet, ii. 61
 Creighton, Rev. J., i. 329; ii. 86
 Creation, i. 295, 297
 Creed, A Safe, ii. 253
 Cretans, ii. 72
 Cricket, J., ii. 179
 Crishna, ii. 26
 Croley, Dr., i. 229
 Cromie, Mr., i. 49, 98
 Cromie, J., Esq., ii. 246, 247
 Cromwell, Oliver, i. 365
 Cross, The, ii. 93
 Crousay's Art of Thinking, i. 133, 139
 Cruden, A., ii. 35, 95
 "Crusoe, Robinson," i. 37
 Cubitt, G., i. Preface, xiii.
 Cuen's, St., i. 128
 Cultivation, Self, ii. 136, 192
 Curiosities, ii. 196, 215, 261
 Curse, An Irish, i. 44
 Custom House Officers, i. 184
 Customs, Oriental, i. 360

D

- Dales, The, i. 285
 Dalmas, Count de St., i. 103, 104, 116
 Dancing, i. 48, 227
 Dangers, Personal, i. 24,
 Darling, Mr., ii. 174, 175

David, ii. 206
 Davies, Humphrey, i. 148
 Dawson, W., ii. 45, 81, 127
 Dealing, False, i. 63, 64
 Death, i. 303
 Death Sentence of, ii. 13
 Deborah's Hymn, i. 47
 Debt, i. 81, 152
 Debts, Public, ii. 82, 84
 Deception, Self, ii. 273
 Declaration, Deed of, i. 97
 Dedication, ii. 151
 Dee, Dr. John, ii. 225
 Deism, i. 204
 Delays, ii. 197
 Demosthenes, ii. 6
 Denham, ii. 240
 De Quetteville, ii. 36
 Derby, ii. 161
 Derby Family, The, ii. 165, 185
 Desart, Martin, ii. 40
 Deslon, M., i. 144
 Devil, ii. 105
 Devonshire, Duke of, ii. 178
 Derry, i. 66, 67
 Diamond, An Irish, ii. 157
 Diarrhœa, ii. 284
 Dickenson Peard, i. 202
 Dictionaries, ii. 7
 Diligence, i. 147, 175, 176; ii. 85, 191
 Diodorus Siculus, ii. 72
 Diogenes Laërtius, ii. 72
 Dioscorus, St., Liturgy of, ii. 214
 Diplomas, Dissertation on, i. 319
 Dirt, i. 115
 Disciplinarian, Severe, i. 9
 Discontent, i. 214
 Dishonesty, i. 63
 Disinterestedness, i. 362
 Disruption of 1849, Appendix, No. 3
 Disputes, i. 217
 Diss, i. 92
 Dissension, i. 84, 86, 214
 Dissent, i. 302
 Dissenters, ii. 37
 Divinity, English, ii. 257
 Dixon, Mr., i. 314
 Doctorate, ii. 34
 Doctrines, Wesleyan, i. 344
 Dodd, Rev., i. 85
 Doggrel, i. 76, 78
 Domestic Comfort, ii. 173
 Donaghadee, ii. 276
 Donations, ii. 69, 70
 Dooms-day Book, i. 359
 Douglas, Gavin, ii. 63
 Dow, Lorenzo, ii. 157
 Drayton, Michael; i. 34, ii. 229
 Dreams, i. 76, 101, 111; ii. 232
 Drew, S., i. 100, 105, 129, 368, 369; ii. 95
 Drew's "Life of Coke," i. Preface, xiii.

Driving, Furious, ii. 198
 Drowning, i. 24
 Druids, i. 156, 157
 Druid's, Arch, Breastplate, ii. 189
 Drummond, Sir W., i. 146
 Drunkenness, i. 307
 Dryden, i. 248
 Dublin, i. 128, 155, 156, 160—162, 173, 182; ii. 38, 43, 155—158, 177, 179
 Dublin College, i. 174
 Dublinensis Codex, i. 177; ii. 38
 Dumfries, ii. 174
 Dunciad, The, i. 138
 Dundalk, ii. 39
 Dunlace Castle, ii. 42
 Dunleary, ii. 157
 Dunn, Rev. S., i. Preface, xiii.; ii. 170, 173
 Duplicity, i. 321
 Durham, ii. 65
 Dutton, Mr., i. 250

E

Earle, Bishop, i. 305
 Early Days, Scenes of, i. 18, 339
 Early Piety, i. 52, 55, 56
 Early Rising, i. 63, 176; ii. 135, 191, 243, 246
 Earnestness, ii. 85
 Eastcot, ii. 190
 Easton, Dr., i. 202
 Easton, John, i. 252
 Ebenezer Chapel, ii. 179
 Eclectic Review, i. 309, 311, 368; ii. 10, 38
 Eclectic Society, i. 326, ii. 243
 Ecclesiastes, xi. 2, i. 323
 Edinburgh, ii. 174, 205
 Edmondson, Dr. ii. 209
 Edmondson, Mr., ii. 230, 23
 Education, i. 10, 17, 18, 51, 142, 143, 186, 370, ii. 44, 74, 100, 101, 105, 193, 204, 262, 263, 277
 Education of Preachers, School for, i. 315, 317
 Edward I., ii. 67
 Egypt, Discoveries in, ii. 153, 154
 Electricity, i. 158, 223
 Elf-Stones, ii. 189
 Elizabeth, Queen, i. 356, ii. 67
 Elsmere, ii. 70
 Emancipation, Slave, ii. 282
 Emmett, Mr., i. 133
 Encyclopædia, Brit., i. 139
 Endowments, Pious, i. 356
 England, A. Clarke in, i. 69, 70
 England, History of, i. 321, 355
 English Character, ii. 226
 English Language, ii. 56, 192, 193
 Enthusiasm, ii. 145

Enthusiasm, Sermon on, i. 95
 Entwistle, J., ii. 133, 164, 286
 Envy, ii. 268
 Epicurus, i. 194
 Epigram, ii. 11
 Epimenides, ii. 72
 Epworth, ii. 161
 Erasmus, i. 171, 199, ii. 38
 Eribal, Zach, ii. 42
 Erskine, Dr. i. 364, ii. 128
 Erskine, Lady, i. 228
 Eschylus, ii. 72
 Ess, Professor Von, ii. 201
 Essay on Essays, i. 368
 Etheridge, J. W., i. Preface xiii.—xv.
 Eucharist, The, i. 361, 362
 Eupolis, Hymn of, i. 256
 Europe, ii. 219
 Euscambion, ii. 232
 Evangelists, The Four, ii. 5
 Everett, i. 149, ii. 162
 Everingham, Miss, ii. 284
 Evesham, Battle of, i. 355
 Evils, Choice of, ii. 282
 Ewer, Mr., i. 199
 Exactness, ii. 61, 198
 Excursions, Preaching, ii. 137, 155, 172,
 179, 213, 232, 244, 251, 262, 269,
 274
 Exertions, Over, ii. 191
 Exley, Mr., i. 295,
 Exley, T., ii. 225, 283
 Expectation, Disappointed, i. 12
 Experience, Christian, i. 288—291, 347
 Experimental Religion, ii. 273
 Expository Sermons, ii. 48
 Expounding Scriptures, i. 208, 233, 360
 Extravagance, Religious, i. 159, 160
 Eyes, Affected, i. 216, ii. 195, 197, 198,
 203
 Ezekiel, xxiii. 2, ii. 2

F

Factory Bill and Children, ii. 100
 Fairfax, General, i. 365
 Fairies, ii. 199
 "Faery Queene," i. 251
 Faith, i. 109, 154, 288, 289, ii. 280
 Faith, Treatise on, ii. 45
 Fall of Man, ii. 2
 Fallen, Restore the, ii. 97
 Fare, Scanty, i. 97—99, 161
 Farmer, Dr. T., i. 355
 Farming, ii. 98, 99, 100, 136
 Farneworth, Mr. Ellis, i. 312
 Faroe Isles, ii. 230
 Fasting, i. 135
 Father, God a, i. 9
 Fathers, Ancient, ii. 22
 Fathers, Christian, i. 329

Favours, On Soliciting, i. 345
 Fault-finding, ii. 8, 96
 Fazel, Abul, i. 236
 Feelings, Tender, i. 257
 Fell, Dr., ii. 27
 Feltham, Mr., i. 134
 Female Influence, i. 72, 132, 133
 Fenelon, ii. 172
 Fiction, Works of, i. 40, 41
 Fidelity, i. 278
 Field's Bible, i. 251, 252
 Field's Septuagint, ii. 179
 Fire, Destructive, ii. 156
 Fire-Stirring, ii. 68
 Fishing, i. 22, 23, 26, ii. 99
 Flavel, i. 340
 Fletcher, Rev. J., i. 76, ii. 9, 10, 178
 Fletchers, The, i. 251
 Fletcher's "Purple Island," i. 32, ii. 63
 Fleury, i. 312, 313
 Flixton, i. 187
 "Fœdera," i. 351, 352, 353, 354, 359
 "Fœdera," Rymers, ii. 38, 66
 Food, Blessing on, i. 202
 Food, Cheap, i. 48
 "Fool of Quality," i. 252
 Forgiveness, i. 333
 Forgery, i. 169, 170
 Forshaw, ii. 276, 277, 283
 Foster, J., i. 107, 311
 Foul, ii. 231
 Foundation Stone of a Chapel, ii. 231
 Fox, Mr. C., i. 242—244
 Franklin, Dr. B., ii. 104
 Franks, Mr., i. 171
 Frey's Hebrew Bible, ii. 186
 Frederick the Great, i. 362
 Frembly, Captain, ii. 208
 French Language, i. 103, 108, 125, 131
 French Revolution, i. 197
 Freshford, i. 131
 Friendship, i. 101, 212, 257, 333
 Friendship, Broken, ii. 158
 Friendship, Constancy in, ii. 96, 244
 Frome, ii. 283
 Fry, Mrs., i. 185
 Fuller, Andrew, ii. 112
 Fuller, Dr., i. 267
 Fund, Chapel, ii. 125
 Fund, Legalised, i. 231, 304
 Fund, Superannuated Preacher's, i. 343
 Funeral, A Popish, i. 363
 Funeral Sermons, ii. 92
 Furniture, House, ii. 185

G

Gaisford, Professor, ii. 64, 65
 Galand, i. 246
 Galatians, vi. 15, ii. 279
 Galgoram, ii. 250

Galland, T., ii. 63
 Galt, J., i. 61, 69
 Gambold, Rev. John, ii. 250
 Game, ii. 185
 Gaming, i. 20, 54
 Garbutt, R., ii. 122
 Garrett, Phil, ii. 101
 Garva, i. 16
 Garvah, ii. 40
 Gasebo, i. 55
 Gaulter, J., i. 171
 Generosity, ii. 181, 207, 224
 Genesis, i. 20, i. 295
 Genius, Indications of, i. 50—52
 Genius, Mechanical, i. 102
 Geological Society, i. Appendix No. 1
 Geological Society, Member of, ii. 171
 George IV. and his Queen, ii. 150, 159,
 160
 Giant's Causeway, ii. 42, 156, 177, 246
 Gibbon, i. 195, 269
 Gibbon, General, i. 357
 Gifts, Pious, i. 356
 Gillies, Dr., i. 332
 Gipsies, i. 44
 Gitagovinda, ii. 26
 Girtanner, i. 195
 Glasgow, ii. 176, 177
 Glass, Pane of, ii. 247
 Glass, Writing on, i. 203, 204, 206
 Gleig, Dr., i. 139
 Glenarme, i. 4
 Glenbervie, Lord, ii. 66
 Gloucester, Duke of, ii. 243
 God, Omnipotence of, ii. 4
 God, Seeing, in Heaven, ii. 4
 Godfathers and Godmothers, i. 6
 Goldsmith, Dr. O., i. 234
 Golius's "Lexicon," ii. 187
 Good's "Book of Nature," ii. 240
 Gore, James, i. 154
 Gospel, A Free, ii. 53, 54
 Gospels, Harmony of, ii. 2
 Gossitt, Dr., i. 199
 Gough, R., i. 312
 Goulburn, Henry, ii. 131
 Government, Church, i. 132, 133
 Government, Civil, ii. 105
 Gown, Clerical, ii. 1
 Grace Hill, ii. 42, 246, 249
 Grace, Various Operations of, i. 55, 56
 Grainger, Miss, ii. 170
 Grammars, i. 362
 Grammar, Hebrew, i. 71, 72
 Grange, The, i. 4
 Grapes, i. 118, ii. 221
 Grave's Sect, i. 312
 Gray, i. 27
 Greathed, Samuel, i. 309, 310, 311, 368
 Greek Article, ii. 85, 179
 Greek Language, Spread of, ii. 26, 87,
 193

Greenland, ii. 230
 Greenley, Charles, ii. 284, 285
 Gregory, Dr. O., i. 228
 Griesbach, Dr., i. 259
 Griffith, W., i. 217, 231
 Griffith, Walter, ii. 194
 Grimshaw, Rev. W., ii. 243
 Grindstones, i. 277
 Grove, The, i. 9
 Guernsey, i. 111, 116, 118, 122, 123, 126
 Guilleaume, Mrs., i. 128
 Gurney, Bevan, ii. 70

H

Habie's How, ii. 174, 175, 176
 Habits, Early, i. 22
 Habits, Good, i. 115
 Habits, Regular, i. 307
 Hadfield, Bishop, i. 65
 Hair, A Family Tribute, ii. 286
 Hair, Grey, i. 245
 Hair, Powdered, i. 201
 Hair, Rapid Growth of, i. 124, 227
 Hale, Sir M., ii. 121
 Halifax, i. 60, 132, 133, 134, ii. 239
 Hall, Colonel, ii. 178
 Hall, John, ii. 198
 Hall, Mrs., i. 135, 149, 180, ii. 164
 Hall, Mrs. John, ii. 198
 Hall, Robert, i. 178, 213, 228, 311, ii.
 3, 10, 35, 202, 287
 Hallam, i. 355
 Halleluiahs, ii. 15
 Hamburgh, i. 337
 Hamilton, Duke of, ii. 197
 Hamilton, Dr., i. 228
 Hamilton, Dr. W., ii. 80
 Hampden, i. 355
 Hampson, J. Senior, i. 95, 97, 171
 Hampson, J. Junior, i. 166; ii. 142
 Hanby, T., i. 176
 Hand, Mr., i. 194, 195
 Hanson, Miss, i. 369
 Hardihood, Physical, i. 30
 Harding, Mr., ii. 239
 Hardships, Ministerial, i. 96, 97, 99
 Harley, Earl of Oxford, ii. 172
 Harmer's Observations, i. 360
 Harmony, i. 182, 304
 Harmony, Sacred, ii. 15
 Haroldswick, ii. 230
 Harper, Rev. S., ii. 252, 276
 "Hart King," ii. 63
 Harvard, Mr., ii. 128
 Hastings, Mr., i. 236
 "Hats Off," ii. 226
 Hat, The Old, ii. 210
 Hats, Three Cornered, i. 216
 Haunted House, i. 16
 Hawes, Dr., ii. 274

Hawker, Dr., i. 287
 Hawkey, Mrs., i. 221
 Hay, Mr., i. 271
 Hayden Hall, i. 352; ii. 168, 190, 214,
 216, 217, 252, 255, 278, 285
 Health, Failing, ii. 73, 89, 155, 181,
 182, 189, 190, 203, 217, 225, 238,
 239, 240, 274, 281
 Health, Enjoyment of, ii. 244
 Health Impaired, i. 115, 119, 121, 122,
 154, 161, 182, 244, 257, 272, 360
 Hearers, Critical, i. 159
 Hearnshaw, J., i. 277
 Heart, The, ii. 219
 Hebrew, i. 362; ii. 33
 Hebrew Bible, i. 152, 229
 Hebrew Grammar, i. 71, 72
 Hebrew Manuscript, ii. 217
 Hebrew Poetry, ii. 183
 Hebrew Points, ii. 179, 183, 187
 Hebrews xi. 6: ii.
 Hebrides, The, ii. 170, 208
 Hedaiyah, i. 238
 Hehl, Father, i. 143
 Heliers, St., i. 109, 111, 118, 128, 132
 Help, Timely, ii. 207
 Hemans, Mrs., i. 174
 Henderson, John, i. 38, 136
 Henry, Dr., i. 323
 Henry, M., ii. 257
 Henry III., i. 354; ii. 67
 Henry VIII., i. 327, 356; ii. 67
 Heroclitus, ii. 44
 Herbolit, De, i. 246
 Herbert, George, ii. 208
 Hermes, i. 195, 196
 Herodotus, ii. 154
 Hervey, Dr., ii. 282
 Hervey's Meditations, i. 68
 Hervey, Rev. J., ii. 18
 Hibernia, The, ii. 251
 Hick, Sammy, ii. 140
 Hickling, ii. 281
 Hickling, Mr. T., ii. 168
 Highwayman, i. 75
 History, Oriental, i. 177
 History, Thoughts on, i. 322
 Hoare, Prince, i. 185
 Hobbs, Mr., ii. 283, 284
 Hodgson, R., i. 200
 Hodgson, T., i. 150, 151
 Holbeck, ii. 80
 Holdcroft, Mr., i. 318; ii. 156, 262
 Holiness, i. 287
 Holloway, T., i. 140, 141
 Holme's Septuagint, i. 311
 Holy, T., Esq., ii. 182, 215, 216
 Holyhead, i. 156
 Holyrood House, ii. 174
 Home, i. 218
 Home, Love of, ii. 241—245
 Homer, i. 341; ii. 246

Homilies of Church of England, ii. 57
 Honour, i. 349, 350
 Honours, Diplomatic, i. 326
 Honours, Literary, ii. 34, 69, 114
 Honours, Unmerited, i. 327
 Hood, Robin, i. 33, 34; ii. 161
 Hooght, Van der, ii. 186
 Hook, J., i. 110; ii. 165, 168, 185, 196
 Hook, Mrs., ii. 283, 285
 Hook, The Family of, ii. 165
 Hook's Roman History, ii. 172
 Hoole, Elijah, ii. 133
 Hop, Island of, ii. 177
 Hops, i. 138
 Hopkins, R., ii. 139
 Hopper, Christopher, i. 284, 285
 Horace, i. 95, 297
 Hore, Mr. J., i. 108, 152
 Horne, J. H., i. 348
 Horne, Mary, i. 124
 Horse, Care of, i. 75
 Horse Exercise, i. 122, 123
 Horse, Favourite, i. 100
 Horse, Favourite, Death of, i. 255
 Horse, Good, ii. 243
 Horse, The White, ii. 197, 198
 Horsley, Bishop, i. 36
 Hospitality, ii. 152
 House, Consecration of, i. 260, 264
 House Furnishing, ii. 185
 House Preachers, i. 206
 Hugh, Dr., ii. 168
 Hughes, Rev. J., ii. 35
 Hull, ii. 122, 180
 Humane Society, Royal, i. 25
 Hume, D., i. 321—355
 Humility, i. 184, 349, 350
 Hunmanby, ii. 201
 Hunt, Mr., ii. 150
 Hunter, Dr. W., i. 284
 Hunter, Mr., i. 174
 Hunterian Museum, ii. 177
 Huntingdon, Lady, ii. 36
 Husband, A Faulty, i. 96
 Hutchinson, Mrs., i. 6
 Hyder, Nabob, i. 241, 242
 Hymn Book, Wesleyan, i. 247
 Hymnology, ii. 250
 Hymns, ii. 94
 Hymns, French, ii. 231
 Hymns, Unsuitable, ii. 82
 Hymns, Wesleyan, ii. 14—16

I

Idleness, ii. 84, 120
 Ignis Fatuus, i. 13, 14, 15
 Ignorance, ii. 263
 Ignorance, Ministerial, i. 293
 Illness, ii. 276
 Illumination, General, i. 116

Illustrative Power, i. 320
 Impatience, ii. 206
 Impressions, ii. 281
 Improvement, Mental, i. 99, 100, 108, 112
 Improvement, Personal, ii. 186, 192
 Inchera, Island of, ii. 177
 Independence, i. 299, 306; ii. 69, 120, 207
 India, Projected Work on, i. 245
 Indulgence, Personal, i. 22
 Industry, i. 147, 175, 176, 229, 272; ii. 191
 Infidelity, i. 232, 268, 269, 360
 Ingham, J., i. 91, 97
 Innkeeper, i. 186
 Inscription, Latin, i. 11, 239, 240
 Inscription, Singular, i. 239, 242, 272
 Intellect, March of, ii. 7
 Interment, Places of, i. 231, 232
 Interpreter, i. 104
 Invention, i. 367
 Investigation, Power of, i. 320
 Invitations to Preachers, i. 207
 Ireland, Mr., i. 136
 Ireland, i. 155
 Ireland, Dissensions in, ii. 115, 120
 Ireland, Removal to, ii. 241
 Ireland, Visit to, ii. 64, 108, 155, 174, 245, 262
 Irish Antiquities, ii. 189
 Irish Character, i. 158; ii. 226
 Irish Methodists, State of, ii. 171
 Irving, E., ii. 270
 Irving, Washington, ii. 190
 Isaac, B., i. 281; ii. 76
 Isaiah lxvii. 15; ii. 169
 Italian Language, i. 104
 Itinerancy, i. 59, 89, 96, 97, 29, 303

J

Jackson, T. i., preface, xiii.
 Jaco, P., i. 98, 99
 Jacomb, C., ii. 215
 Jamaica, ii. 276
 James 1st, i. 365
 Jameson, Professor, ii. 176
 Jay, Rev. W., ii. 25, 192
 Jagadeva, ii. 26
 Jealousy, ii. 264
 Jebb, Dr., i. 347
 Jeffrey, ii. 205
 Jehovah, ii. 15
 Jenkins, W., i. 277
 Jeram, Rev., i. 76, 77
 Jerome, St., ii. 70
 Jersey, i. 111, 118, 131, 160, 164, 180
 Jersey, De, Mr., i. 118, 123, 125
 Jews, The, ii. 219
 Jews, Infidelity of, i. 269
 Job, Book of, ii. 149, 152
 1 John v. 19, ii. 2

John iii. 8, i. 296
 John v. 25, ii. 286
 John, King, i. 354, 355
 John's, St., i. 128
 Johnstone, Sir Alex., ii. 127, 128, 129, 171
 Johnson, Dr. S., i. Preface, vii. 135, ii. 56, 107, 108, 122, 185
 Johnston, Mrs., i. 124
 Johnston, Miss, i. 134, 153, 161
 Johnston, Dr. Paul, ii. 157
 Jones, Sir William, i. 237, 284, 310, 311, ii. 66, 174
 Jones, J., i. 85
 Jones, Peter, ii. 255
 Jones, Mrs., ii. 206
 Journal, Shetland, ii. 228
 Joy, ii. 211
 Judge, Offer of, ii. 13
 Junius, ii. 33
 Justice, i. 333, 355
 Justification, i. 288, 289, 290

K

Kahkewaquonaby, ii. 255
 Kant, i. 286
 Keich, Benjamin, i. 68, 340
 Kennicot, Dr., i. 108, 152, ii. 217
 Kensington Palace, ii. 166, 168
 Kenworthy, P., i. 278
 Kershaw, Dr., i. 151
 Keys, ii. 94
 Kezzy, Wesley, ii. 164
 Kidd, Dr., ii. 211
 Kildare, Bishop of, i. 358
 Kilham, A., i. 131
 Killarney, Lake of, ii. 177
 Kindness, i. 279, ii. 135, 181
 Kindness, Good Effects of, i. 10
 King, The, Praying for, i. 132
 King, Mr., i. 92
 King's College, Aberdeen, i. 326
 Kingsland, i. 323
 Kingswood School, i. 68, 72, 121, 150, 180, 233, 235, 237, 238, ii. 74
 Kippis, Dr., ii. 3
 Kneeling at Prayer, ii. 58
 Knowledge, i. 211, 362
 Knowledge, Biblical, ii. 79
 Knowledge is Power, i. 319
 Knowledge, Thirst for, i. 52, 199
 Knox, V., i. 142
 Knox, Alexander, i. 284, 347, 348, ii. 5
 Koran, The, ii. 187
 Kyle, Rev., i. 20

L

Labour, Early, i. 21
 Labour, Literary, ii. 66, 73

Labour, Ministerial, i. 150, 204, 218,
229, 272, ii. 98, 120, 213, 222, 232,
243, 274
Lathe, i. 277
Lamba, Ness, ii. 230
Lambert, J., ii. 183
Lampriere, Miss, i. 125, 128
Laing, Father, i. 312
Lanark, ii. 174
Langtree, M., ii. 43, 116
Language, ii. 56, 172, 192
Language, Anglo-Saxon, ii. 193
Language, English, ii. 192, 193
"Language Society," ii. 133
Languages, i. 177, 229, 236, 239, 243,
309, 362, ii. 192, 193
Larne, i. 4
Late Attendance, ii. 197
Latin Tongue, i. 104, ii. 193
Laud, Archbishop, ii. 65
Laughter, i. 285
Lavater, i. 134
Lawyers, ii. 148
Learning, Acquisition of, i. 138, 177,
179, 314, 326
Learning, Attainments in, ii. 20, 21,
34, 287
Learning, Inaptitude for, i. 9, 10
Learning, Ignorant contempt of, i. 77,
78, 129
Learning, Readiness in, i. 11
Leasehold, ii. 242
Lectures, ii. 105
Lectures, Subjects for, ii. 56
Lee, Professor, ii. 168, 273
Leeds, i. 132, 133, 134, 203, ii. 201, 233
Leeds Conference, 1784, i. 76, 84, 85,
97, 128, 130, 132
Legacies, Pious, i. 356
Leigh's Crit. Sac., i.
Leighton, i. 323
Lemon, Rev., i. 95
Leprosy, ii. 151
Lerwick, ii. 170, 208, 211, 223
Lerwick Bay, i. 92
Leslie, Sir John, i. 138
Letsome, Dr., i. 24, 25
Letters, ii. 107
Letters of Dr. A. Clarke, i. 110, 113
Lewes, Battle of, i. 355
Lexicons, i. 362, ii. 33
Liberty, Christian, i. 55
Liberty, Civil, i. 223, 224, 355
Library, i. 70, 148
Library, Alexandrian, i. 230
Library, Duke of Sussex's, ii. 167, 168
Library, Select, i. 148
Library, The Doctor's, ii. 93, 188, 256,
260
Library, Travelling, ii. 247
License to Preach, i. 105
Lichfield, ii. 121

Lichfield, Meeting at, i. 215
Life, Principle of, ii. 282
Life, Seasons of, ii. 247
Light, False, i. 13, 14, 15
Linen Trade, i. 61
Lincoln Castle, ii. 162
Literary Meanness, i. 245
Literature, Sacred Succession of, i. 328
Little Things, i. 155
Liturgy, i. 302
Liverpool, i. 182, 205, 214, 266, 344, ii.
277
Lloyd, S., i. 84
Lloyd's "Evening Post," i. 138
Lochart, ii. 237
Locke, J., i. 138, ii. 65
Lodgings, Inferior, i. 92, 97, 206
Logic of Kings, i. 365
London, i. 97, 217, 221, 271, 307, 308,
ii. 181, 185
London, Centre of Missionary Opera-
tions, ii. 218, 219
London Institution, ii. 182
London, Tower of, ii. 64, 98
Longinus, ii. 168
Loriman, Miss, ii. 276
Lough Neah, i. 4
Louis XIV., i. 365
Loutit, James, i. 364, ii. 226
Love of God, i. 220
Love-feast, i. 221, 241
Loyalty, i. 117, 223, 224, ii. 159
Ludicrous, Perception of the, i. 96
Ludicrous Scene, i. 286
Luddolph's Lexicon, ii. 214
Lust, Meaning of, ii. 80, 81
Luther, i. 79, 118, 323
Lynch, Mr., ii. 128
Lynx, J., ii. 206
Lyttelton, Lord, ii. 7

M

Maccabees, ii. 204
Macedonian Empire, ii. 26, 27
Macintosh, Sir J., i. 355
Mackey, Alexander, ii. 156
Madden, Mr., i. 165
Madrid, ii. 219
Magazine, Evangelical, i. 170
Magazine, Methodist, i. 221, 226, 227
Maghera, i. 8, 9, ii. 40, 41, 156, 177
Magherafelt, ii. 40, 156
Magic, &c., Works on, i. 38, 39
Magistrate, Power of, i. 333
Magna Charta, i. 354, 355
Magnetism, Animal, i. 143
Mahogany, ii. 185
Mahomedans, ii. 187, 214
Maitland, i. 359
Man, The Chief End of, ii. 253

- Manchester, i. 191, 192, 193, 200, 201,
 202, 214, 276, 303, ii. 219
 Manchester, Methodism in, ii. 162
 Mangey, Dr., ii. 73
 Mangotsfield, i. 71
 Manner, Pulpit, ii. 51—53
 Manner, Suitable, i. 306, 307, 317
 Manners, Good, ii. 8
 Mansell, Contree, i. 116
 Mant, Dr., ii. 244
 Manton, ii. 215
 Manuscripts, i. 246, 319, 326, ii. 65, 66,
 93, 177, 183, 202, 215, 252, 262
 Manuscripts, Ancient, i. 177, 214, 229,
 237
 Marbles, Playing at, i. 185
 Maria Mail Boat, ii. 206
 Marlborough, Duchess of, ii. 172
 Marriage of A. and M. Clarke, i. 115
 Marriage Celebration, ii. 199
 Marriott, T., i. Preface xi., 80, 200
 Marriott, W., ii. 70, 92
 Marrow of Modern Divinity, i. 341
 Marsden, Rev. G., ii. 169
 Marsh, i. 150
 Marsh, Herbert, ii. 234
 Marshall, Rev. J., ii. 17
 Martin, i. 226
 Martin, Mr., i. 239, 321
 Marvell, i. 249
 Marvellous, Touch of the, i. 16
 Mary Queen of Scots, i. 356
 Mary's, St., i. 128
 Mason, Dr., ii. 202, 203
 Mason, J., senior, i. 151
 Mason, J., i. 151, 224
 Masoretic Pronunciation, i. 361
 Master and Teacher, i. 9
 Masters, ii. 173
 Mather, Alexander, i. 175, 215, 217,
 285, 365, ii. 117
 Matlock, ii. 161
 Matthew v. 7: i. 227
 Mattaire, ii. 234
 Maurice, Rev. T., ii. 167
 Maury, Abbe, ii. 5, 7
 Mayne, C., ii. 156, 160
 Mayne, Judge, ii. 156, 161
 Maynooth, i. 357, 358
 McAlder, Rev., i. 20
 McAllum, Dr., ii. 170
 McGill, ii. 177
 McIntosh, Sir James, i. 138, 355
 McKenny, J., i. 65, ii. 128
 McLean, J., i. 5
 McNab, i. 85, 86, 88
 McNicoll, D., i. 54, 206, 314, 332; ii. 2,
 11, 83
 Meara's, Barry O., "Voice, &c." ii. 169
 Measles, i. 183
 Measure, Short, i. 63, 64
 Medical Knowledge, i. 174
 Medicine, ii. 68
 Meekness, ii. 220
 Melchizedekians, i. 85
 Memory, i. 54, ii. 83
 Menander, ii. 72
 Menensko's "Thesairus," i. 199
 Menow, General, i. 272
 Menu, Institutes of, i. 238
 Mercy of God, i. 220
 Mercies, ii. 2
 Mesmer, Dr., i. 144
 Mesmerism, i. 143
 Metals, Transmutations of, i. 195, 197
 Meteorology, i. 43
 Methodism and Church of England, i.
 83, 87
 "Methodism as It Is," i. Preface xiv.
 Methodism, Character of, i. 207, 294
 Methodism, Decline of, ii. 273
 Methodism in Ireland, i. 54
 Methodism, Object of, i. 288, 293, 294
 Methodism, Original, ii. 217
 Methodism, Review of, ii. 116, 120
 Michaelis, i. 177
 Middleton, i. 295
 Middleton, J., ii. 23
 Millbrook, ii. 92, 93, 98, 129, 165, 169,
 171, 179, 181, 185, 188, 214
 Millin, A. L., i. 274
 Miller, J., ii. 174
 Milton, i. 212, 341
 Mind, Dr. Clarke's, i. 320
 Minerals, ii. 157, 175, 195, 262
 Ministerial Changes, i. 265
 Ministerial Character, i. 149, 151
 Ministerial Labour, i. 59, 60, 135, 136,
 150, 247
 Ministerial Success, ii. 273
 Ministers, Young, i. 129
 Ministry, i. 197
 Mishap, ii. 204
 Mission, East Indian, ii. 103, 150
 Mission, French, ii. 103
 Missionaries, Loss of, ii. 206
 Missionary Operations, Centre of, ii. 218
 Missionaries, Royal, ii. 6
 Missionary Meetings and Societies, ii.
 74, 78, 115, 116, 166
 Mistresses, ii. 173
 Mitchell, Andrew, i. 362
 Mitchell, G., i. 100
 "Mitre, The," a poem, i. 87
 Modesty, i. 368
 Mohamedan, A., ii. 122
 Monasteries, Suppression of, i. 356
 Monasticon, The, ii. 66
 Monat, Mr., ii. 232
 Money, i. 349, 350
 Money, The Root of Evil, ii. 200
 Monkey, A., ii. 11
 Montanus's Hebrew Bible, ii. 186
 Montfort, Dr., i. 355

"Montfortii Codex," i. 177, ii. 38
 Montgomery, J., i. 311, 369, ii. 60, 61,
 180, 249, 250, 275
 Moore, H., i. 58, 61, 63, 64, 68, 73, 166,
 167, ii. 143, 163, 184, 190, 210
 Moore, Mr., i. 211, 215, 227, 330
 Moortfields, i. 98
 Moral Greatness, i. 106
 Moravian Establishment, ii. 42, 249
 Moreland, Henry, Earl of, i. 252
 "Morning Post," i. 138
 Morning Preaching, i. 135
 Morriss, Rev., ii. 35, 202
 Morrison, Dr., i. 203
 Mortars, Inscription on, i. 365
 Mortimer, Mr. and Mrs., i. 210, 258,
 306
 Mothers, ii. 44
 Moybeg, i. 2
 Moyses, Rev., ii. 187
 Mull, Isle of, i. 5, 6; ii. 208
 Mullihicall, i. 57, 60
 Munster, Boyce, ii. 42
 Munster's "Sebastian," ii. 32
 Murlin, J., i. 285
 Museum, ii. 261, 262
 Museum, British, i. 358, 359; ii. 73
 Music, i. 48
 Music, Instrumental, ii. 15
 Myles, W., i. 63, 65; ii. 157

N

Nacash, ii. 11, 27
 "Namby Pamby," ii. 81
 Names, ii. 281
 Names, What Implied in, i. 333
 Napoleon, ii. 169
 Napoleon, Life of, ii. 237
 Narwell, ii. 123
 National Character, ii. 207, 209, 226
 Native Place, ii. 245
 Need, Conviction of, i. 137
 Negro Boy, ii. 90
 Negro Boy and Girl, ii. 196
 Nelson, J., i. 365
 Nelson, Rev., ii. 161
 Nests, Birds', i. 367
 Nethenim, ii. 265
 New Buildings, i. 68
 New Creatures, ii. 14
 Newcome, Dr., ii. 2
 Newspapers, ii. 108
 Newton, Ards, ii. 276
 Newton, Rev. John, ii. 243
 Nicene Church, ii. 22
 Nicholl, Sir J., ii. 37
 Nichols, Bowyer, ii. 172
 Nichols, Colonel, ii. 282
 Norman Isles, i. 108, 109, 130, 154, 161,
 253, 342, 363; ii. 9, 205

Norton, N., i. 85
 Nortwick, ii. 230
 Norwich, i. 91, 93, 95, 97, 99
 Nostalgia, ii. 241
 Notes, Taking, i. 213; ii. 106
 "Nothing," A Poem on, i. 368
 Novelists, ii. 236
 Novels, Waverley, ii. 209
 Nubia, Discoveries in, ii. 153

O

Obedience, i. 287
 Obliging Disposition, i. 313
 Observer, Christian, ii. 26
 Offering, Weekly, i. 57
 Official Situations, ii. 13
 Officiousness, ii. 8
 Oglethorpe, General, ii. 184
 Oldham Street Chapel, i. 281
 O'Neil, Captain, ii. 42
 O'Neills, The, i. 17, 21, 23, 45, 52
 Orange, Prince of, i. 32
 Order, ii. 93, 191
 Order, Attention to, i. 176
 Organs in Chapels, ii. 53, 179
 Oriental Customs, i. 360
 Originals and Copies, Difference be-
 tween, ii. 188
 Orkneys, ii. 170
 Ornaments in Chapels, ii. 126
 Orrery, The, i. 361
 Ossa Skerry, ii. 231
 Ostervald, Mr., i. 320, 321
 Ottley, Sir Richard, ii. 131
 Overbury, Sir T., i. 368
 Ovid, i. 296
 Owen, Rev. J., i. 309, 324, 343; ii. 90,
 171
 Oxford, ii. 64, 65, 123, 168

P

Paine, T., i. 232
 Paine's "Rights of Man," ii. 257
 Paintings, Ancient, ii. 153, 154
 Papa Stour, ii. 230, 231
 Papers, ii. 165
 Papers, State, i. 349, 354
 Papers, Wesley Family, i. 210, 211
 Papists, ii. 100
 Parade, Dislike of, ii. 85
 Parallel, i. 249
 Paralysis, ii. 244
 Pardon, i. 289
 Parental Authority, i. 68, 69, 73
 Parental Neglect, ii. 245
 Paris, ii. 218
 Park, Mungo, i. 324
 Parken, Daniel, i. 311, 368

- Parker, Archbishop, i. 358 ; ii. 94
 Parkin, J., i. 97
 Parkhurst, ii. 94
 Parr, Catharine, i. 327
 Parr, Dr., ii. 167, 169
 Parson, Hunting, i. 102
 Parsons, Rev. J., ii. 80
 Partridge, i. 227
 Party Men and Measures, i. 345
 Party Spirit, i. 223
 Pasham's Bible, i. 251, 252
 Pastimes, Juvenile, i. 45
 Pastoral Visitation, i. 144
 Pattee's Hymn Book, ii. 150
 Paul, St., Life of, ii. 70
 Paul, St., Literary Character of, ii. 70,
 72
 Pauli, Dr., i. 173
 Pavement, Prenestine, i. 361
 Pawson, J., ii. 60, 163, 164
 Pawson, Mr. and Mrs., i. 161, 205, 210,
 211, 212, 214, 217, 224, 229, 230
 Payne, Rev. T., i. 233
 Peace, i. 96
 Peace, Love of, i. 336
 Pearson, Mr., i. 271
 Pedan, Alex., i. 210
 Peel, Sir R., i. 192
 "Peir's Ploughman," i. 34
 Penitents, i. 220
 Pensford, i. 71, 150 ; ii. 198
 Pentland Hills, ii. 174
 Peppysian Library, ii. 63
 Percival, Hon. S., ii. 62, 118
 Percival, Dr., i. 275
 Percival, Spencer, i. 105
 Perfection, Christian, ii. 17, 18, 223
 Perophilus, i. 196
 Perron, M. A. du, i. 237, 284
 Perronet, E. and C., i. 84, 85, 87
 Persian Inscriptions, i. 242
 Persian Language, ii. 193
 Persian Manuscripts, ii. 66, 177, 182
 Persecution, i. 99, 104, 105, 112, 126 ;
 ii. 276
 Persic, ii. 197
 2 Peter i. 4 : ii. 80
 Petition, Irish, i. 181
 Pettigrew, Mr., ii. 165, 167, 186, 196,
 202, 238
 Philadelphian Medical Museum, i. 284
 Philips, Bookseller, i. 245
 Phillips, Dr. W., ii. 284, 285
 Phillips, John, ii. 140
 Philological Society, i. 270, 277, 281,
 282
 Philological Society, Rules of, Appen-
 dix, No. 1
 Philosophy, i. 223
 Philosophy, Natural, ii. 225
 Philpots, Dr., i. 89
 Piety, i. 55, 56
 Piety and Religion, i. 323
 Piety, Early, i. 339
 Pig, Roast, ii. 121
 "Pilgrim's Progress," i. 331, 332
 Pilster, Robt., ii. 81
 Pindar, Peter, ii. 211
 Pine Apple, ii. 221
 Pinner, ii. 190
 Pioneer, The, ii. 222
 Pipe, J., i. 277
 Pitt, Hon. W., i. 236 ; ii. 67
 Pitt Street, i. 206
 Pittacus, i. 90
 Place, Change of, ii. 241
 Plainness, ii. 53
 Plaisair, Mont, i. 116
 Plato, ii. 72
 Platonic Bodies, i. 275
 Playfair, Professor, i. 138
 Plays, Juvenile, i. 45
 Plutarch, ii. 72
 Plymouth Dock, i. 73, 103, 108, 135,
 152, 279, 281, 287
 Pocock, Dr., ii. 214
 Poems, Ancient, i. 67
 Poetic Faculty, i. 31
 Poetry, i. 28, 36 ; ii. 151, 215
 Poetry, Doggrel, i. 76, 78
 Poetry, Lyric, i. 29
 Poetry, Old English, i. 28, 34 ; ii. 183
 Poets, Eastern, ii. 26
 Polemics, i. 95, 96
 Police, The, ii. 197
 Pollio, ii. 19
 Politics, i. 335
 Polyglott Bible, Persic, i. 243, 275, 301,
 313
 Polyglott Bibles, Account of, ii. 29,
 32, 33, 151, 165, 184
 Polyglott, Complutensian, ii. 186, 224
 Polyglott, Walton's, i. 180
 Polyglotts, ii. 187, 201
 Poole, J., i. 74, 75, 76, 112
 Poor, The, ii. 123, 241, 247
 Poor, Attention to, ii. 135
 Poor, Kindness to, i. 94
 Poor, Neglected, i. 117
 Pope, Alexander, ii. 63
 Pope, Mr., ii. 172
 Pope, A., i. 135, 333
 Pope's Toe, The, ii. 7
 Popish Church and Priests, i. 355
 Popish Cruelty, i. 207
 Popularity, i. 89, 100, 203, 205
 Porson, Professor, i. 256, 348
 "Post Angel," ii. 183
 Portadown, ii. 40
 Port, Isaac, i. 100, 134
 Portrait Painting, i. 140, 141, 202
 Post Stuart, i. 49, 69, 98 ; ii. 155, 246
 Poverty, ii. 109
 Power, i. 331, 350

Praise, Self, ii. 69
 Pratt, Rev. J., ii. 31, 224
 Prayer, ii. 191
 Prayer, Answer to, i. 93
 Prayer Meetings, i. 60, 143, 221, 157, 159, 240
 Prayer, Prevalence of, ii. 169, 205
 Prayer, Sitting and Kneeling at, ii. 58
 Prayer Valued, ii. 203
 Preacher, Letter to a, i. 79, 80
 Preacher, Young, i. 59, 67, 68, 89
 Preachers, Early, i. 314
 Preachers, Education of, i. 314, 317
 Preachers, Local, ii. 60, 133
 Preachers, Old, i. 284, 365
 Preaching, i. 150, 193; ii. 44, 50, 53, 83, 102, 115, 160, 166, 173, 192, 199, 201, 211, 218, 222, 257, 273, 284, 287
 Preaching, Field, i. 135
 Preaching Place, i. 292
 Preaching, Remarks on, i. 79, 81, 83, 121, 200, 218, 219, 222, 224, 235, 266, 286, 288, 293, 323, 334, 350
 Precedents, ii. 269
 Precipitancy, i. 86
 Prejudice, i. 57; ii. 170
 Premonition, ii. 281
 Prepossessions, Early, i. 237
 Presbyterians, i. 7, 19, 20; ii. 39
 Present, A, ii. 239
 President, Election of, ii. 73, 169, 181
 Presidents of Conference, i. 313
 Press-gang, i. 338
 Pretender, The, i. 365
 Prideaux's Connection, i. 70
 Priestley, Dr., ii. 165
 Prince Regent, ii. 74
 Prior, W., i. 85
 Processions, Ancient, ii. 154
 Promises, Scripture, i. 220
 Prophet, Christian, and his Work, i. 256
 Prosperity, ii. 35
 Proverb, A, ii. 221
 Proverbs, i. 8
 Providence, i. 119, 163, 210, 342; ii. 10, 82, 207, 217, 224
 Providential Care, ii. 180, 181
 Prudence, i. 258; ii. 206
 Psalm xxx., 7: i. 241, 242
 Psalm, xci.: ii. 281
 Psalms, Book of, ii. 251
 Psalms, The, ii. 224
 Psalms, Versifications of, i. 35, 36
 "Psyche," i. 173
 Public Character, i. 305, 309
 Public House, i. 186
 Pudsey, Bishop, ii. 65
 Pulpit, i. 292
 Pulpit Material, i. 151
 Pulpit, A Novel, ii. 210

Punctuality, i. 103, 308
 Purgatory, i. 45, 46, 363
 Puritans, i. 288
 Purity of Heart, i. 290
 Purity of Motive, i. 273
 "Purple Island," i. 251
 Puseyism, i. 347
 Pyramids, Discoveries in, ii. 153
 Pythagorean Numbers, i. 275

Q

Quaker and Parson, i. 102
 Quality, Fool of, i. 42
 Quarterly Meeting, i. 65
 Queen St. Chapel, ii. 165
 Queteville, De, Mr., i. 118, 121, 122, 124, 127, 128, 180
 Quixote, Don, i. 41

R

"Rabelais," ii. 257
 Raby, J., ii. 170
 Rodha, ii. 26
 Radicalism, ii. 149
 Raffles, Dr., ii. 107
 Rainbow, The, ii. 229
 Ramsay, Allan, ii. 174, 176
 Ram's Horns, ii. 60
 Ramna's Stacks, ii. 230
 Rankin, T., i. 71, 81, 141, 227
 Raphael's Cartoons, i. 141
 Raphaelus, ii. 70
 Rapin, i. 323
 Rarities, ii. 196
 Rawlinson, Dr., ii. 65
 Razors, ii. 104
 Read, W., ii. 228
 Reading, i. 212, 213, 340; ii. 269
 Reading Sermons, i. 20
 Reason, i. 142
 Reason, Remarks on, ii. 95, 96, 97
 Recognition of Saints in Heaven, ii. 4
 Records, Ancient, ii. 63, 65
 Records, Public, i. 321, 356, 358, 367, 369
 Reece, R., i. 216, 227
 Reform Bill, ii. 273
 Reform, Methodist, ii., Appendix, No. 3
 Reformation, i. 362
 Regium Donum, ii. 177
 Rehearsals, Correct, i. 363
 Relaxation of Mind, i. 367
 Religion and Piety, i. 323
 Religion, Nominal, ii. 145, 146
 Removals, i. 276
 Removal Contemplated, ii. 241, 242
 Repetition, i. 334
 Reprobation, i. 365

Reproof, i. 54, 63
 Rescriptus Codex, ii. 38
 Resentment, Non, i. 333
 Resignation, i. 273, 302
 Restoration, Universal, i. 340
 Resurrection, Drew on the, i. 369
 Retaliation, i. 367
 Retford, ii. 161
 Retirement from Public Life, ii. 89, 92
 Reviews, i. 312
 Revival, i. 127, 128, 216, 219, 221 ; ii. 199
 Ribbonmen, ii. 177
 Rich Men Necessary, ii. 242
 Rich, The Lazy, i. 149
 Richardson, ii. 236
 Richardson's Arabic Grammar, ii. 187
 Richelieu, Cardinal, i. 185
 Rigg, J., ii. 227
 Righteousness, i. 289 ; ii. 45
 Rights, Civil, ii. 74
 Ripon, E., i. 91
 Rising, Early, ii. 135, 195
 Ritchie, Miss, i. 134, 161
 Ritson, Jos., i. 34
 Roberts, Robert, ii. 17, 60
 Roberts, T., ii. 271, 283
 Robinson, Dr., i. 358
 Robinson, Mark, ii. 235
 Robson, Professor, i. 139
 Rochester, Earl of, ii. 2
 Rodda, R., i. 187
 Rodgers, i. 215
 Roman Catholics, i. 332 ; ii. 204, 239
 Roman Catholic Priest, Conversion of a, ii. 192
 Romance, Satire on, ii. 12
 Romances, Effects of Reading, i. 15
 Romans xiii. 1 : ii. 105
 Romaine, Rev. W., i. 85, 136
 Rome, Church of, i. 356
 Rona's Hill, ii. 230
 Round Towers, ii. 42
 Rowley, Alex, i. 362
 Rowley, Mr. and Mrs., i. Preface, xii. 110 ; ii. 86, 201, 278, 283
 Row Ram Mohun, ii. 273
 Runnymede, i. 355
 Rutherford, T., i. 58, 61, 157
 Ryland, Dr., i. 243
 Rymer's *Fœdera*, i. 349, 351, 354, 359,

S

Sacrament, Administration of, i. 19
 Sailors, ii. 102
 Sailors, British, i. 155, 253, 254
 Salaries of Public Men, i. 351
 Salary and Work, ii. 207
 Salford, ii. 152
 Sanctification, i. 127, 128, 153, 290, 291

Sanscrit, i. 272
 Saumery, Mrs., i. 125, 128
 Saxon Language, ii. 172
 Scalloway, ii. 210
 Scambatio, ii. 232
 Scepticism, i. 170
 Schools, ii. 193
 Schools, Irish, ii. 82, 193, 262, 276, 277, 278, 279, 283,
 Schools, Sunday, ii. 82, 133, 134
 School Boys' Sports, i. 45
 Scipio's Buckler, i. 274
 Scotch Character, ii. 226
 Scott, Sir Walter, ii. 176, 190, 205, 209, 236, 237
 Scott, Rev. T., ii. 26
 Scott, M., Esq., i. 92
 Scott, R., Esq., i. 71 ; ii. 170, 271
 Scott, Mr., ii. 231
 Scriptures, The Holy, ii. 21, 22, 27, 29, 58
 Scriptures, Exposition of, i. 208, 219,
 Scriptures, Illustrations of, i. 241, 361,
 Scriptures, Perversion of, i. 365
 Scriptures, Reading the, i. 340 ; ii. 269
 Scriptures, Standing to Read the, ii. 192
 Scriptures, Withholding the, ii. 165
 Scriptural Preaching, ii. 166
 Sea, The, ii. 246
 Sea, Why so much ? ii. 9
 Seals, i. 254
 Seals, Official, i. 357
 Search, Fruitless, i. 13
 Secrets, Conference, i. 181
 Secker, Archbishop, ii. 162
 Selby, J., i. 201, 291, 292
 Selden, ii. 38, 107
 Sellon, Rev. W., i. 84, 303
 Seneca, i. 147 ; ii. 211
 Separation from Church of England, i. 84, 85
 Septuagint, i. 213 ; ii. 26, 27, 179
 Sepulture, Places of, i. 231
 Sermons, Dr. A. Clarke's, ii. 235, 239, 257
 Sermon, The First, i. 67
 Sermons, Funeral, ii. 92
 Sermons, Long, ii. 58
 Sermons, Long and Short, i. 208
 Sermons, Occasional, ii. 180, 185, 200, 222
 Sermons, Pirating, ii. 107
 Sermons, Trial and Occasional, ii. 82
 Sermons, Written and Preached, ii. 46
 Serpent, The, ii. 28
 Servants, i. 266, 267 ; ii. 173
 Severity, Bad Effects of, i. 10
 Sewell, J., i. 92
 Sexes, Battle of, i. 250
 Shah-namah, i. 256

- Shakespeare, i. 330
 Shakespeare, Professor, ii. 31
 Shannon, Earl of, ii. 178
 Sharpe, Archbishop, ii. 73, 117, 184
 Sharpe, Granville, i. 185, 308; ii. 73
 Sharpe, Miss, ii. 184
 Shaving, ii. 104
 Shaw, Dr., i. 361
 Sheffield, i. 86; ii. 44, 45, 179, 274
 Sheffield Methodism, ii. 162, 163
 Shekels, ii. 215
 Shells, ii. 195
 Shepherd, Miss, ii. 35, 36
 Shepherd, Gentle, ii. 174, 175
 Sherwood Forest, ii. 161
 Shetland Isles, ii. 170, 173, 182, 187,
 188, 189, 202, 204-206, 210, 213,
 215, 222-226, 228, 230, 238, 240,
 252, 275, 276, 278, 279, 283
 Shoeblack, i. 267
 Shoemaker, i. 101
 Shuckford's Connection, i. 329, 360
 Sick, Visitation of, i. 144, 268
 Sidney, i. 147
 Sidmouth, Lord, i. 105
 Sidmouth's, Lord, Bill, ii. 61, 150, 160
 Sierra Leone, ii. 90
 Sierra Leone Company, i. 324
 Sight Failing, ii. 195, 197
 Sigourney, Mrs., ii. 252
 Silence, i. 369
 Simplicity, i. 366; ii. 34
 Simplicity, Want of, i. 320
 Simpson, J., i. 93
 Sin, i. 219
 Sin and Sorrow, ii. 105
 Sin, Leprosy of, ii. 151
 Sin, Original, ii. 151
 Sin, Root of, i. 287
 Sins, Beloved, ii. 55
 Sincerity, i. 273
 Sinecures, i. 360
 Singing, i. 46, 47; ii. 14, 15
 Singers, ii. 125
 Singers, Choirs of, i. 279, 280
 Sitting at Prayer, ii. 58
 Skibbereen, ii. 178
 Slave Trade, i. 119, 188, 336; ii. 74,
 194
 Sloke, i. 49
 Small Pox, i. 8
 Smith, Adam, ii. 205
 Smith, John, ii. 162, 228
 Smith, Dr. Pye, i. 255
 Smith, Rev., i. 18
 Smith, Sydney, i. 272
 Smith, Rev. T., ii. 218, 270
 Smith, Mrs. Rd., ii. 283, 285
 Smith, W., i. 160; ii. 281
 Smoking, ii. 125
 Smollett, i. 321
 Smyth, Rev. E., i. 85, 86, 88
 Snake, ii. 28
 Snow-Storm, i. 187
 Snuff, ii. 195
 Sociability, i. 259, 285
 Socinians, i. 346
 Socinianism, i. 205, 213
 Solitude, ii. 185
 Solomon's Song, ii. 25, 26
 Somerset House, i. 327
 Songs, Ancient, i. 46-48
 Songs, Old, i. 19
 Sonship, Eternal, ii. 110, 112
 Southampton, i. 116, 119, 131; ii. 205
 Southey, R., i. 148, 149, 166, 172; ii.
 142, 144, 147, 273
 Sparrows, i. 367
 Speaking, Evil, ii. 96
 Speare, R., ii. 31, 224
 Speech, Softness of, ii. 1
 Spencer, E., i. 34, 250, 251, 331; ii.
 20, 63
 Spirit, Witness of the, i. 291, 340; ii.
 162
 Spitzbergen, ii. 230
 Sponsors, i. 6; ii. 41
 Sprats, ii. 185
 Squance, Mr., ii. 128
 Stanley, T., i. 284, 302; ii. 147
 State Papers, i. 349, 354
 Stations, Conference, i. 203, 207, 250
 Stedman, Rev. T., i. 302; ii. 147
 Steinkopff, Dr., i. 308
 Stephens, J., ii. 234
 Sternhold and Hopkins, i. 36
 Stevens, Dr. Abel, i., Preface xiii., 177,
 178
 Stewart, Dugald, i. 138
 Stock, Mr., i. 259, 300, 312
 Stockport, i. 291; ii. 214
 Stone, Inscription on, i. 241, 272
 Storey, G., i. 227, 247, 313; ii. 145
 Storm, ii. 171, 208, 245
 Storm at Sea, i. 119, 123
 Storry, J., ii. 283
 Strachan, Alex., ii. 93, 190, 191
 Stranger's Friend Society, i. 173, 189,
 191
 Stuart, i. 146
 Students, ii. 235
 Studies, i. 258
 Study, A, i. 276; ii. 191
 Stultzgard, ii. 201
 Stupidity, i. 292
 "Sturm's Philosophical Reflections," i.
 248, 249; ii. 57, 58
 Styles, Dr., i. 369
 Sublime, The, ii. 168
 Submission, Divine, i. 182, 302
 Subscription, Soliciting, ii. 25
 Success, Ministerial, i. 109, 119, 121,
 122, 126, 127, 129, 134, 204, 208,
 220, 234; ii. 273

Sudoxes, i. 196
 Sugar, Self-denial in, i. 188
 Sulpiceus', St., Church, ii. 5
 Summerhill, Dame, i. 144, 146
 Sunday Travelling, i. 94
 Sundys, John, ii. 255
 Sundys, Mr., ii. 224
 Sunset, ii. 228, 229
 Supernumeracy, ii. 265, 269
 Superstition, i. 254
 Supper, Lord's, i. 200, 214, 361, 362;
 ii. 115, 118, 119, 157, 158
 Surrey Institution, i. 345, 347
 Sussex, Duke of, ii. 31, 165—168, 171,
 186, 196, 197, 202, 217, 221, 237,
 238, 272, 273
 Swallows, i. 367
 Swift, Dean, i. 363; ii. 81
 Swine's Flesh, i. 237; ii. 121
 Swords, ii. 42, 174
 Sycamore Tree, ii. 161
 Sympathy, i. 95, 117; ii. 68, 181
 Syrian Kingdom, ii. 26

T

Table Talk, ii. 107
 Tact, ii. 137, 204
 Talented, ii. 7
 Tarsus, ii. 71
 Tartar, New Test, i. 324
 Taste, Allison on, i. 18
 Taxes, ii. 148
 Taylor, H., ii. 81
 Taylor, Jos., i. 175
 Taylor, T., i. 215
 Taylor, the Infidel, ii. 150
 Taylor's Ancient Christianity, ii. 22
 Taylor's, Dr., Key to Epistle to
 Romans, ii. 86, 90
 Tea-drinking, i. 48, 188, 189
 Teacher and Teaching, i. 50
 Teignmouth, Lord, i. 308, 311, 312; ii.
 25, 31
 Temper, Hasty, i. 188
 Terence, ii. 234
 Terres, Les, i. 116, 123
 Testament, Greek, i. 70, 197, 213, 301
 Testimony, Noble, ii. 278
 Teviot Dale Chapel, ii. 214
 Texts, Accommodation, i. 334
 Texts, Choice of, ii. 49, 54
 Texts, Perverted, i. 79
 Texts, Preaching on the same, ii. 46
 Thalaba, ii. 13
 Thanks at Meals, i. 202
 Thanks, Votes of, i. 303
 Theology, ii. 257
 Theological Institution, i. 315—317
 Thomas, Dr. J., i. 90
 Thompson, J., i. 91

Thompson, T., ii. 62
 Thompson, W., i. 215
 Threlfal, ii. 206
 "Thule, Ultima," ii. 245
 Thurston, Mr., ii. 284
 Thurvot, M., i. 3
 Tickets, Class, i. 144, 185
 Tickets, Visitation of, i. 140
 Tighe, Mrs., i. 173, 174
 Tillotson, i. 32
 Time, Redeeming the, ii. 191
 Time, What, ii. 240
 "Times, Troublous," ii. 270
 Times, Unpropitious, ii. 135, 137, 148,
 270
 Tinder Box, i. 75
 Titles, Unmerited, i. 327
 Toase, Mr., ii. 103
 Tobacco, Use of, i. 17, 227, 304; ii.
 75, 78, 125
 Tobias, Mr., ii. 116, 158, 160
 Toleration, ii. 62
 Toleration Act, ii. 126
 Tompkins, Mr., ii. 93
 Tongs, Parlour, ii. 161
 Tooth, Miss, ii. 270
 Towers, Round, ii. 42, 244
 Townley, Dr., ii. 264
 Townsend, Dr. G., ii. 151
 Tractarians, ii. 22
 Tract Society, Religious, i. 233
 Transfiguration, i. 239
 Translators, i. 258
 Translations, i. 248, 258, 259, 318
 Transmutation of Metals, i. 195, 197
 Travel, Incident in, ii. 123
 Traveller's Prayer, ii. 122, 234
 Travelling, i. 70, 89, 91, 97, 99, 161
 Travelling Expenses, ii. 198
 Treasure Found, i. 71
 Treatment of Dr. Clarke, Appendix
 No. 2
 Trelawney, Sir H., i. 105
 Trinity College, ii. 38
 Trivial Things, i. 142
 Trowbridge, i. 74, 90, 110, 131, 164
 Truckling, Base, ii. 267
 Truth, i. 210, 218, 293, 363; ii. 287
 Truth, Gospel, i. 107
 Truth, Search After, ii. 20, 21, 34
 Tumults, Chapel, ii. 180
 Turkey, A Native of, ii. 122
 Twentyman, Dr., i. 100
 Twist, ii. 192
 Tyreman, L., i. 144
 Typography, ii. 105

U

Ulster, ii. 252
 "Ultima Thule," ii. 245
 Uniformity, Act of, i. 302, 305; ii. 215

Unst, ii. 230
 Unst, Scaw of, ii. 230
 Usefulness, i. 102, 220, 253, 267, 305;
 ii. 100
 Usko, Rev., i. 325
 Uvi, Dr., ii. 64, 65

V

Vaccination, i. 282
 Valpy, Mr., ii. 28
 Valton, J., i. 200, 229
 Vanderhagen Family, ii. 217
 Vansittart, Mr., ii. 151
 Variorum Classics, i. 284
 Vaughan, Dr., i. 107
 Ve-Skerries, ii. 231
 Venn, Rev., i. 85
 Vidler, Mr., i. 340
 Violence, Personal, i. 207
 Virgil, ii. 18
 Visiting Society, ii. 283
 Visits to Churches, ii. 7
 Visoclon, i. 246
 Vitranga, ii. 3
 Voice, ii. 53
 Voltaire, i. 231, 360; ii. 221

W

Wage and Work, ii. 207
 Wainwright, ii. 162, 164
 Wales, ii. 251
 Walsh, T., i. 84
 Walker, Mrs., i. 125
 Walking, i. 229
 Wallis, Dr. J., on "Twist," ii. 192,
 193
 Walls, ii. 210
 Walton, D., ii. 125
 Walton, Isaac, i. 26, 27
 Walton's Polyglott, i. 180; ii. 165
 Wansleb, J. M., ii. 214
 War, i. 197, 224, 336, 337
 War, Continental, ii. 67
 Warburton, Bishop, i. 138, 139, 212
 Ward, J. E., ii. 143, 166
 Ward, Mr., i. 131
 Ware, Mrs., i. 110
 Watch-cleaning, i. 102
 Watchfulness, ii. 223
 Watch-Night, i. 150, 153
 Watson, R., i. 166, 167, 170, 198; ii.
 146, 170, 212, 213, 214, 217, 227,
 267
 Watson, Thomas, i. 68
 Watts, i. 340
 Watts, Dr., ii. 250
 Waugh, T., ii. 179
 Waves, The, ii. 246

Weather, Signs and Prognostications
 of, i. 43
 Weeping, i. 285
 Wellington, Duke of, ii. 239
 Wesley, Bartholomew, ii. 163
 Wesley, C., i. 81, 88, 226; ii. 16, 17,
 64, 65, 222, 250
 Wesley, C., Junior, i. 167
 Wesley Family, i. 166, 211, 302; ii. 73,
 161—164, 169, 183, 184, 188, 190,
 210, 270
 Wesley, J., i. 70, 72, 75, 81, 86, 88, 90,
 93, 94, 103, 104, 107, 108, 114, 118,
 120, 121, 123—126, 131, 134, 135,
 137—139, 142, 143, 147, 149, 151,
 153, 155, 160, 161, 165; ii. 6, 17,
 60, 69, 74, 83, 116, 117, 147, 148,
 157, 162, 163—165, 178, 184, 204,
 210, 222
 Wesley, J., Death and Character of, i.
 165, 173, 175, 179, 182, 188, 189,
 203, 216, 250, 251, 252, 309, 330,
 331, 335, 343, 347, 348, 363
 Wesley, J., Life of, ii. 141, 147
 Wesley, Mrs. John, i. 169—171
 Wesley, J., Vicar of Whitechurch, ii.
 164
 Wesley, Matthew, ii. 164
 Wesley, Mrs., i. 142
 Wesley, Samuel, Senior, i. 256; ii.
 32, 33, 147, 164, 183, 184, 222
 Wesley, S., Junior, i. 250
 Wesley, Miss Sarah, i. 167, 210
 Wesley Papers, ii. 222
 Wesleyan Magazine, i. 167
 Westall, T., i. 334
 Westbury, i. 149, 150; ii. 283
 Weston, i. 312
 Weston-super-Mare, ii. 283
 Whatcoat, R., i. 91
 Whim, i. 268
 Whitby, ii. 227, 228
 Whitehead, Dr., i. 144, 166, 191, 210,
 ii. 163
 Whitefriars' Street Chapel, ii. 157
 Whitfield, G., i. 75, 107; ii. 6
 Whitaker, i. 312
 Wick, i. 235
 Wicliffe, ii. 27
 Wife, Conduct of a, i. 96
 Wigs, i. 201
 Wilberforce, i. 336
 Wild, J., ii. 223
 Wildman, Colonel, ii. 167
 Wilkins, C. H., i. 272
 Wilkin's, Dr. C., Arabic and Persian
 Lexicon, ii. 187
 Wilkins, Mr., i. 236, 312
 Will, The, i. 364
 William the Conqueror, i. 359
 William III., King, i. 32
 Williams, Dr., ii. 31, 224

Williams, Sir J., ii. 60, 61
 Wills, ii. 143
 Wiltshaw, Miss, i. 71
 Winchester, Mr., i. 340
 Winds, Contrary, ii. 205, 206
 Windsor, ii. 217
 Winebibbing, i. 157
 Winscombe, Jasper, i. 131
 Winter, Severe, i. 96, 161; ii. 102
 Wirtemberg's, Duke of, Library, i. 311
 Wirtemberg, Queen Dowager of, ii. 221
 Witchcraft, i. 247
 Withers, G., i. 34
 Withred, King of Kent, i. 359
 Wolsey, Cardinal, i. 327, 359
 Women, Inferiority of, i. 270, 271
 Women Speaking in Church, i. 132, 133
 Wood, James, i. 280, 282
 Wood, J., Esq., ii. 244
 Woodfall, ii. 35
 Woodlark, The, ii. 208
 Woodward, Dr., ii. 199
 Wool, Lambs', ii. 210
 Woolmer, S., i. 228
 Worcester, ii. 277
 Workman, Dr., i. 35; ii. 64
 Worship, Benjamin, i. 93
 Worship, Domestic, ii. 68
 Worship in Church Hours, i. 200
 Worship, Reverence in Place of, ii. 226
 Worship, Public, ii. 58
 Worshippers, Outward, i. 207
 Wrangham, Archdeacon, ii. 31, 151, 201, 224

Wright, Mrs., ii. 164
 Wrigley, F., i. 74, 77, 78, 97, 217
 Writer, Ready, i. 331
 Writing, Variety of, i. 359

Y

Yarmouth, i. 92, 93
 Yell, South, ii. 231
 York, J., ii. 212
 Young, Dr., ii. 154
 Young, Dr. E., ii. 16, 17
 Young, Miss, i. 58
 Young Ministers, i. 129, 362
 Young's "Night Thoughts," i. 70
 Youthful Promise, i. 50

Z

Zeal, Ardent, i. 58, 59, 63, 65
 Zeal without Innovation, ii. 10
 Zendavesta, i. 311
 Zoroaster, i. 237

APPENDIX

-
- No. 1. Rules of the Philological Society
 No. 2. Disreputable Ministerial Treatment of Dr. Clarke
 No. 3. Disruption of 1849, in the Methodist Body

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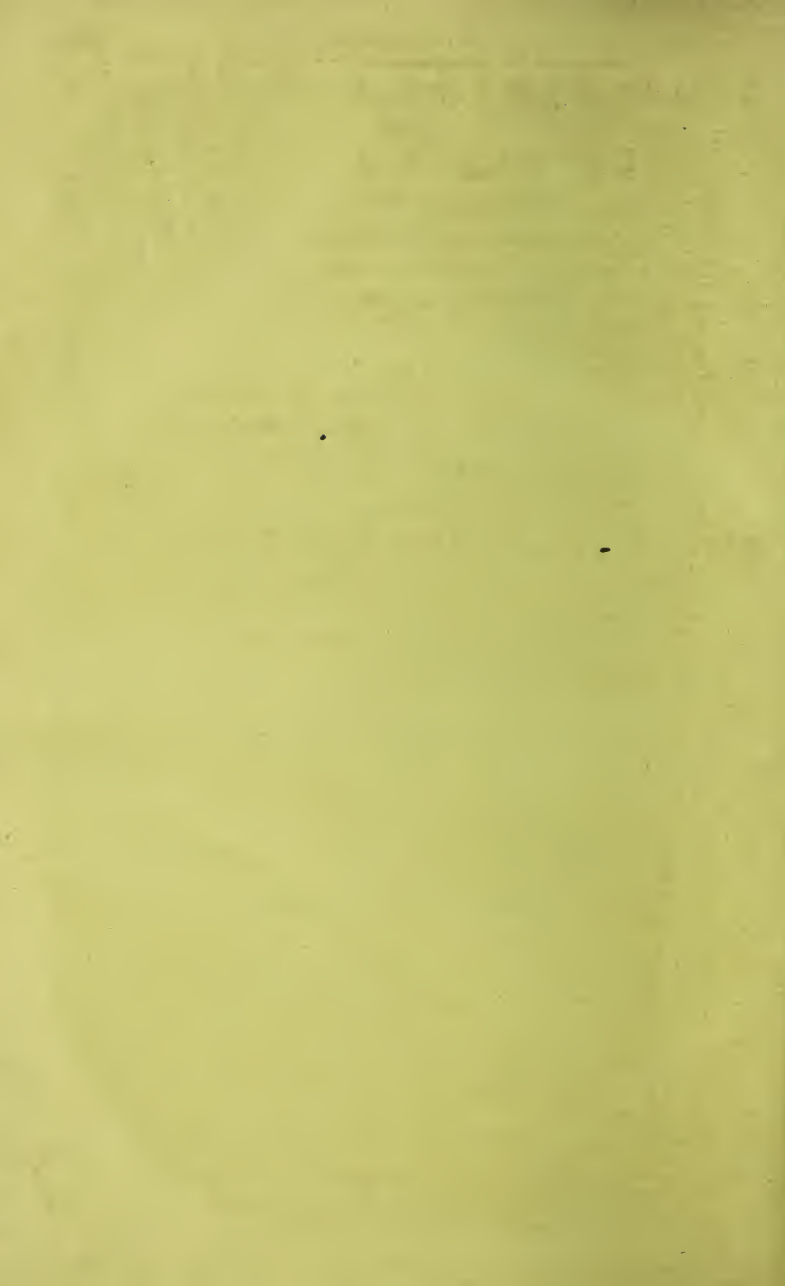
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